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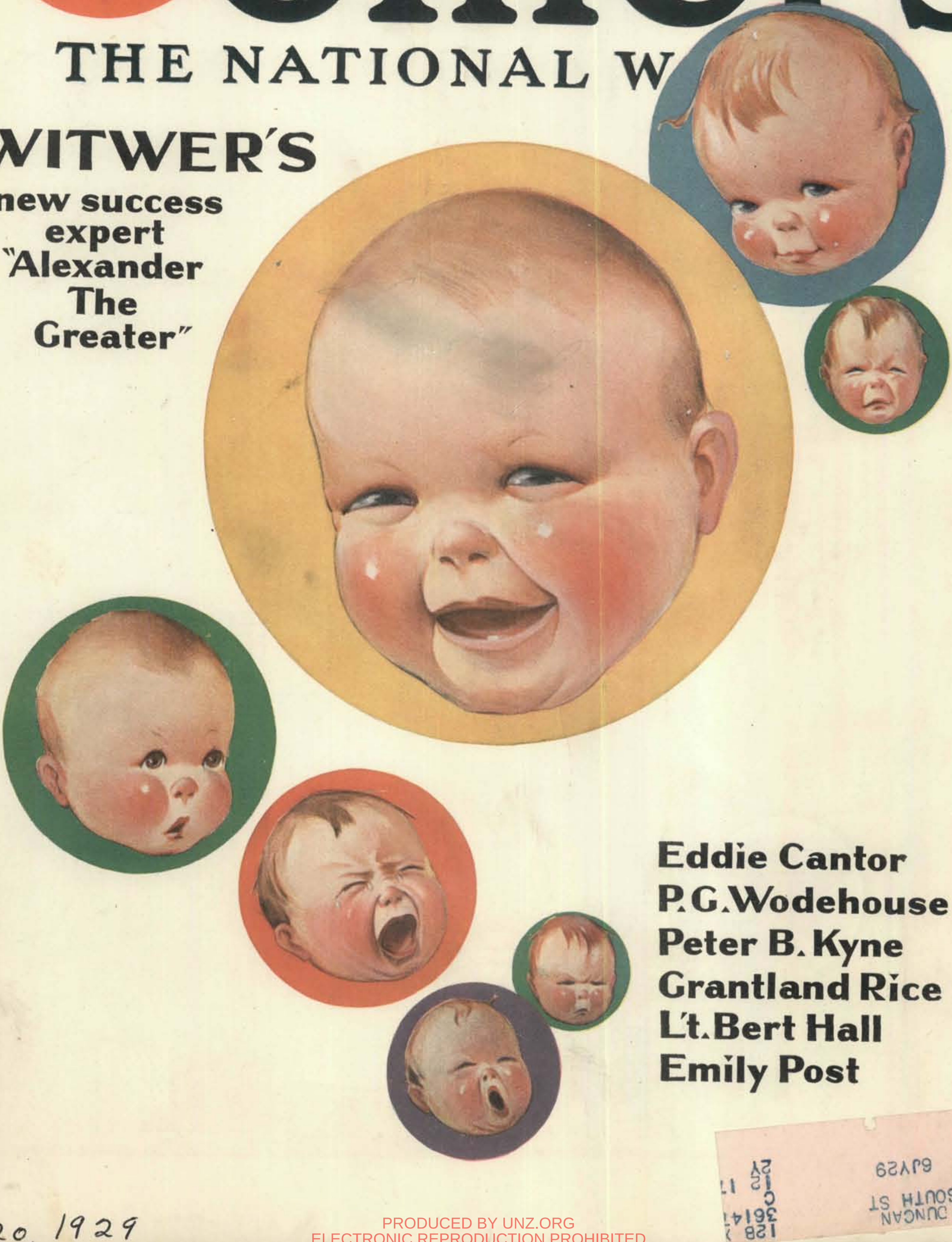
expert
"Alexander
The
Greater"**



**Eddie Cantor
P. G. Wodehouse
Peter B. Kyne
Grantland Rice
L't. Bert Hall
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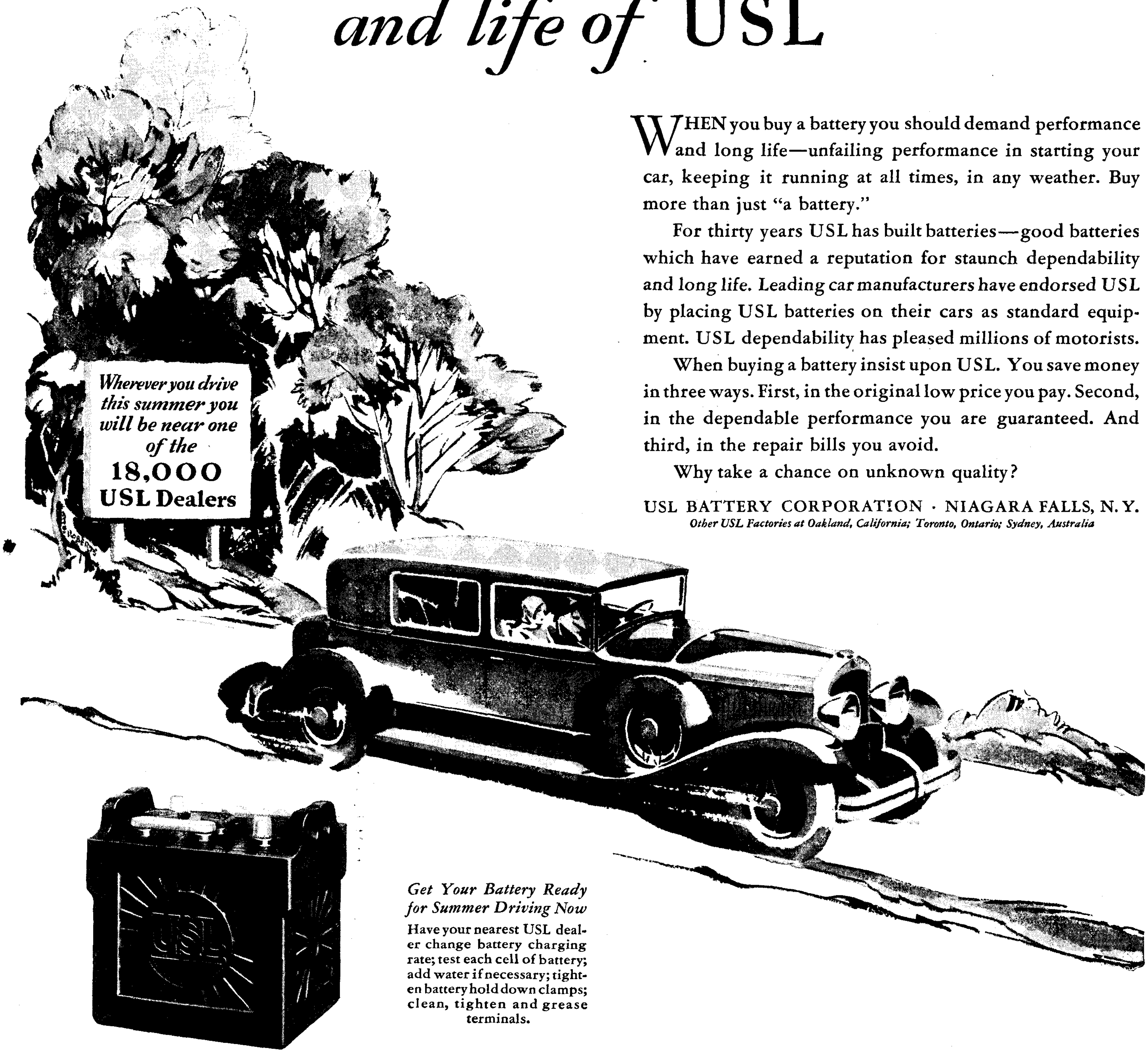
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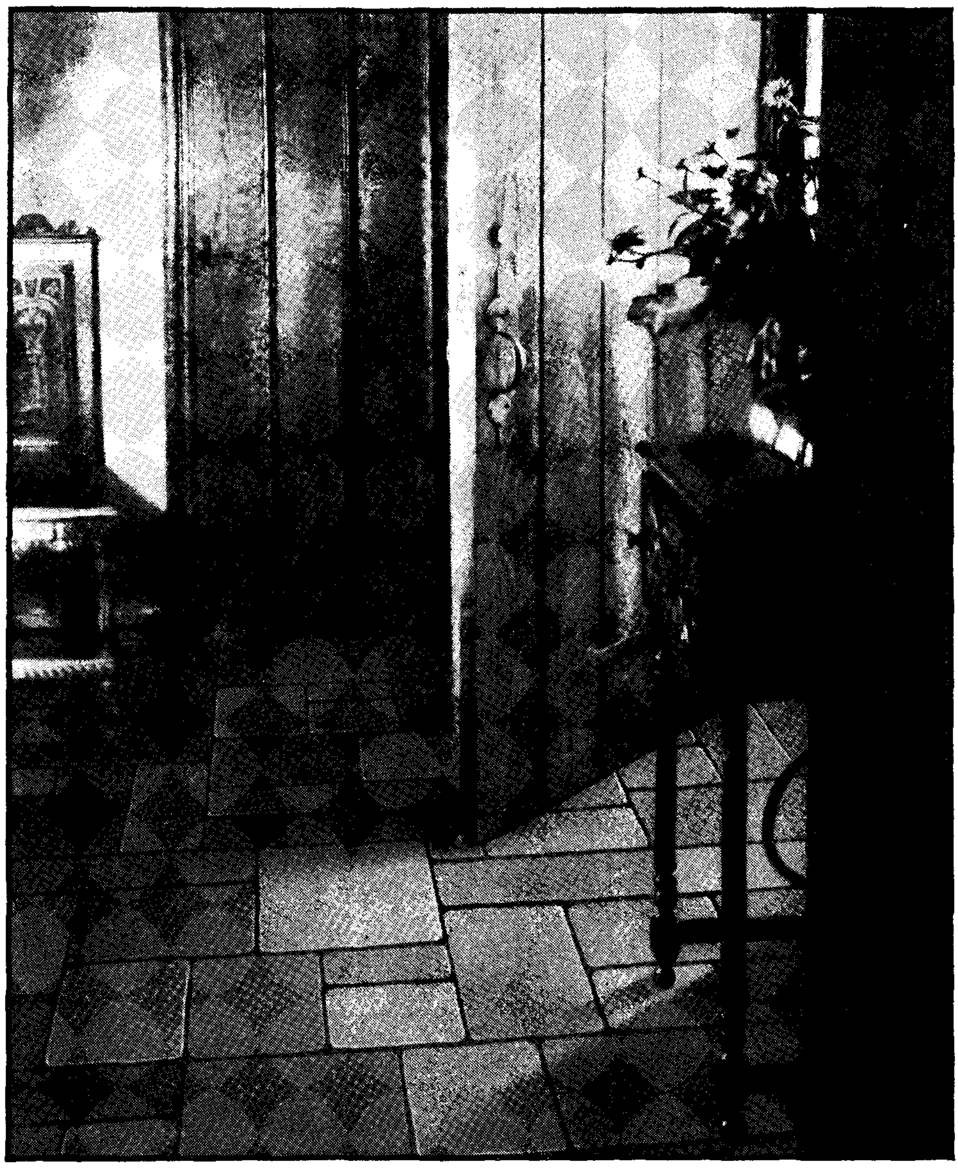
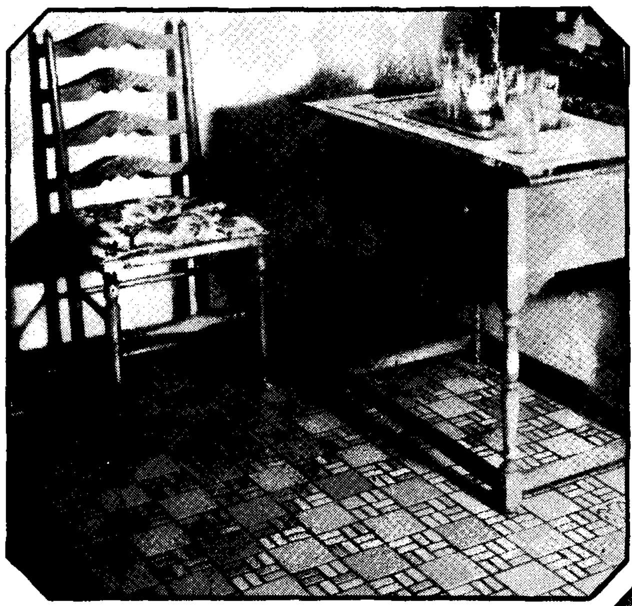
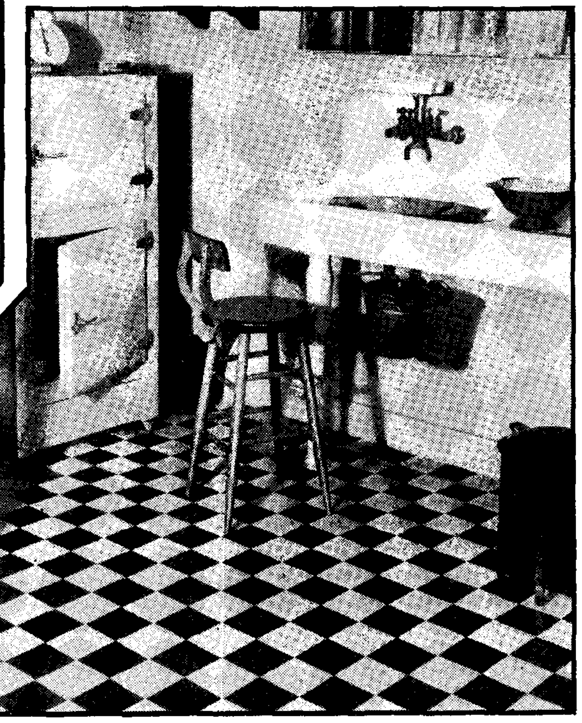


A bright introduction to every room in the house is this entrance hall floor of Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum. Each unit in this flagstone design (No. 6042) *is framed by a mortar line actually pressed below the surface. All colors go through to the heavy burlap back.*



Left—Enter the dining-room and you walk on Armstrong's Linoleum. The effect, however, is quite different from the other rooms—that of hand-set ceramic tiles, Embossed Inlaid No. 6006.



Right—Now come into the kitchen. That spick-and-span floor is the same foot-easy, quickly cleaned material used in all the other rooms. Only the design differs—a black and cream block, No. 411.

THERE are no doors closed to guests in homes that are so delightfully inviting, so tastefully decorated even to the floors.

Really, it is the unusual treatment of floors in this home created by L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J., and Charm Magazine, that makes you want to peep into every room. So different. So admirably suited to the spirit of entrance hall, of dining-room—why, even the spick-and-span effect every kitchen should have is reflected in the floor of Armstrong's Linoleum!

Yes, that's what the floors are—though the one has all the appearance of age-old flagstone, though one seems the work of a master ceramic tiler, one a floor that might have been lifted from a quaint Dutch kitchen beside the Zuider Zee.

All these floors, different as they may appear, are exactly alike in a number of ways. They're all quiet, cushioning to tired feet. They're warm, too—no drafty cracks or seams. And they're built-in for permanence—trimly cut to fit each room, then firmly cemented over a warm, cushioning lining of builders' deadening felt.

And each of these Armstrong Floors has the spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. That means cleaning ease. Just a light waxing and polishing in the main rooms of the house. Just an occasional freshening up in the kitchen, where washing may be necessary, with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

If you would like to know more about the many decorative possibilities of modern Armstrong's Linoleum, and its equally appealing good-housekeeping features, stop in any good department, furniture, or linoleum store near you. You might also write direct to us for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Shows model rooms in full color. Tells how to plan rooms in miniature. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover the cost of mailing. (Canada 20¢.) Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 917 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

A

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

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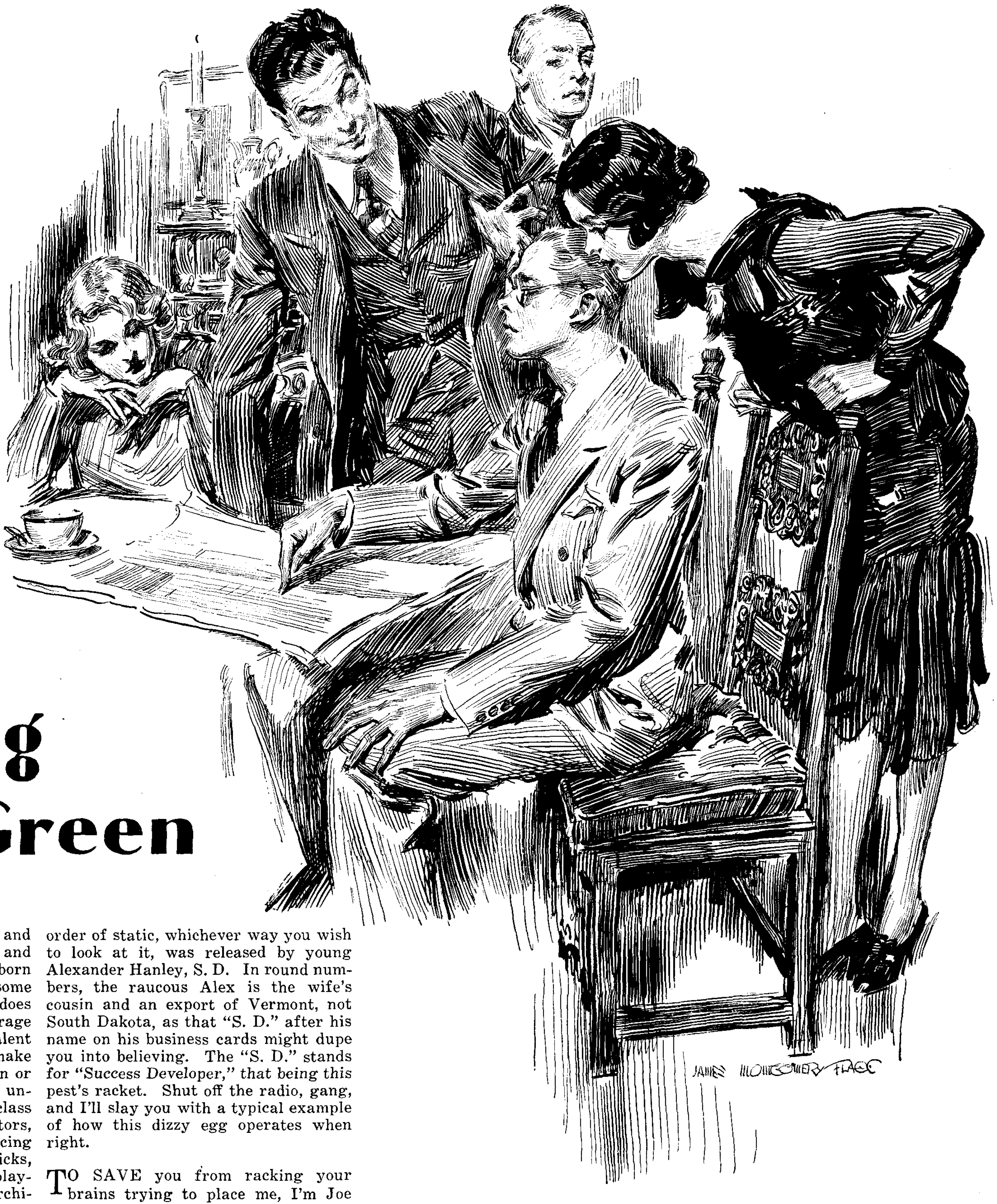
VOLUME 83 APRIL 20, 1929 NUMBER 16

By H. C. WITWER

Introducing Alex the Greater—otherwise known as Alexander Hanley, Success Developer—in the first of a series of tales about the eminent wizard's exploits

The Snaring of the Green



Bill stabbed a finger down on the page. "Well, burn my clothes!" exclaims Alex. "You couldn't have made a better choice"

"EVERY man, woman, child and college student in this great and glorious land of ours is born with the knack of doing some one thing better than anybody else does it! Nine times out of ten the average person don't know they have this talent and squander a lifetime trying to make headway in some job, art, profession or pastime at which they're entirely unfitted. So we often have first-class authors buried in third-rate doctors, artists wasting their days balancing ledgers, opera singers laying bricks, musicians struggling along at law, playwrights tied to newspaper desks, architects trying to make the grade as engineers and vice versa.

"Don't try to become a dentist if your forte is landscape gardening and don't yearn to be an aviator simply because of the money in it—maybe your hidden trick is the real-estate game, for instance. The secret of success is to haul off and take a painstaking inventory of yourself, find out your particular gift, drop whatever else you're doing and hop to it! Even your hobby, if any, may be the making of you. Don't let a comfortable salary and a steady, but hateful, job etherize your Heaven-given genius at something different!"

The above pearls of wisdom or double order of static, whichever way you wish to look at it, was released by young Alexander Hanley, S. D. In round numbers, the raucous Alex is the wife's cousin and an export of Vermont, not South Dakota, as that "S. D." after his name on his business cards might dupe you into believing. The "S. D." stands for "Success Developer," that being this pest's racket. Shut off the radio, gang, and I'll slay you with a typical example of how this dizzy egg operates when right.

TO SAVE you from racking your brains trying to place me, I'm Joe (Handsome) Green, approaching forty *with confident steps and at the time* I was doing straight for Alex I was likewise piloting the Wildcats toward a National League flag. A lot of guys has flied out to Ruth since then. Of course, you remember the famous Wildcats—for years we finished the season only a scant seven clubs behind the pennant winners. That's what made us wild.

My merry men was the equal of any in the league—in eating and sleeping ability—and aside from a pronounced weakness in the batting, fielding, baserunning and pitching departments, the boys was okay okray. I never could quite understand what made us drop so many ball games, unless it was because we played so many. The fit-to-be-tied owners wished to trade the entire team for a saxophone, but I prevailed on 'em to have patience—I knew it would be the same as impossible to find a chump which would take the Wildcats in exchange for a first-class saxophone. So much for that.

Well, to make a long story justified, me and my spouse Alice, which panic I led from the front row Winter Garden to the altar, shared a grand duplex apartment in Manhattan with Alex and his comely padlock Eve. Another fair habitué of this indoor battlefield was a remarkable young lady which I win with my marriage license, to wit, my sister-in-law Lily. I'll state whoever titled Lily knew their avocados, for *she* toiled not, neither did she spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like such as she!

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The milk-fed Lily had just been give her unconditional release from high school, patrons, and was as pretty as a unassisted triple play, but she had far more speed and curves than control. A full-blooded flapper, featuring that pulse-quickening come-hither stare, she was now deep in the mysteries of being a stenographer, with every other day a fresh love affair—that is, Lily was in love till they got fresh. Then, she walked.

When Alex first galloped into New York from the land of Vermont, fed up on the sobs of the weeping willows, he was a hick, but a different kind of hick than you see in the movies or the musical comedies. Honest to Hoover, he was as rare as celluloid factories in Hades! Instead of being terrorized by the mad din and bustle, the milling crowds and the tall buildings, this triple-threat baby sneered at 'em all. He explained the roar of the huge city by coldly remarking that empty barrels make the most noise. The swarming mobs of pedestrians he claimed was like so many sheep and to prove it he pointed to the cops regulating traffic, saying we was so dumb we had to be told by the constables when to stop and when to go. The world-famous lights of Broadway hurt his eyes and as for the skyscrapers, Alex dismissed 'em with the scornful exclamation that up in the high, green mountains of Vermont our fifty-story edifices would be known as "Shorty"! A pay-off, what?

"New York's no different than New Haven or New Bedford, except for a few illuminated signs!" broadcasts Alex shrilly, striking a attitude. "The trouble with most fellows that come here from a village is that they let the size and turmoil of this gigantic metropolis get under their skins and it upsets their morale before they get started. Well, upsetting *my* morale is too big a job for Manhattan! It's far easier to make good in New York than it is in a small town because in a hamlet everybody knows you and four-flushing will get you no place, while on the other hand, there's so many people here that an up and coming young fellow can outsmart some of 'em *all* the time!"

"Get hot and show me, Dizzy!" I sneers.

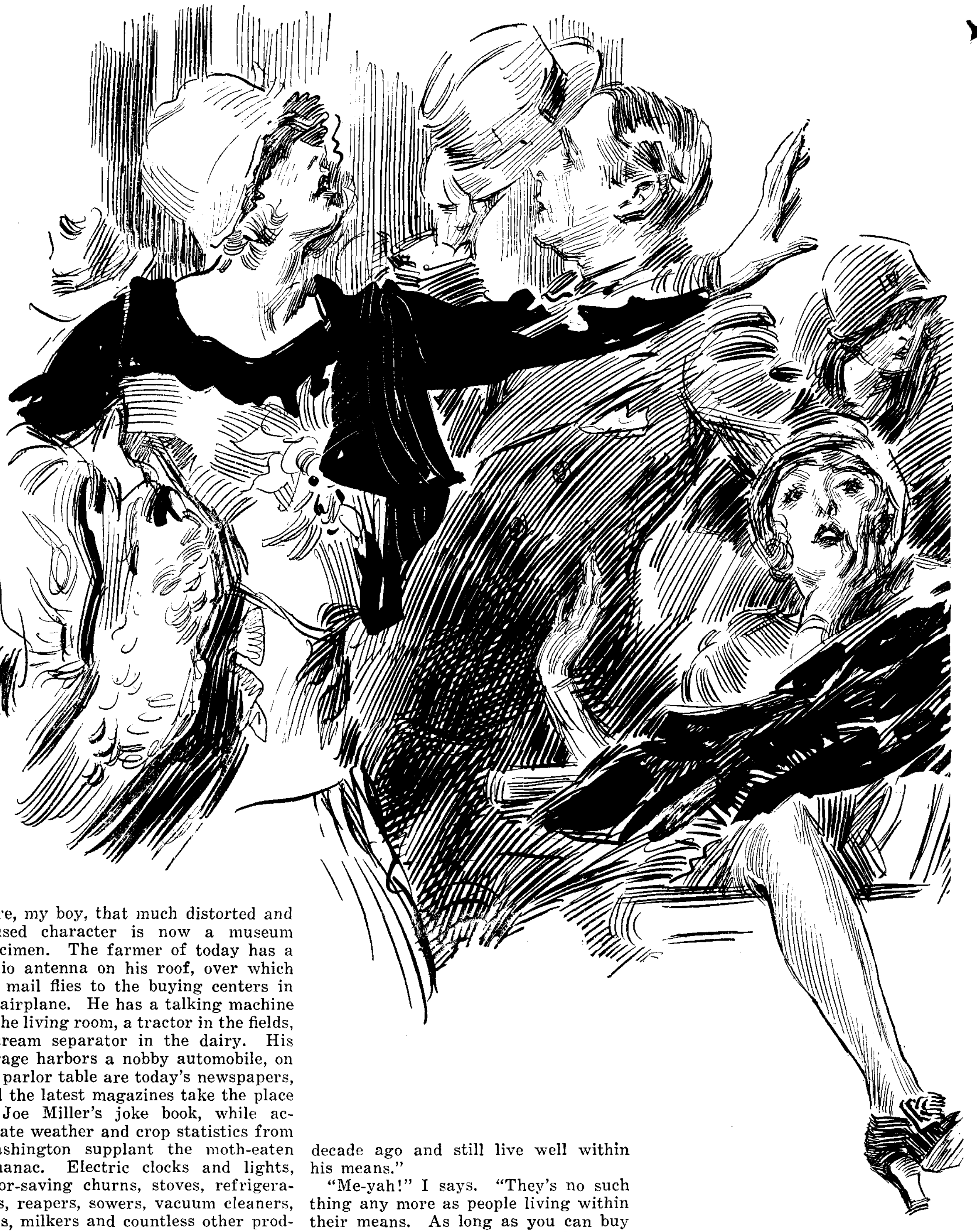
"I fully intend to, Joseph, my boy," says this go-getter calmly, helping himself to my costly cigars. "Another thing I notice about New York is that the goal of most of its ambition-driven inmates is to make enough money to get out of it. Why are the small towns upstate and in Connecticut, for example, becoming infested with what are known as gentlemen farmers? The routine seems to be this—dash madly away from the old home village to New York, make your pile and then dash madly away from New York to another village to enjoy it. And why is that? I'll tell you.

"New York is one vast, nerve-destroying boiler works and few of the harried workers want to live in the foundry itself! That's natural enough. Again, you can live ten years in a New York apartment house and never meet anybody else in it but the elevator boy and the doorman and all they give you is a cold nod—except at Christmas. In the country, we have something unknown to the big cities, namely, neighbors."

"I'll stake you to them country neighbors, Brother," I snorts. "Fifty-four-carat rubes born with two strikes on 'em, which thinks the Boulder Dam is a horse!"

That hit a nerve.

"The typical view of the ignorant New Yorker!" exclaims Alex, leaping up from his chair and plunging head first into his favorite pastime—talking. "There's no such animal as a rube any more, my boy, that much distorted and abused character is now a museum specimen. The farmer of today has a radio antenna on his roof, over which his mail flies to the buying centers in an airplane. He has a talking machine in the living room, a tractor in the fields, a cream separator in the dairy. His garage harbors a nobby automobile, on his parlor table are today's newspapers, and the latest magazines take the place of Joe Miller's joke book, while accurate weather and crop statistics from Washington supplant the moth-eaten almanac. Electric clocks and lights, labor-saving churns, stoves, refrigerators, reapers, sowers, vacuum cleaners, fans, milkers and countless other products of this age of mechanical magic complete the equipment of his farm. Occasionally, he drives into town in the big car and hears the movies talk. If he's a rube any more he's a rare fellow indeed!"



"You overlooked a few more marvels this modern age has brung the farmer," I grins sourly. "His jazzy kids in bankroll-wrecking colleges thinking about companionate marriages, the mortgage on everything but the hired man's suspenders, and the home-made hooch which often makes him wonder what caused all his cows to turn pink. Then don't forget them pungent monthly installments he takes on the chin for all them magic gadjets about the dear old farm. No wonder the farmer's shrieking for relief—he's got to get rid of a cruel amount of apples and such to keep *them* pretties!"

"The farmer's troubles are mostly imaginary," returns Alex. "Today he can have creature comforts unknown a decade ago and still live well within his means."

"Me-yah!" I says. "They's no such thing any more as people living within their means. As long as you can buy anything from a coat to a boat on credit, nobody's got the faintest idea what their means actually *is!*"

"You're one of those narrow-minded conservatives that acts as a brake on progress," snarls Alex.

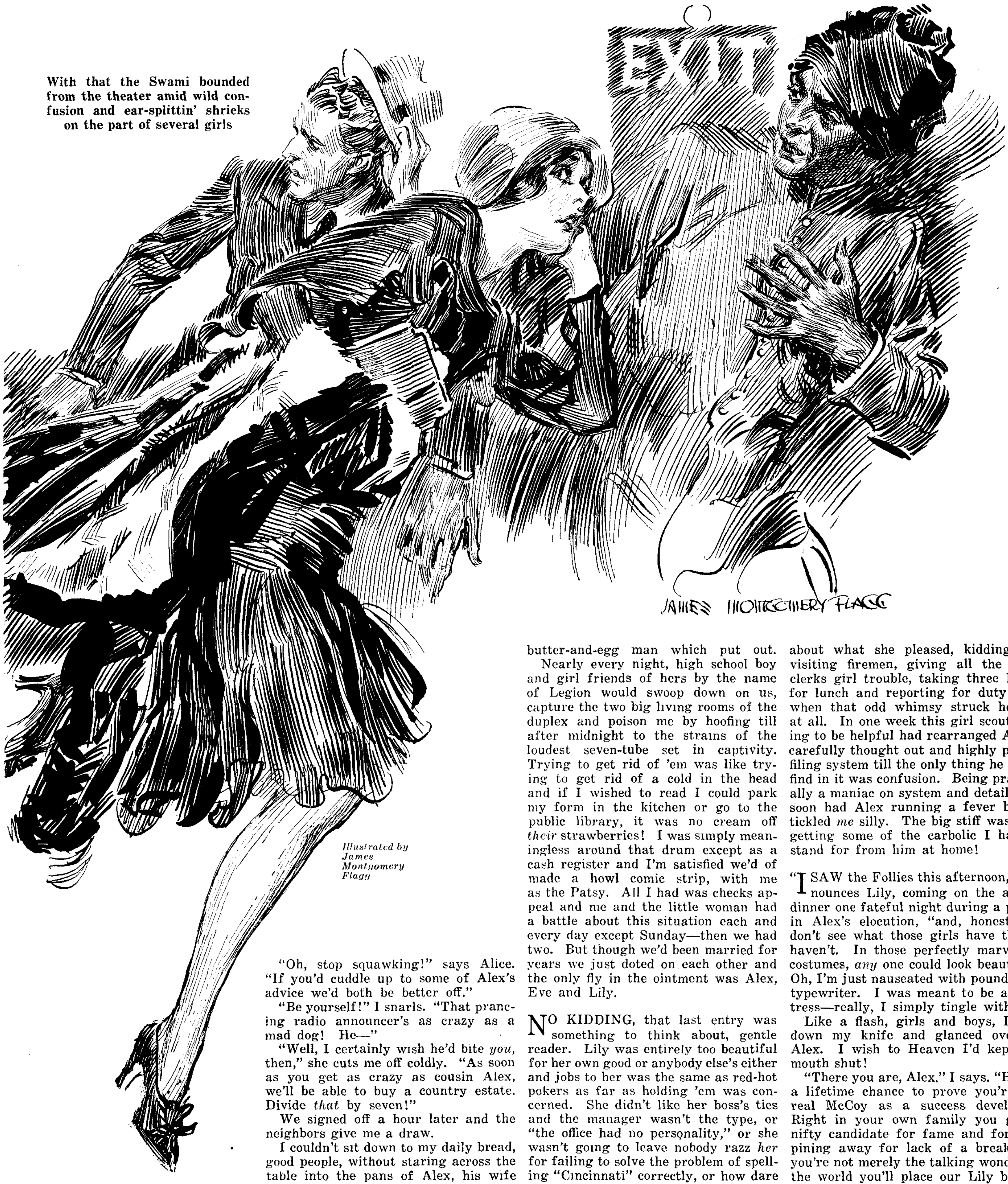
"All right—sue me!" I grins.

Thus endeth the first lesson.

Well, after putting himself across with a smash as a super-salesman of automobiles, Alex opened up a swell suite of offices downtown and dove into the peculiar business of making his fellow-men wows. His method was to discover what they did best, regardless of what it might be, develop that talent for 'em and make 'em champs at it. Alex's victims, plodding along at some future-less job or the like, was generally stone-blind to their real trick, but this master mind swiftly found out what it was made it jell. He then muscled in on a handsome percentage of their take for making 'em click. The priceless Alex wouldn't attempt to make a orchestra leader out of a born hosiery salesman, customers, but he *would* make that born hosiery salesman the best one in the wide, wide world. He was quite a young man, I wouldn't mislead you!

Nevers the less, this high-powered loud speaker soon had me gnashing my bridgework with his hourly raps at New York, them applesauce success talks and one-man debates on any subject I'd be silly enough to mention in his hearing. According to Alex, he was one of the world's three greatest persons, the other two being Adam and Eve, which had brains enough to devour that apple and thus eventually lead up to him. The worshipping girls all looked on this gilaygo as nothing less than a boon from Heaven above and me being just a paltry manager of a ball team and hitless wonders at that, you can figure where *I* stood in the purlieus of my

With that the Swami bounded from the theater amid wild confusion and ear-splittin' shrieks on the part of several girls



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

home. Alex took the yessing of his female relatives as no more than he rated and that and the way they high-hatted me likewise kept me red-headed. I was a glutton for punishment, but I hope to tell you Mr. Alexander Hanley was giving me dyspepsia!

"LEAVE us back out of here, Alice," I begged my charming dependent practically every day. "There's too many relations acing about this trap. It's as bad as a movie studio!"

"Oh, stop squawking!" says Alice. "If you'd cuddle up to some of Alex's advice we'd both be better off."

"Be yourself!" I snarls. "That prancing radio announcer's as crazy as a mad dog! He—"

"Well, I certainly wish he'd bite *you*, then," she cuts me off coldly. "As soon as you get as crazy as cousin Alex, we'll be able to buy a country estate. Divide *that* by seven!"

We signed off a hour later and the neighbors give me a draw.

I couldn't sit down to my daily bread, good people, without staring across the table into the pans of Alex, his wife Eve and my sister-in-law Lily, who's favorite word was "Im-agine!" When the girls was trying with might and main to get as thin as Greta Garbo, I had to eat lamb chops and pineapple till you could of hung your hat on my cheek bones. As Alex was as tight as a counter-sunk cork, all movie and theater parties or whatever was throwed by me and they put the bee on me for season passes to the ball park till the club treasurer had me up on the carpet. Whenever the cunning Lily craved a imported dawnce frock, I was the butter-and-egg man which put out.

Nearly every night, high school boy and girl friends of hers by the name of Legion would swoop down on us, capture the two big living rooms of the duplex and poison me by hoofing till after midnight to the strains of the loudest seven-tube set in captivity. Trying to get rid of 'em was like trying to get rid of a cold in the head and if I wished to read I could park my form in the kitchen or go to the public library, it was no cream off *their* strawberries! I was simply meaningless around that drum except as a cash register and I'm satisfied we'd of made a howl comic strip, with me as the Patsy. All I had was checks appeal and me and the little woman had a battle about this situation each and every day except Sunday—then we had two. But though we'd been married for years we just doted on each other and the only fly in the ointment was Alex, Eve and Lily.

NO KIDDING, that last entry was something to think about, gentle reader. Lily was entirely too beautiful for her own good or anybody else's either and jobs to her was the same as red-hot pokers as far as holding 'em was concerned. She didn't like her boss's ties and the manager wasn't the type, or "the office had no personality," or she wasn't going to leave nobody razz *her* for failing to solve the problem of spelling "Cincinnati" correctly, or how dare they ask her to work ten minutes overtime? Sometimes, Lily just come right out flat-footed and declared labor of any nature what so ever give her the megrims and that's all they was to it. Once she worked a solid two weeks for the same firm, only to do a fadeout when they refused her a raise as a veteran employee.

By a strange coincidence, the noble Alex finally made Lily a present of a job in his own office and then the amusement began! As the boss was her cousin the kid was sitting pretty and she done about what she pleased, kidding the visiting firemen, giving all the male clerks girl trouble, taking three hours for lunch and reporting for duty only when that odd whimsy struck her, if at all. In one week this girl scout trying to be helpful had rearranged Alex's carefully thought out and highly prized filing system till the only thing he could find in it was confusion. Being practically a maniac on system and detail, this soon had Alex running a fever but it tickled *me* silly. The big stiff was now getting some of the carbolic I had to stand for from him at home!

"I SAW the Follies this afternoon," announces Lily, coming on the air at dinner one fateful night during a pause in Alex's elocution, "and, honestly, I don't see what those girls have that *I* haven't. In those perfectly marvelous costumes, *any* one could look beautiful! Oh, I'm just nauseated with pounding a typewriter. I was meant to be an actress—really, I simply tingle with it!"

Like a flash, girls and boys, I laid down my knife and glanced over at Alex. I wish to Heaven I'd kept my mouth shut!

"There you are, Alex," I says. "Here's a lifetime chance to prove you're the real McCoy as a success developer! Right in your own family you got a nifty candidate for fame and fortune, pining away for lack of a break. If you're not merely the talking wonder of the world you'll place our Lily behind the footlights immediately!"

"Oh, that would be simply gorgeous!" cries Lily, her eyes glued to Alex's profile.

"Hush your mouth!" exclaims Alice. "You're far too young and attractive to be exposed to the temptations of the stage."

"Why, of course she is, Alice," chimes in Eve. "And if that headache of yours had any brains he wouldn't suggest it!"

The whole two of 'em sprayed me with hostile (*Continued on page 67*)

The Vigilantes take Charge

The motto of Chicago is "I Will." The Bob Crowe-Len Small machine, its bearings smoothly lubricated with alcohol, didn't believe it even when the Vigilantes warned that they were going to divorce politics from crime. The reply was "That's what you say." And that was too much for the Vigilantes. "I Will" has now become "We Did"

Wide World

State's Attorney John A. Swanson, whose election ushered in Chicago's era of political respectability

THE telephone rang in the apartment of a well-to-do business man in the city of Chicago late one April afternoon. The head of the household had not yet returned from his office. His wife answered the call.

She was almost prostrated by a flood of obscenity, profanity and threats of death for herself, her child and her husband.

"If you don't call that —— of a husband of yours off from monkeyin' around with our business we'll wipe you all out, you ——."

She hung up the receiver, as she might slam the door on some repulsive sight.

In a few minutes the telephone rang again. The young woman answered the call, expecting to hear her husband's voice. Instead:

"Is this the so-and-so home?"

"Yes."

Another blast of obscenity and threats met her ear.

"You put your husband up to this business, you ——," said a voice, different from the first. "You call the —— off, or we'll kidnap your child, kill him, and turn you adrift with a bullet in you."

The young woman broke into hysterical crying. Servants rushed into the room and found her on a couch.

Twice more the telephone rang. Servants, who answered, heard new torrents of obscenity and hurriedly hung up the receiver. When the husband reached home he found his wife in hysterics.

Chicago's Desperate Plight

Doctors and nurses worked over the stricken woman for many days before she recovered. It was not until policemen and private detectives guarded that home, day and night, that she slept soundly again. And when another baby was born, three weeks after the telephone incident, the child was never taken out into the sunshine without two detectives for protectors.

The Chicago Terror had marked the parents, or, more specifically, the father, a man who had the courage to accept leadership in a citizens' movement against the thriving underworld. A newspaper story of his virile speeches at the Union League Club luncheons had drawn upon him the wrath of the Terror.

What were the Union League Club luncheons? Well, they came the nearest to having been sessions of "vigilantes" that any American community has seen since the old Wild-West days. Chicago was beset by thugs, murderers, gamblers, corrupt officials, and other human hyenas. Citizens, in desperation, were meeting secretly to plan their own deliverance. But the secret was out and the Terror was retaliating.

It was just as much a meeting of citizen-vigilantes as any crime-infested Western town ever held. With an estimated 30,000 crooks in the town, it was time for the organization of honest men. The old vigilantes used the rope for argument; unhappily Chicago's vigilantes were denied that privilege. But they had fixed upon a plan.

It was to remove from office one man, and his gang—Robert E. Crowe, state's attorney, an official whose duty it was to prosecute crime in Cook county. With Crowe out of the way, crime would lose a friend, they decided.

Primary election day was only two and a half weeks distant when these vigilantes held their first secret gatherings. Chances for beating Crowe and his crowd looked small, but these men were aroused—sufficiently to brave and even court death.

Stirring up the Citizens

Harry Eugene Kelly, member of the Chicago Bar Association and former president of the Union League Club, was one of their leaders. Albert R. Brunker, a business man, was another, and Axel Lonnquist, real-estate dealer, a third.

"What can we do to clean up Chicago?" they asked a group of forty business men at the first luncheon.

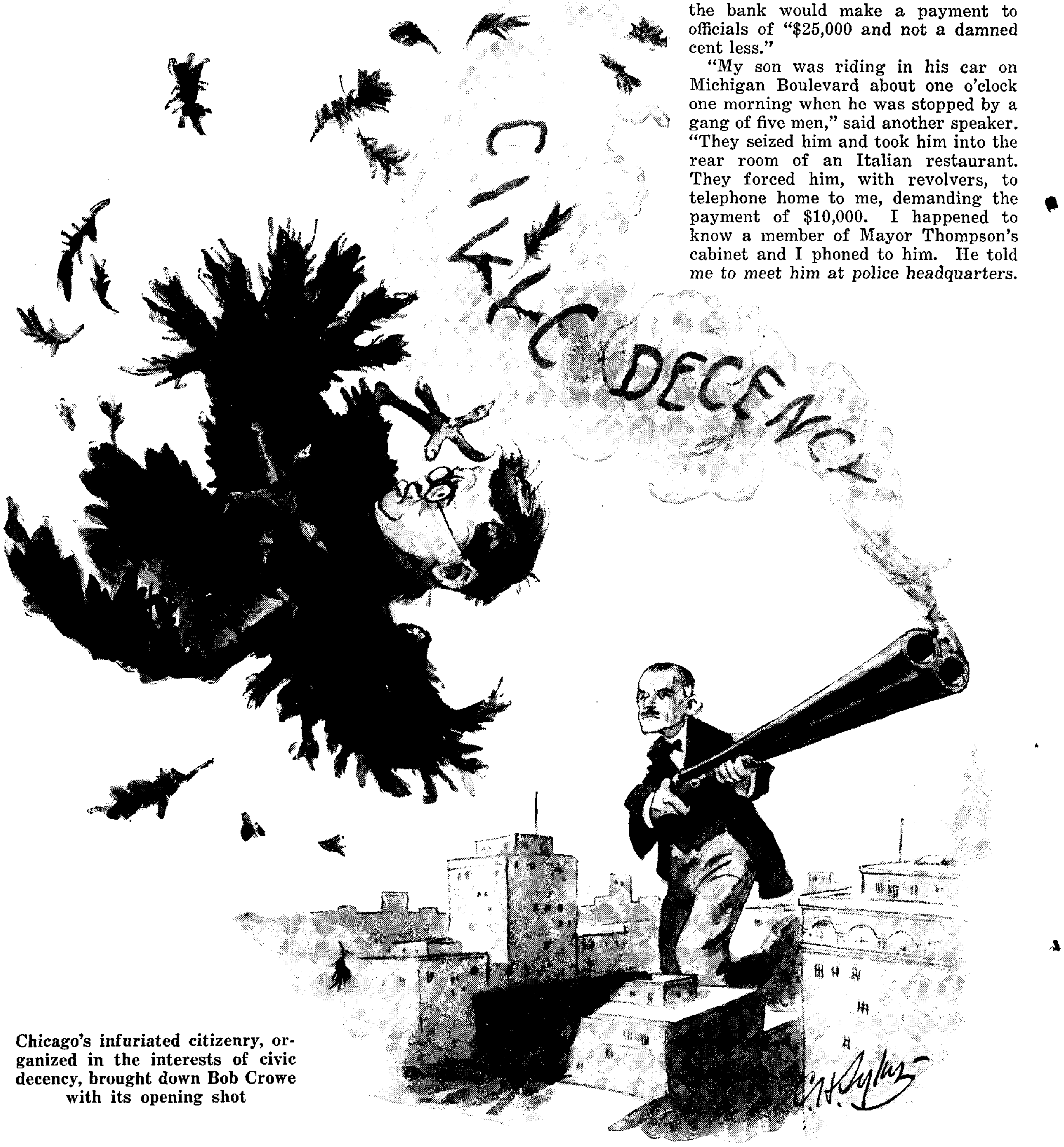
"Tell the people of Chicago what's going on in Crowe's office and among his friends in the state, county and city government," they decided after an hour's conference."

And then they laid out a schedule of luncheons to which Chicago's business groups were to be invited. The first guests were members of the Association of Retail Jewelers.

"The chances are," they said, "that we can't do much within the two and a half weeks before primary election day to beat Crowe, but the time has come, we think, when no self-respecting citizen can continue to go along without at least trying to put up some kind of a fight.

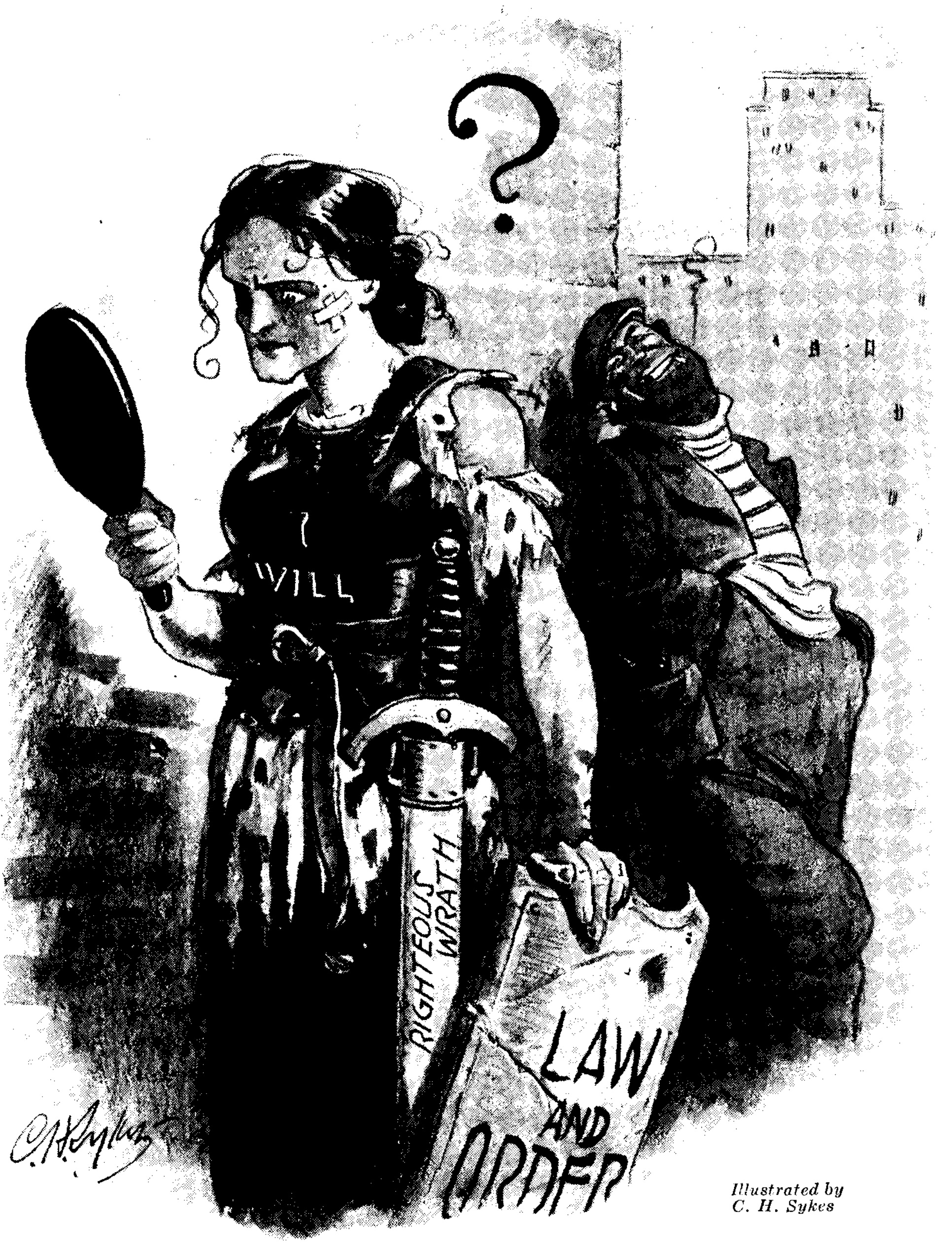
A lawyer sitting at the table was asked to speak. He told of a lawyer friend of his who represented a great bank. This bank lost a sum of money to a thief. When his friend had asked the proper authorities to arrest the thief he had been told, the speaker said, that no action would be taken unless the bank would make a payment to officials of "$25,000 and not a damned cent less."

"My son was riding in his car on Michigan Boulevard about one o'clock one morning when he was stopped by a gang of five men," said another speaker. "They seized him and took him into the rear room of an Italian restaurant. They forced him, with revolvers, to telephone home to me, demanding the payment of $10,000. I happened to know a member of Mayor Thompson's cabinet and I phoned to him. He told me to meet him at police headquarters.



Chicago's infuriated citizenry, organized in the interests of civic decency, brought down Bob Crowe with its opening shot

By William G. Shepherd



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Chicago began to see herself as others saw her, and found the sight displeasing

He sent his name in to Commissioner of Police Michael Hughes. A police official received us and I told him the story.

"He picked up his telephone and called the number of the restaurant.

"'Say, you guys are in awful Dutch,' shouted this police official. 'Turn that young fellow loose, right away, you damn' fools. You're on a hot one!'

"'Your son'll be home soon,' the official said to me. And then the cabinet member and the police official told me I had better let the matter drop immediately. 'You'll get your son safe and sound, so forget it.'"

Then Mr. Kelly spoke:

"The officials here are permitting the manufacture of a vast quantity of beer weekly in this town," he said. "Beer gangs buy this beer from the brewers at $6 a barrel; they sell it to speak-easies at $60 a barrel and divide the graft. Speak-easies sell it in turn at $125 a barrel and further divide the beer loot. Who gets this difference between $6 and $125? Crowe knows!" shouted Kelly.

"They stole my new automobile," said a fourth speaker. "I found the thief, a gangster, very quickly, but it took me over a year and a half to get him to trial. Then the judge, who was a Crowe man, scolded me, set the thief free and said to him, 'Keep the car.'"

Business Men Aroused

Still another speaker told how widows of policemen who had been killed in fights with gangsters had been forced to sign papers which had deprived them of all but $500 of the legal $5,000 pension.

The jewelers went away promising to tell all the members of their city-wide organization. Of all merchants, jewelers have been most exposed to gangsters in Chicago.

The next day fifty real-estate men gathered about the same table.

The same program of talks was given; they departed as aroused as the jewelers had been, promising to spread the word.

On succeeding days came lawyers, dentists, physicians and merchants. They left to tell neighbors, customers, clients, patients, everybody who would listen, of what they had been told.

Finally, Crowe's rival for the state's-attorneyship, John A. Swanson, joined the groups. He told the business men that the windows, the ceilings, and the doorways of his home had been blown off the night before, by a huge bomb, which, except for good fortune, might have killed his entire family.

That same night a lesser bomb had been thrown at the home of Charles S. Deneen, United States Senator from Illinois, who had put forth Swanson as a candidate against Crowe.

"And Crowe," Swanson added, "says that I, risking the lives of my wife and children, set off this bomb myself, or had my friends do it in order to gain public sympathy."

Then came the day when the Chicago newspapers carried the story of these luncheons and the underworld tried to drive a young Chicago mother insane by threats of violence and thus destroy the home of one of the most active of their opponents.

There's no doubt that Chicago business men knew fully the danger which menaced each of them individually for trying to oppose Crowe—Crowe, whose assistant, William McSwiggin, had been murdered by gangsters who went unpunished; Crowe, whose various elections, primary and final, had been accompanied by violence at the polls; Crowe, who had left unpunished scores of gangsters and murderers in the great city; Crowe, who apparently expected a friendly chief of police to do nothing to bring criminals, murderers, gangsters or bootleggers to bay.

Of the fifty men invited to the luncheon on the day following the appearance of this newspaper article, only six appeared! This was another proof of Crowe's power. He could frighten bankers and merchants; his machinery could frighten individual citizens. It could tax one citizen $200 a year on his small house and another citizen $1,200 on a twin house, depending upon which of the two was a friend of politicians.

"Crowe and his crowd can even control judges," one member of the Chicago Bar Association had told several of the meetings. "He, with the help of his crowd, can do it this way: He is master of the Cook County Central Republican Committee. This committee, through the county convention, nominates the candidates for circuit and superior court judgeships. And, on primary election day, he can control the naming of candidates for the offices of police magistrates."

Primary election day was only two days off when the committee decided that, though they had not really hoped to defeat Crowe, they did have a fighting chance. They had collected over $21,000 at their luncheons, though much of this sum, after their meetings had come to public knowledge, had been spent for newspaper, moving-picture and radio advertising in twentieth-century vigilante fashion. Charles S. Deneen, senior United States Senator, an old wheel horse in politics, who had himself been in Crowe's job for eight years, told one of the committee, at this time:

"The election is only three days off. It will take $10,000 and 1,000 honest men, scattered throughout the election districts, to keep the vote halfway honest. They'll have from 20,000 to 30,000 gangsters and henchmen circulating around the polling places. Where can you get the $10,000? Where can you get the 1,000 honest men?"

Recruiting Polls Workers

"I went away from Mr. Deneen," says Albert Brunker, "after that talk with only two ideas in my mind—$10,000 and 1,000 men. We had to get them both within sixty hours."

This was Saturday noon. There was $3,000 in the fund of the committee which had been holding the luncheons, donated, quietly, by various business men.

Over the telephone Mr. Brunker found a certain banker who said:

"If you'll use your $3,000, I'll add the $7,000."

"That's a go," said Brunker.

Next the 1,000 men. Brunker had a lucky thought—the "usher squad" at the University of Chicago.

There are 300 of these young men. Though they had acted as ushers for huge crowds at football games in their university stadium they had not really gained fame until the night of the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Soldiers' Field in Chicago. Certain stories told of their actions that night gave them a reputation for valor. Here's one: Rickard had tried to get in by a gateway not designated on his ticket.

"You'll have to go around," said the U. of C. husky to the promoter.

"But I'm Tex Rickard."

"Sure, I know you are," said the young man. "But didn't you give instructions, yourself?"

When Tex further insisted, the young collegian said:

"Now listen, mister. I don't think you're Rickard after all. Rickard wouldn't ask an usher to break the rules." That licked Tex; he moved on.

Brunker telephoned out to the university and requested that these ushers attend a civic safety meeting at the Morrison Hotel on Monday at noon.

A call for help was sent out to business men, asking them to request strong, husky employees to volunteer for guard duty at the polls, and to attend the hotel meeting for instructions.

Advertisements were also put in the Chicago morning papers, asking any young man of courage to attend the meeting.

Over 1,500 young men were at that Monday meeting. Only a few of the university usher squad were absent.

"This committee has got only $10,000 for tomorrow's work at the polls," Brunker told the young men. "And we'll need every cent of it that we can save for later on.

"Who will be willing to work at the polls for nothing, tomorrow?" said the speaker. "We want free workers, then we want those who will work for five dollars for the day, and if that doesn't give us enough, we'll pay ten dollars a day to the rest."

Over 500 men, including the university men, arose. They would work at the polls for nothing.

Murder, Violence and Success

Of that $10,000 for poll workers, only $2,000 was paid out! Deneen, old political war horse, had guessed wrong by $8,000. He hadn't counted on the willingness of young men to do something for nothing to help their old town.

Murder and violence rode Chicago that primary election day, April 10, 1928.

Twenty-seven of the army of 1,000 young men were slugged; some were taken to hospitals. Through the streets of the city rode gangsters in motor cars, from one polling place to another. Some of their cars were equipped with police gongs. It is possible that gangsters from the Forty-third ward rode in cars wearing police stars. Bootleggers, it was later proven in court, had been equipped with police department insignia by Alderman Titus Haffa, of that ward. Haffa is now under sentence to a federal penitentiary with a gang of his henchmen for operating an alcohol ring.

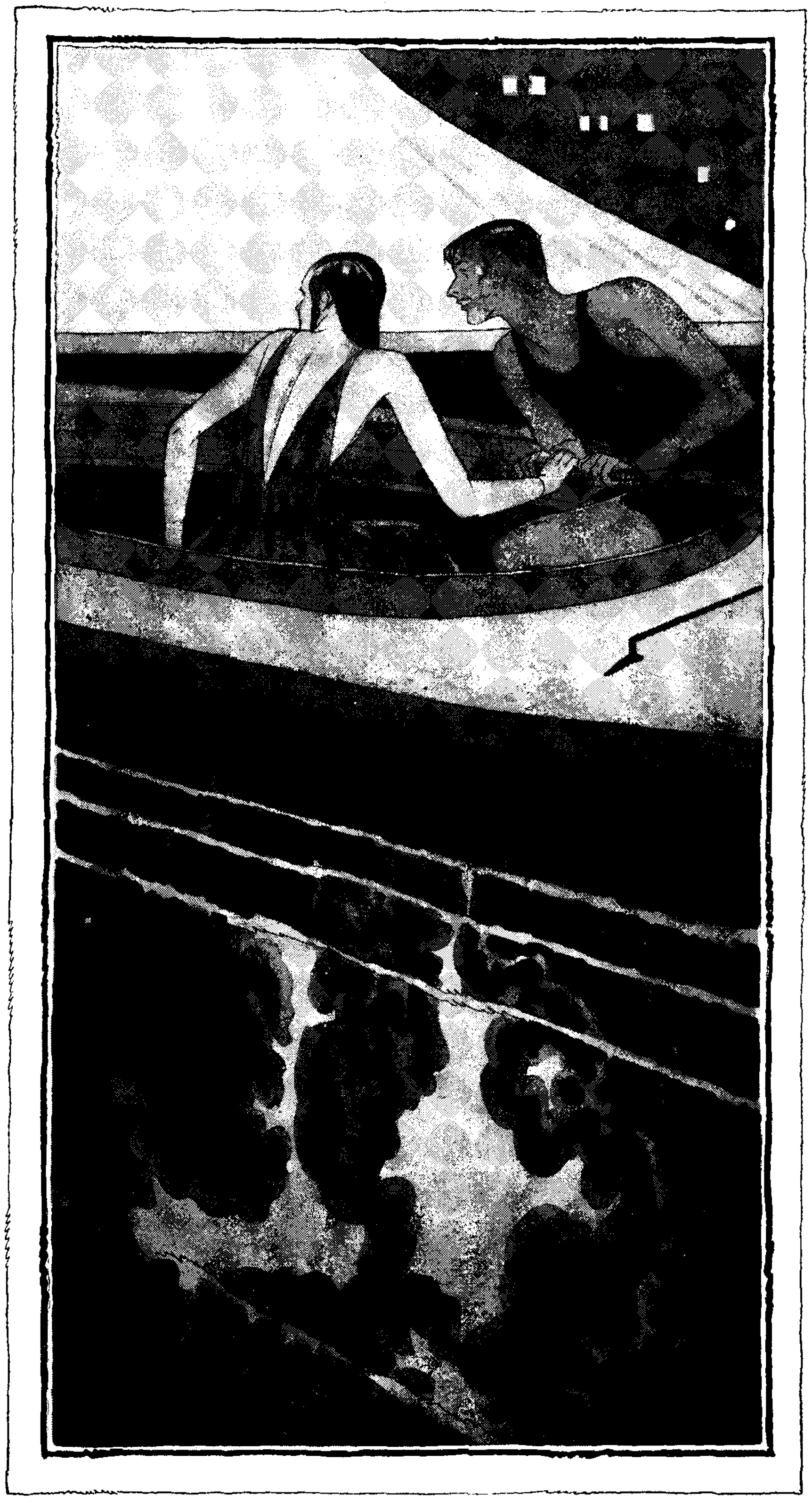
But Crowe was decisively whipped in the primaries. John A. Swanson became the Republican candidate for the office of state's attorney.

With Crowe (*Continued on page 59*)

Fanny's First Fling

By Bernice Brown

The story of a devious romance which proves that the shortest distance between two hearts is nothing but a straight line, after all



"We may not drown," said Fanny, "but we will probably never get to shore"

FANNY GRAYSON was at her first house party and she was not having a good time. The reason was, like all reasons, complicated on the surface and simple underneath. But because she would not recognize the underneath part she was left with nothing but the complications.

The complications were that she was poor and shy and had had little experience in smart society. The unrecognized reason was that she was in love with Jacob Delefield, who was her guardian. Jacob Delefield was thirty-five and she was nineteen. In addition he was rich and sought after, particularly, it seemed to Fanny, by Mrs. Peter Van Dusen, who was, at the moment of Fanny's distress, her hostess.

Clarissa Van Dusen was thirty-three, a widow, beautiful and rich.

"Widows," mused Fanny, "are the devil. They may be neither beautiful nor rich but their knowledge of the human heart is like a diadem of stars upon their brows."

Fanny was pleased with this phrasing but even this minor gleam of satisfaction died out before the conviction that, though she spoke with the tongues of angels, Clarissa Van Dusen could win against her, hands down.

"Of course I don't in the least blame Uncle Jacob for falling in love with her," thought Fanny. "Only for the fact that he had spent so many years in that mine in South Africa it would have happened long before. I must face life." Fanny was about to give up without a struggle. "The only claim I have on him is that he has done everything for me since I was eleven." Fanny, in her innocence, did not realize how strong a claim this was. "I suppose he would be glad to be rid of me, though I must say he has never acted like it."

Indeed, as Fanny thought back over the three years since Jacob Delefield returned from South Africa she realized she had made him laugh many times. "You can't really want to be rid of a person you can laugh at," thought Fanny. Then the vision of Mrs. Peter Van Dusen, elegant, still young, disconcertingly at ease, snuffed out Fanny's little hope as though a bucket of water had been used to extinguish a candle.

Indeed Fanny would have been even more discouraged could she have known the conversation between Jacob and Clarissa that preceded Fanny's invitation to the house party. Clarissa was seated on a chaise longue under an awning on her terrace which stretched opulently above the waters of Long Island Sound. The chaise longue was becoming to Clarissa, as was the awning, as was her exquisite frock of coral color. Clarissa put down her tea cup.

"Jacob, my dear," she said, "what are you going to do about Fanny?"

Jacob started. "About Fanny? Nothing. She's all right as she is."

Clarissa laughed softly. "She's your Galatea and you resent any aspersions against the perfection of your handiwork."

"She's not at all my handiwork," said Jacob. "I had nothing to do with her quaintness or her honesty or her general niceness. All I ever did for Fanny was to let her take her own head. Fanny has brought herself up and I must say she has done a good job of it."

CLARISSA favored him with an indolent glance of her gray eyes. "I don't mean what are you going to do about her character. Give me a cigarette." Clarissa never hurried. For a moment she stared at the gray-blue smoke that was almost invisible in the sunshine. "I mean what are you going to do about her future?"

Jacob shifted his lean legs in the well-fitting English trousers. "I'm against futures for women."

Clarissa laughed softly. "So am I, if by that you mean careers."

"Fanny," said Jacob stoutly, "has no talents. If you'd be interested in looking over her reports from school I could prove it to you."

"How successful your management has been," commented Clarissa, "so far."

Jacob fastened his dark eyes upon her. "What do you mean by 'so far'?" he asked.

Clarissa smiled up at him. "Well, you've kept her nice, and old-fashioned, which has the asset of novelty. Now, my dear, you must marry her off." She seemed to ponder this project. "I don't think it will be difficult. Of course, she has no money."

"If it comes to money," interrupted Jacob.

"I know, darling. You're incorrigibly generous." Again she paused. "But I fancy we can do it without its costing you more than a trousseau."

Jacob did not resent that "we." In fact he was too perturbed to notice it. "I don't see why we have to marry her off," he said at last. "She's perfectly happy. She's much too young," he went on, gathering steam. "Besides I'm not at all sure I want her to marry at all."

This time Clarissa laughed outright and sat up. "Listen to me, my friend: I am having a house party over the Fourth, a large party. You are coming and many others. The neighborhood is full of house parties. There is even to be a prince in our midst, an eligible, unmarried prince, lacking, as I understand it, in neither intelligence nor charm." She laughed again. "To this party Fanny shall be bidden. I shall launch her, as it were. If you refuse to face your responsibility toward your ward, I, as an old friend, shall take it over for you. Fanny shall have her fling and if she is as untalented as her report cards attest she ought to be enormously successful. And now," she stood up, "I think we had both better go for a swim." She cast a glance over her shoulder at Jacob. "I'm extremely fond of you, my dear, though I couldn't quite say why. Perhaps it's habit."

TRUE, they had known each other from childhood. Their parents had been friends and for some years each had felt it was a matter of pleasant but undramatic inevitableness that there would some day be a closer tie than friendship between the two families. Then, out of a blue sky, Clarissa had married Peter Van Dusen. It had been a blow to Jacob, not so much because his feelings were lacerated as because an old habit had been broken.

"You can't call me fickle," Clarissa had said, "because you never proposed to me. But I shall always be your friend."

"Nonsense," said Jacob. "Friendship between a man and a woman is all tosh, unless they're both tame cats." But in his heart he knew he would always be fond of Clarissa. Even after he became engaged to Marjory Porter he continued to feel for Clarissa a good will which was not entirely devoid of sentiment.

Then Jacob had gone to South Africa for five years, Marjory had married Tom Livingston and Peter Van Dusen had been killed in a polo accident. Jacob's return to New York had been a difficult readjustment, for much had happened in his absence. Of what use had it been for him to make a fortune in the Transvaal only to return and find his fiancée married, his old friends scattered or absorbed in new interests? Even Clarissa was abroad.

It was then that Fanny Grayson, poor Dick Grayson's motherless child, had entered his life to fill a void of which neither at the time had had the slightest notion. Jacob had been Fanny's guardian ever since Dick Grayson's death eight years before had left her an orphan and Jacob had taken his duties conscientiously if not with undue gladness of heart.

At eleven she had been a long-legged, freckled child notable only for the straight look of her eyes and a certain maturity of spirit. At sixteen Jacob had found her freckleless and companionable to a degree of which he had never supposed so young a person capable. Fanny, quite unconsciously, had helped him over a bad time and, though he did not know it, he was grateful.

Now Clarissa had said he must marry her off and Clarissa was always right. He had been glad to see Clarissa again. She was more beautiful than he had remembered her and she had taken him in hand again with a gentle competence he had never resented. That is, never before that moment under the awning on her beautifully groomed terrace. Still he mustn't be selfish about Fanny. Clarissa had even insinuated the reason he resented the thought of Fanny's marriage was because it made him feel old. But of course he wasn't old. He was only thirty-five.

"YOU will have a nice time," he said to Fanny as they sat in the drawing-room of the old Grayson house, the taxes on which Jacob had paid for eight years. "Mrs. Van Dusen has trawled in deep waters and brought up a lot of young fish for you," he went on, "and I believe there's even a prince in the offing."

Fanny met him with her straight gaze. "Are you going?"

Jacob fidgeted. "I'll be there part of the time. But the idea is that you do a little swimming on your own."

"Yes," said Fanny. She looked ridiculously young and solemn. "I'll try, Uncle Jacob."

"You're too old to call me Uncle Jacob," he snapped.

"I'm too young to call you Jacob," Fanny answered calmly.

Jacob looked at her and looked away. She had no business to make him feel a hundred. "Are you sure you've got the right clothes?" he asked suddenly. "If you haven't, Clarissa, I mean Mrs. Van Dusen, I'm sure, would be glad to help you choose some."

"My clothes are all right," said Fanny. "Besides, I'm poor and I don't think I should go on being beholden to you for expensive things any longer."

"If you don't stop talking nonsense," said Jacob, "I shan't let you go."

"I'd be just as glad," said Fanny.

"Don't you want to go?" His voice was noticeably brighter. "Because if you don't—"

"No," said Fanny, "but I'm going and I'll do my best. But if I'm a flop you mustn't reproach yourself. You've done everything for me that a parent could do and sometimes I think more because parents seldom understand their children. I noticed that from the girls at boarding school."

"So you think I understand you?" said Jacob.

"In lots of ways," she considered. "But the heart knoweth its own bitterness. That's from the Bible," said Fanny, "but I think it's very human."

"Yes," said Jacob, "but I see no reason why you shouldn't quote the more pleasant passages. There must be some."

"When do I go?" asked Fanny, changing the subject.

"Friday," said Jacob. "I shan't be down till Saturday evening. You're invited for a week."

"I know," said Fanny. "Mrs. Van Dusen wrote me. It's very kind of her."

"Nonsense," blustered Jacob. "It will give her pleasure. But," he hesitated, "if you're not having a good time you can cut and run. I'll back you."

"I shall stick," said Fanny.

Fanny was bewildered from the moment the motor met her at the station. In the first place she mistook the lodge keeper's house for Mrs. Van Dusen's, and confided to the chauffeur that she thought it was pretty but how could Mrs. Van Dusen find places to sleep so many people.

"That's my house," said the chauffeur as he whirled past it and up a driveway that must alone have cost a fortune.

When they reached the Van Dusen mansion Fanny blushed. "You must think I'm a fool," she said to the chauffeur. "But almost anybody that didn't know would think your house was it."

"It's only got one bathroom," said the chauffeur.

Then Fanny followed her suit-case and the butler into the front hall where Clarissa Van Dusen met her.

"How sweet of you to come," said Clarissa. "I'm depending on you to keep a couple of young men busy for me." She nodded her head toward two lounging youths in flannels. "If you could tire them out at tennis perhaps they'd be willing to go to bed tonight at a reasonable hour and let me take my old bones to repose."

Fanny regarded Clarissa in her charming blue linen frock and sighed gently. "I don't think I believe in your old bones any more than they do," she said.

Clarissa laughed and the two youths regarded Fanny with mild curiosity. "Fanny, these are Mr. Spencer and Mr. Humphreys." The youths nodded. "Miss Grayson,"—she turned to Fanny—"you'll want to get into something cool now so that you can get all hot again on these tennis courts. Dawson will show you your room."

Fanny looked around. "I think your house is lovely. It's more beautiful even than I imagined it."

Clarissa laughed again. "Did you imagine it?"

"Oh, yes," said Fanny. "I've imagined a great deal about you. You see, you're Uncle Jacob's oldest friend."

"Well, pretty old," said Clarissa, "though we both try to live it down." Then, "Now scamper."

THE tennis was all right at first except that there was another girl, a Miss Small, who, though she didn't play as well as Fanny, seemed to afford Mr. Spencer and Mr. Humphreys more amusement. They called each other nicknames like "Ipse" and "Honk" and "Tick" and Fanny couldn't make out which name applied to which. Already they were locked in the magic fraternity of those who have known each other a week and Fanny felt like an Italian who had just left Ellis Island.

The dinner that night was a small one and Fanny found herself between Mr. Humphreys and a professor of archæology Clarissa had met abroad. Of the two she got on better with the archæologist. Mr. Humphreys made her tongue-tied whereas Professor Schick, who said she reminded him of a picture in Florence, treated her as though she were a reasonable human being. In the course of the dinner they discovered that they both played chess.

"How come?" said the professor with surprised directness.

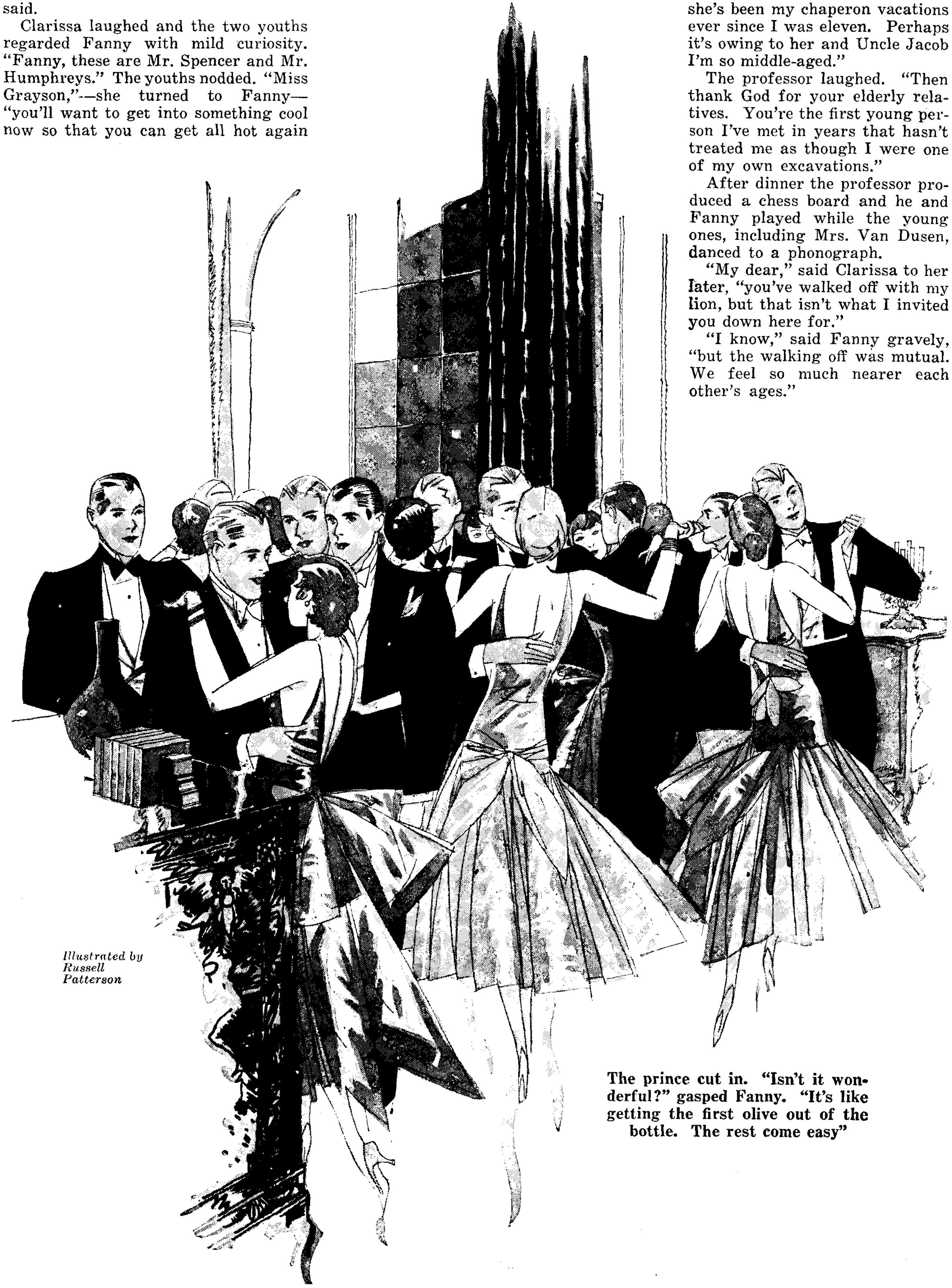
"I play a game every evening with Miss Swain," said Fanny. "She's a cousin of my grandmother's and she's been my chaperon vacations ever since I was eleven. Perhaps it's owing to her and Uncle Jacob I'm so middle-aged."

The professor laughed. "Then thank God for your elderly relatives. You're the first young person I've met in years that hasn't treated me as though I were one of my own excavations."

After dinner the professor produced a chess board and he and Fanny played while the young ones, including Mrs. Van Dusen, danced to a phonograph.

"My dear," said Clarissa to her later, "you've walked off with my lion, but that isn't what I invited you down here for."

"I know," said Fanny gravely, "but the walking off was mutual. We feel so much nearer each other's ages."



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

The prince cut in. "Isn't it wonderful?" gasped Fanny. "It's like getting the first olive out of the bottle. The rest come easy"

Clarissa laughed. "You're a darling. But at my dance tomorrow you must be nice to Mr. Humphreys."

"I'd like to," answered Fanny, "but it's hard to be nice all alone. I mean niceness is a thing that needs coöperation."

"It does, my dear," said Clarissa, "and if I'm any prophet I predict it."

But Clarissa for once was wrong. Except for Professor Schick, Fanny would have spent a lonely day, but in the morning she and the professor went sailing and in the afternoon they played chess.

"I'm a selfish old man to monopolize you," confessed the professor, "but when they give out the crowns in heaven you'll get one."

"When they give out the crowns in heaven," said Fanny gravely, "I'll get thistles."

Fanny didn't see Jacob until just before dinner. She was wearing her best dress which wasn't much compared to Clarissa's. Clarissa was exquisite in a silver gown that had cost a fortune, not counting duty.

"If he ever had any doubts," thought Fanny, "he hasn't now." She shook hands with Jacob gravely.

"Are you having a good time?" he whispered.

"Lovely."

"You lie," said Jacob.

"Isn't Mrs. Van Dusen *wonderful?*" said Fanny.

"Yes," said Jacob.

"She's like a princess," said Fanny.

"Who's like a *princess?*" demanded Clarissa.

"You," said Jacob, and to Fanny's amazement Mrs. Van Dusen blushed.

AT DINNER Clarissa sat between Jacob and Professor Schick and Fanny between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Humphreys. *But on the other side of* Mr. Humphreys was Miss Small and on Mr. Spencer's right a girl called Toodles.

"I've got to pretend to be talking," thought Fanny, "even though I only recite the alphabet." Professor Schick smiled at her across the table but Jacob appeared to be absorbed in Mrs. Van Dusen.

"Is he your guardian?" demanded Mr. Spencer with a jerk of the head toward Jacob.

"Yes," said Fanny.

"I'll give you odds," said Mr. Spencer, "you're going to have a guardianess too."

Fanny's heart skipped a beat. So other people noticed it as well.

"We all thought she'd fallen for somebody abroad," he went on, "but I guess she's held out for the good old American millions."

Fanny bowed her head above a filet mignon. "I guess so."

After dinner Clarissa introduced Fanny conscientiously to everyone, but, when the music started, it was Professor Schick who asked her to dance.

"I don't know anything later than the polka," he apologized, "but I was a first-rate polka-er."

Fanny smiled. "You're awfully nice."

But the professor's niceness did not help them much with the one-step. Fanny saw Jacob go by with Mrs. Van Dusen.

"They're a handsome couple," said the professor.

"So are we," said Fanny, but her heart was as leaden as the professor's feet.

AT THE end of the struggle the professor mopped his brow. "I resign," he said. "Here comes Mr. Spencer to *claim you.*"

But Mr. Spencer didn't claim her. He claimed instead Miss Small, who already had a crowd of boys around her. *Again Fanny and the professor* ventured forth. Fanny's eyes looked for Jacob but he had disappeared. At the end of the dance Professor Schick was *called to the telephone and Fanny stood* there, smiling the sick smile of the partnerless girl who pretends she is just waiting for someone.

At the beginning of the third dance Fanny disappeared too. She couldn't go back to her room. Mrs. Van Dusen was bound to go there in search of her. The veranda and the garden were full of couples. Fanny fled down to the pier where the tiny catboat was still tied. A moment she hesitated then she *cast the boat loose and jumped in.*

"There's no breeze," she thought, "but at least I can get away from this mooring."

The sail hung loosely but the boat drifted off with the ebb tide. "I'll spoil my shoes," thought Fanny, "but it doesn't matter. I'll probably never go *to a ball again.*" Another dance began and another. "After a while," thought Fanny, "Uncle Jacob will miss me. It would be nice if this boat would capsize." And then she thought. "But I can swim too well for anything to happen to me." For a moment she entertained herself with the vision of her body as it would look when washed ashore. "But I wouldn't be pretty," she ended. "My hair would be all stringy and besides probably somebody like the chauffeur would be the one to find me."

In the midst of these sad meditations Fanny heard a splash. Somebody was swimming toward her. Then, at once, the swimming stopped. Fanny waited *a moment. There was no sound now* except the lapping of the waves against the boat's side. Terror gripped her. Then a head appeared and she heard a *sound that was half choke and half* shout. "Help!" A second Fanny waited. She tried to bring the boat around nearer to the figure but there *was not wind enough.* Then, with two motions, she kicked off her slippers and slid over the boat's side.

In a second she had reached the *figure.*

"Cramps," he stated.

Fanny put her arm under the man's chin. "Don't struggle," she said. "We *can make it.*"

"I know," said the man, "I've read those articles too in the magazines."

Fanny grinned. "I'm awfully glad *you're sensible.*"

"I'm enormously sensible," replied the man. "Is that your boat? How good of it to wait for us."

"*It will be terrible getting in,*" said Fanny.

"It will," said the man. "But I have the utmost faith in you."

IT WAS terrible. Fanny being encumbered by a completely wet party dress and by a man six feet tall and weighing *one hundred and seventy pounds in an* attempt to clamber into a very small catboat. The man, however, recovered rapidly from his cramp and in the end two very wet and decidedly coolish figures sat on either side of a tiller which was utterly powerless in the matter of its calling.

"*We may not drown,*" said Fanny, "but we will probably never get to shore."

"Just the same," said the man, "I want to thank you for saving my life."

"Oh, that's all right," said Fanny.

"It was awfully sporting of you," he insisted. "If I hadn't read those articles about how to be rescued I might easily have dragged you down to a watery end too."

Fanny's eyes were on the sagging sail. "I shouldn't have cared—much."

"No?" He made an effort not to smile. "Is there anything the matter?"

Fanny considered. "Everything."

"That's a comprehensive statement." He too considered. "Is there any way perhaps in which I could help you?"

Fanny shook her head. "No," she said finally. "I'm a failure."

"I see." *He smiled again.* "And yet I can't help but believe I might help you."

Fanny looked at him. "Not even if you were a prince."

The man gave a slight start. "Let me try, because," he paused, "as it happens, I am a prince and not without a *few feeble resources.*"

This time Fanny stared. "Well, I never."

"True, nevertheless," said the man. "And I give you my word I'm at your service. That is, in case we get to land again." A faint breeze puffed out the sail of the boat. "And I do believe we're going to."

"I suppose so," said Fanny. Then, at once, an inspiration seized her. She looked at the prince, who, even wet and dishevelled, was quite handsome. "I tell you what you could do, in case you really feel grateful."

"I do," said the prince.

"You could make love to me."

"Now?"

Fanny shook her head. "I don't mean privately. Privately we will be just like *this. But publicly.* I—" she stopped. "Well, you see, I'm not popular. That's why I ran away from the dance. Also, my heart is broken, although that's silly. I never really had a chance. Of course I've no hope of ever getting him, but if you could just be conspicuously nice to me in public, even though I knew you didn't mean it, it might help to get me back a little self-confidence."

"At least it would be worth trying," said the prince. The boat was sailing nicely now. "How about beginning this evening?"

Fanny stared. "In these clothes?"

"No." He grinned. "You sail me back. Then you go back and change and I'll meet you at Mrs. Van Dusen's."

"HOW did you know it was at Mrs. Van Dusen's?" Fanny demanded.

"Because I was asked myself. But I just arrived from New York and I was so hot and dusty I decided to cool off before dressing. That's the dock where I'm staying." He pointed. "If we hurry we can make it in a half hour."

"You're on," said Fanny. "And remember, I won't misunderstand you, no matter how nice you are."

"I'm going to be most frightfully nice," said the prince, "and it won't be just gratitude either."

Fanny smiled. (*Continued on page 66*)

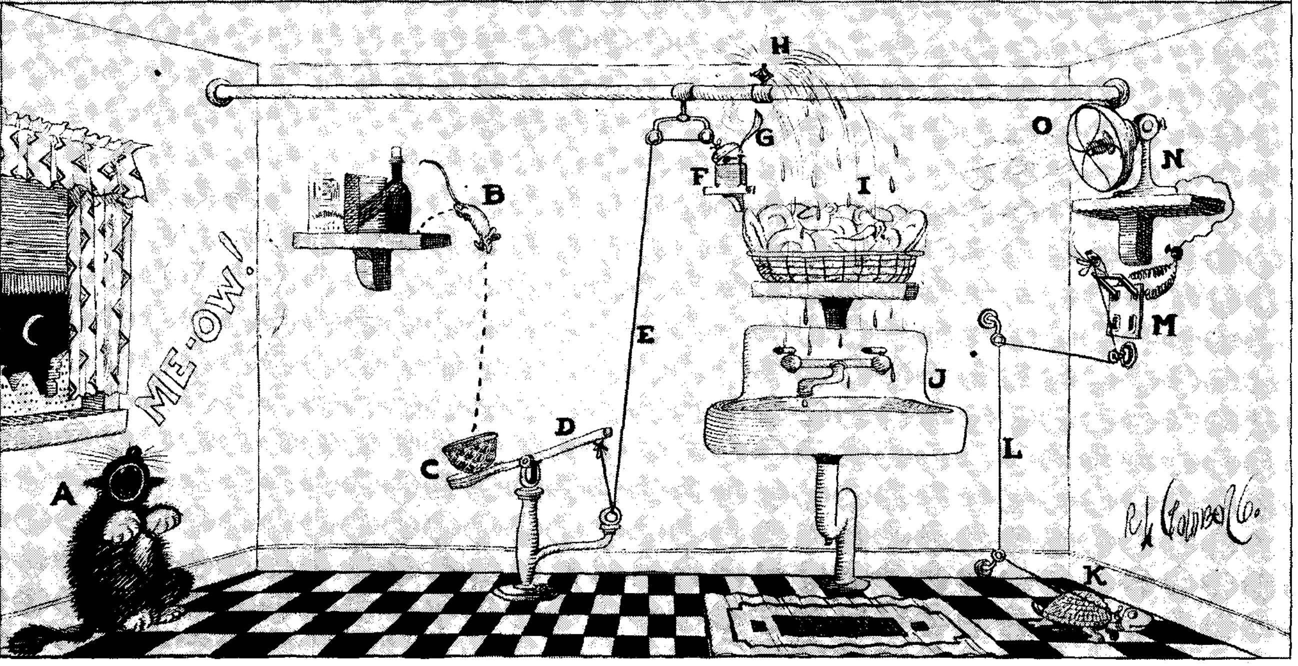
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

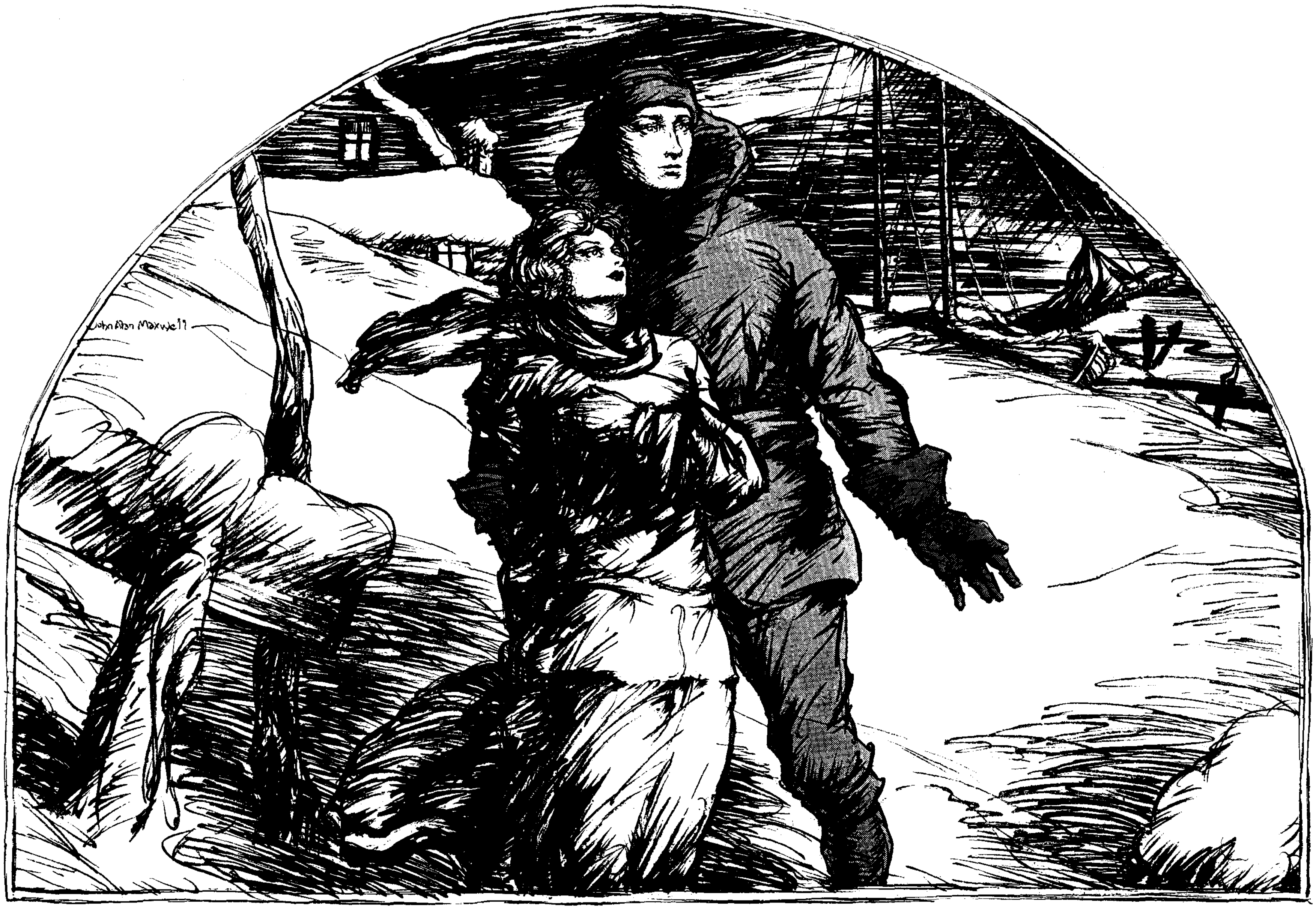
By Rube Goldberg

THE PROFESSOR TURNS ON HIS THINK-FAUCET AND DOPES OUT A MACHINE FOR WASHING DISHES WHILE YOU ARE AT THE MOVIES.

WHEN SPOILED TOMCAT (A) DISCOVERS HE IS ALONE HE LETS OUT A YELL WHICH SCARES MOUSE (B) INTO JUMPING INTO BASKET (C), CAUSING LEVER END (D) TO RISE AND PULL STRING (E) WHICH SNAPS AUTOMATIC CIGAR-LIGHTER (F). FLAME (G) STARTS FIRE SPRINKLER (H). WATER RUNS ON DISHES (I) AND DRIPS INTO SINK (J). TURTLE (K), THINKING HE HEARS BABBLING BROOK BABBLING, AND HAVING NO SENSE OF DIRECTION, STARTS WRONG WAY AND PULLS STRING (L), WHICH TURNS ON SWITCH (M) THAT STARTS ELECTRIC GLOW HEATER (N). HEAT RAY (O) DRIES THE DISHES.

IF THE CAT AND THE TURTLE GET ON TO YOUR SCHEME AND REFUSE TO COOPERATE, SIMPLY PUT THE DISHES ON THE FRONT PORCH AND PRAY FOR RAIN.





"I must go away for a year," he said. "But you will wait for me"

The Sea King's Luck

By Maude Radford Warren

The story of a lost love, a love which lived a lifetime to bloom again in the teeth of a death-laden gale

THERE is a northern island in Lake Michigan cut off from the mainland by a bitter strait aptly called Death's Door. A stranger walking on the island among blue-eyed fishermen and sailors, only a generation or two from Scandinavia, could fancy himself in some Arctic land near the salt sea. And in a storm he might think himself a fugitive on the one solid scrap of earth remaining in a world of seas, beaten by unchained and relentless winds.

Up to the time of the last great storm a man used to sit on a small dock he had built in front of his shore land where the water was deepest. Behind him was his log cabin, painted white, with a front garden full of high-colored, tall flowers and the back yard full of fish rigs and bits of neatly piled wreckage. At one side of his dock was the wreck of a boat he had built long before and had seen beaten to pieces within a few hours of its launching. Upon the slip lay a boat he had built and never used. The islanders passed him by with a casual glance; to them he was only old Goodmander Goodlaxssen, the Icelandic sailor, looking at the two boats he would never use.

But Goodmander Goodlaxssen was a sea king—yet a king in thrall. A man with a spirit as free as the winds and seas, he had been bound perforce and in a long life had not been able to break loose. His soul was as scarred with striving as the body of any fettered prisoner, and his face, to anyone who could read, was the page of his life.

A splendid crag of a head he had, with wild white hair sweeping up from his forehead like a tide; wide-set blue eyes as deep in color as his northern seas under sunshine, and a fierce mouth that was now set to endure, though it was made for conquering. His wide shoulders had not bent under the years, and his great hands were strong as a young man's.

EVERY day he sat on the dock watching the fishing boats go out. From the four harbors of the island they went to fishing grounds which the islanders believed were the best in the whole United States. Their great frames were promising enough of their skill and prowess.

When the boats were out of sight Goodmander Goodlaxssen would go into his cabin and string nets until it was time for them to return.

He was waiting for his luck to come back. For more than forty long years he had believed that it would: that it must. Other faiths and hopes had fled away, but that had never wavered. When that went he would go too, but he felt that he must not go so long as his luck was waiting somewhere.

When Goodmander Goodlaxssen looked back over his life he began to reckon it from the time when he first felt a sense of power. It was while he was yet a child, with bones growing large and with an ability to lift weights that caused the older boys to show him a respect that playmates of his own age were quick to recognize. He began, then, to hold his head back like the viking at the prow of his father's boat which had been carved from a picture that hung in the town hall. His mother gave him a man's share of food and began to consult him as she did his father.

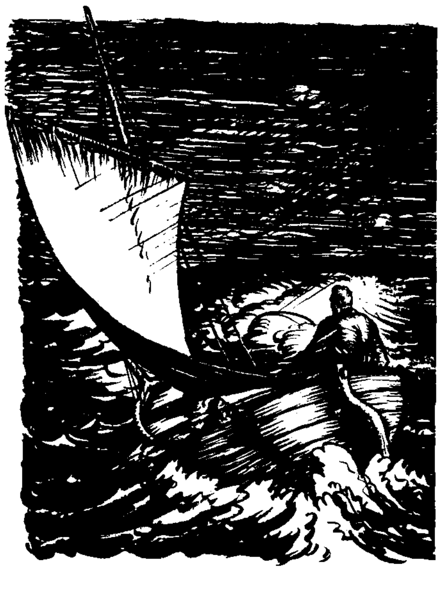
At eighteen he was called Goodmander the Giant. He stood a full head taller than any of his friends. He could lift with his left hand the tallest girl in the village, and with his other her tall lover. No one had such luck with the nets as he; it was as if he could charm the fish. In a storm it was given him to steer the boat; no one else was so keen of ear to hear the breakers; no one else so skillful in riding mountain waves safe to harbor. Men began to call him Goodmander the Lucky. His mother and the other women who knew that he never drank and was always kind called him Goodmander the Good, but under their breath, so as not to offend his sense of manhood.

GOODMANDER took his strength for granted; it was in his luck that he gloried.

"But no," he said to his best friend, Arni Halldor, "I will not believe wholly in my luck till I am the captain of my own boat."

"Ho," jeered Arni, half worshiping, half jealous, "where will you get the money to build your boat and the money to pay wages to your men?"

"Come with me," Goodmander said; "come now and be my man for a week



to help pull in the nets and row. My father will lend his boat, and I have the money to pay you."

"Your father's boat is for four men."

"You and I are four men," Goodmander said, but he meant that Arni Halldor was one man and he was three.

Arni agreed, and that was the first time that Goodmander ever bought the labor of a man. They went out with the skies and seas fair, and Goodmander sang some weird song to the fish while Arni scoffed at him for a fool, but they got plenty of fish. They came home in a rising storm, with Arni helpless in the stern with a broken hand.

"Now I am four men," thought Goodmander as he brought the boat safe into harbor, his mother standing with storm-blown skirts to watch him.

When he was nineteen his sea-bound world called him Goodmander the Wizard. For he was captain of his own able craft; the fish came to his nets like flies to sugar, and he paid his men regularly and royally. While he was on the sea the storms seemed to hold back, and it became the custom of the fishermen to follow him promptly after he turned his boat homeward. Sometimes, to test his luck, he went out alone in his boat in a storm so high that no man dared follow him. Riding the huge cliffs of water, he sang triumphantly, bidding the elements to take him if they could.

NEXT winter an Icelandic sailor came back from the United States with tales of the wonders of the Michigan waters.

"He says," Goodmander told Arni, "that gold is not to be picked up in the streets, but that fish lie in the waters as thick as sands on the shore; that men can cut wood anywhere and sell it like daily bread; trees are so thick that the people burn them down to clear land. Iceland is too narrow for me, Arni. Will you come to the new world?"

"A land of savages," Arni said. "What do you know of them? The Indians may kill you or they may make a slave of you."

"Indians! None are left," laughed Goodmander. "Slaves? There have been none in America for nearly twenty years. Don't be afraid, Arni; nothing can hurt you if you are with me. My luck will take care of us both as it always has. I must have a wider world than Iceland."

So Goodmander and Arni crossed the Atlantic, and, standing with his face turned from his old home, Goodmander did not dream he was leaving his luck behind him. He did not like steam for motive power nor the crowded steerage. Nor did he like the noisy cities through which he had to pass to reach the western lake. But when he was on a vessel sailing up Lake Michigan to the northern island he was bound for, he felt that he had come to waters that were wide enough, and he looked for his luck to bid him welcome.

He laughed at the captain for his caution in crossing Death's Door; how could danger threaten with Goodmander the Lucky on board? He laughed with delight when he saw the bit of land by the water that was to be his—an excellent beach on which to build a boat.

"It is winter," Arni said. "There is no way to make a living except to cut wood or fish in the ice."

"Fish in the ice!" Goodmander laughed loud and long. To sit by a hole in the ice and drop down a single line and pull up a single fish, and then do it all over again! That was not a man's work.

All winter long Arni fished in the ice, was his own man, and made more money than he had ever made before. Goodmander smiled indulgently, as a father is amused at his child's first effort at independence. He worked at his boat, laughing at those who told him it was too large for an island fisherman's needs.

In the spring he watched with the other fishermen, night after night, for the ice to break. The first man to set his buoys in open water could choose the best place for his nets. Goodmander was first and he laughed when he drove his stakes and let down a very large net. He went home laughing, and when a storm arose in the night and Arni was anxious he still laughed.

IN THE morning, when the storm quieted and he went out to the nets, he found that his alone had been torn away. And now he had no ready cash. He went home, not singing. Perhaps, he thought, he had been too sure; his luck would punish him. Well, then, he would put down his small nets, and be —not humble, but patient till his luck came back. The day he set his small nets he sailed home in the face of a storm. Within sight of his very cabin a head wind met him, the storm swept down, and the boom swung him into the water. He buffeted his way shoreward, inch by inch, and when even his mighty strength was failing a spar happened to come his way, and he clung safely to that. The next morning the wreck of his boat was washed ashore and he moved it to his own dock. His luck, he thought, had not done punishing him: wanted him to remember.

All that spring season, in a small hired boat, he went to his nets, and never found in them anything worth the journey. Arni Halldor's nets were always full.

By the end of the summer Goodmander's money was all gone, and his luck had not turned. He was invited to look on at other men's feats.

"I have sent for my cousin Sigrid," Arni said, "a girl from the north of Iceland whom you never saw. We should be married before Christmas. Soon I shall be a rich man. You will try the ice fishing this winter, Goodmander? It is a good living for any man."

For any man, but not for Goodmander Goodlaxssen, thought Goodmander, once the Lucky. Surely his luck would not wish him to do this thing! It was not a real man's work; his pride forbade. Before the first ice came he promised to cruise around the world in a yacht with a rich man whose captain insisted on taking the sea king with them. He was to set out in December.

IN NOVEMBER Arni Halldor took his sled and went across the ice of Death's Door to wait for Sigrid, who was to be driven to Gil's Rock on the mainland to meet him.

One night as Goodmander sat in his cabin working by the light of a fish-oil vessel, for he had not even money to spare for candles, he lifted his head. Someone, he thought, was calling.

He put on a second warm jersey, a deerskin coat and trousers and gloves and his squirrel cap. He took his skis from behind the door, for the snow in some places had drifted high, and he set out overland toward Death's Door.

Goodmander strode lightly over the snow, his head held high as he had not held it since his luck turned from him. His sense of power came back, and he sang the wordless pagan chant with which he had once called the fish and the forces of wind and sea to obey him. The dark seemed to draw away from him as if to make for him a passage to Death's Door, and he went on swiftly as a boat sails to whatever awaited him near the farther shore. His sense of power grew surer. Again, again he was his own man, a sea conqueror.

When he reached the other harbor and was well out on the ice, his quick ear told him that the treacherous Door of Death was at work rendering cracks in the ice, breaking off immense floes, making a turmoil of destruction in the channel. It was dangerous going for a man who was following a voice he could no longer hear. But Goodmander went on unerringly, never pausing, scarcely seeming to look a pace ahead.

Then he saw a woman coming slowly across the ice, stumbling, stopping, dragging at some burden, falling and rising again. Goodmander leaped toward her. She looked up at him mutely. She was a tall woman with blond hair fallen from under her cap and whipping across her white face. Her eyes were blue as his own, but still and lovely as the stars.

"You have come," she said.

"You have come," Goodmander said, and knew her for his own woman. He took her in his arms and for a moment she rested there passively.

"I must go away for a year," he said. "It is promised. But you will wait for me. My luck has turned at last."

She said no word, but pointed behind her. There on his sled lay Arni Halldor, unconscious.

"His leg is broken," she said. "I began to think we must both die."

She was, then, Sigrid Halldor, Arni's promised wife. No matter, Goodmander thought, she was his own now. Arni must see that he could not stand against Goodmander's luck. A brave woman, she had been trying to drag Arni home.

"Get on the sled with him," Goodmander said. "I will drag you both."

"I can walk," she replied.

"The ice is rough. Arni will fall off if you do not hold him on. Otherwise you and I would walk side by side."

"But you," she said—"how can you drag two?"

Goodmander laughed his old challenging laugh.

"In my old village," he said, "I could have carried you two home, one under each arm. Come; the ice is cracking."

She sat on the sled, steadying Arni. Goodmander seized the rope, and, singing once more his pagan song, started back over the ice. When he was close to shore, the wind shifted, blew in behind him; the ice closed up and the bitter Door of Death acknowledged him as victor.

LEAPING on shore, Goodmander hurried to the doctor's house, where he left his unconscious friend, and to the minister's house, where he left Sigrid.

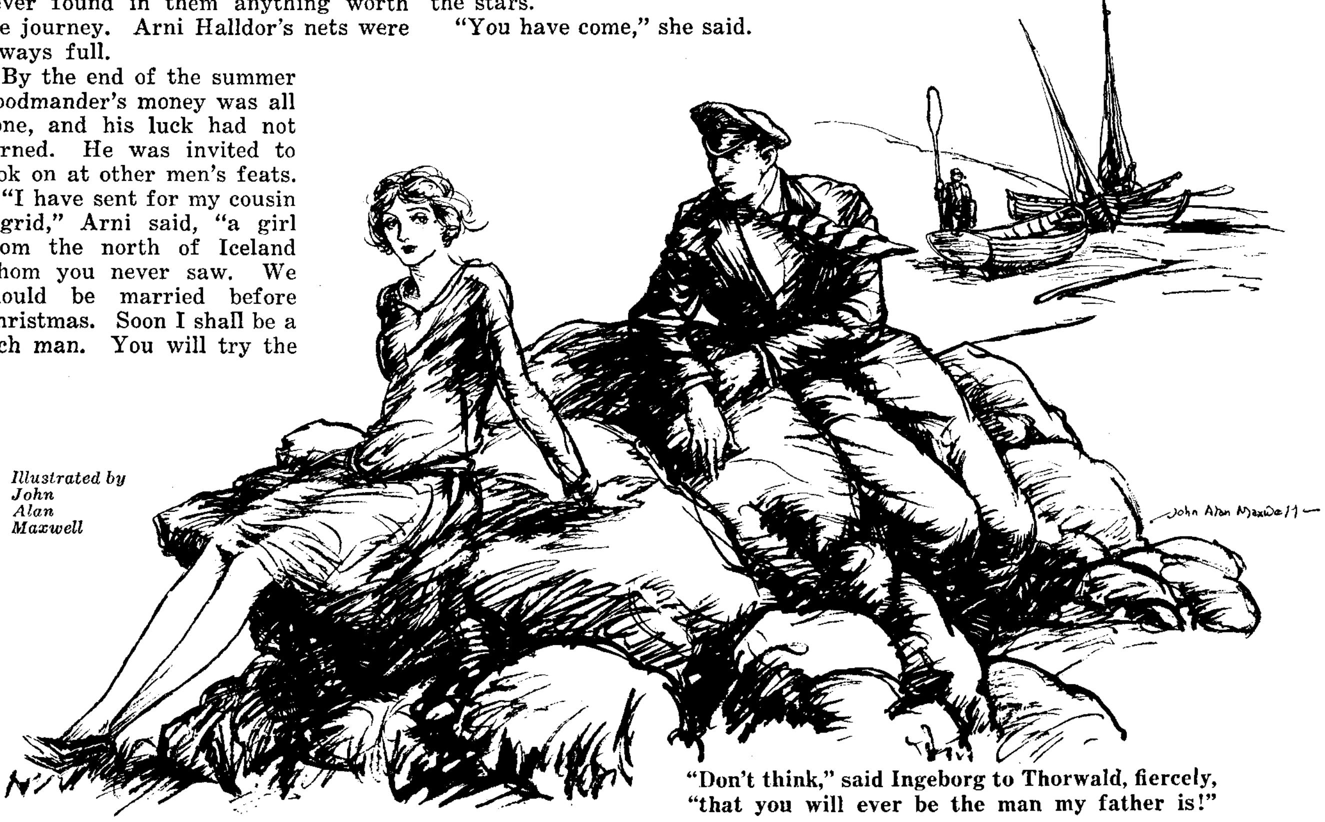
"Do not forget," he said, "I am coming back. Wait for me."

Then he set out to recross Death's Door. He was going to the rich man whose captain had engaged him, to ask to be released. His luck had come back; Sigrid was his; he did not need the money his service would bring him. Money would come with his luck. For Sigrid's sake he could even submit himself to the despised ice fishing.

Several days of walking, of accepting drives, of battling his way, and he reached Chicago, which seemed more desolate to him than his wild spaces of the north. He

(*Continued on page 55*)

Illustrated by
John
Alan
Maxwell

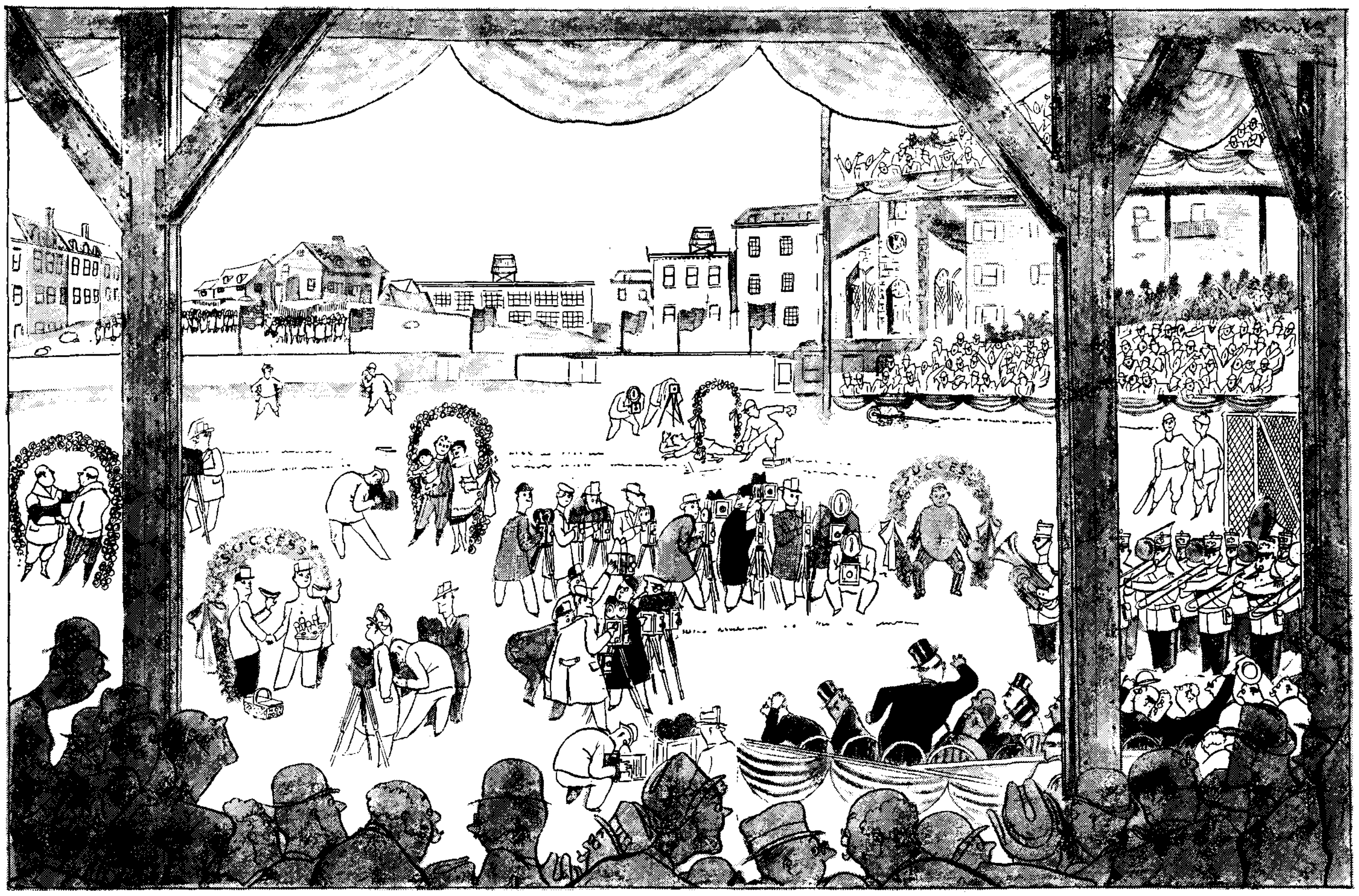


"Don't think," said Ingeborg to Thorwald, fiercely, "that you will ever be the man my father is!"

By
Grantland
Rice

You may not realize it, but the day for your annual Wrong Guess is at hand. The diamond stars are preparing to sock and fly for dear old Mazuma. Grant Rice is prophesying and—what are your selections? (Only two teams can win)

Illustrated by George Shanks



Opening day, anywhere or everywhere. The gentleman winding up in the box is, of course, the mayor

APRIL DOPE

IF YOU hear a series of explosive crashes early next October it might easily be the counter-battery fire of Rogers Hornsby and Hack Wilson of the Chicago Cubs attempting to drown out the artillery thunder of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, of the New York Yankees.

As April sends the two big leagues on their ways there is an exceedingly strong chance that the Chicago Cubs and the New York Yankees will meet in the next World Series now six months away. These clubs ought to ride a long way toward the front on sheer power—Ruth, Gehrig, Combs, Meusel and Lazzeri of the Yankees; Hornsby, Wilson, Cuyler, Stephenson and Hartnett of the Cubs. There is enough high explosive to blow away almost any opposition.

There should be a three-cornered war in the American League among the Yankees, the Athletics and the Browns, with Detroit's Tigers on the rim.

The Yankees have won six pennants in the last eight years and this ought to mean the approaching disintegration of pennant ability. But while Ruth and Pennock and Meusel were slipping into middle age the Yankees were lucky enough or smart enough to insert such younger talent as Gehrig, Lazzeri, Koenig, Combs and Lary. So they are still far from being a doddering outfit. They slaughtered the Pirates in the World Series of 1927 and they murdered the Cardinals in 1928 and now they are looking for a shot at the Cubs, who might be another story.

It has been fifteen years now since Connie Mack won his last pennant. But after long wanderings in the lowlands he moved into second place the last two years. Last year his younger Athletics cut away a thirteen-game lead to overhaul the wavering and startled Yankees in the stretch, but they couldn't quite go the distance.

Mack discarded his veterans after June and put his faith in youth. In this next race he will start with the best ball club he has gathered since he waved farewell to Collins, Baker, Barry, McInnis, Bender, Plank and others a long, long time ago. He has a fine catching staff, headed by Mickey Cochrane, a good, fast infield, a strong outfield, and about the best pitching in the league. And by now this Athletic aggregation has had enough seasoning to know its way along the road.

St. Louis Will Have Strength

There are many who pick the Browns to give the Yankees a harder fight, but I don't believe Dan Howley's young machine is quite geared up to a pennant race on even terms with the other two. Howley has turned out a fine job and with such stars as Crowder, Kress and others he won't be far away. If either of the leaders shows any signs of cracking the Browns will have enough to slip into the open spot.

The battle for fourth place in this league will be another steamy affair among the Tigers, White Sox and Senators, but none of these has anything but a pale blue chance of running 1-2-3.

The race between the Yankees and Athletics ought to be one of the best of many years. Pennock and Lazzeri, two of the Yankee mainstays, have yet to prove their wounded arms of 1928 can stand the strain of 1929's long grind. The Yankees' pitching staff, with Pennock slipping, will be nothing to rave about. It will be well supported by a flock of runs with Ruth and Gehrig taking aim day after day, but it can't afford to do much slipping, even with these two big howitzers blasting away the opposing defense.

Mack has a great pitcher in Bob Grove, a big left-hander who should be good for thirty victories this season. But to have a chance Mack's club must stand up in better shape against the savage assaults of Yankee bats when the two teams meet this spring and summer.

Buck Harris should lift the Tigers to higher ground and the White Sox should improve; but Walter Johnson has too uncertain a pitching staff to carry much hope for Washington.

The National League race should be even closer and harder fought than the American. There were four clubs storming down the stretch last summer and if Pittsburgh's Pirates had not been torn into shreds earlier in the season there might have been a different winner.

The addition of Rogers Hornsby should bring the Cubs up to pennant strength. Joe McCarthy, one of the best of all the managers, has had his young club in the thick of things for the last three years; but they never quite had the punch and the experience to hold their lead. They have always been a hustling, hard-fighting outfit. This spring, with Hornsby around, they are sniffing eagerly at World Series money in case another cold, hard winter comes along.

McCarthy has a high-grade catcher in Hartnett, a strong pitching staff, a good infield with Grim, Hornsby, English and Beck and one of the best outfields in baseball with Cuyler, Stephenson and Wilson. There is a world of power on this club and a full share of defensive strength. It will be a tough tribe to surround and take, unless a flock of injuries cripple it.

Yet the Cubs will face no canter. They will find a triple shot of pressure from the Giants, Pirates and Cardinals. And back of these clubs there are Cincinnati's Reds with something to say.

The Cardinals won in 1926. They came within a stride of winning in 1927 and they won again in 1928. That makes three big years for a ball club that never quite got its due.

I can see very little difference in the comparative strength of the three challengers. If Donie Bush can get all the pitching out of Jess Petty that Petty carries in his elbow and wrist the Pittsburgh club will bear watching provided salary trouble with the Waners doesn't scramble up the situation.

It might be noted here that one John J. McGraw concedes nothing to any ball club in the game. John J. McGraw has bagged ten pennants for his Giants since 1904 and that still stands as the major league record. His club came within a close decision of winning the pennant last year. He is quite certain he has a better ball club this season than last. McGraw has speed in his Giants, a great pitcher in Benton, and three star infielders in Terry, Jackson and Lindstrom.

Since picking the various October rankings has become a popular springtime sport, this is about the way the races ought to go in my opinion:

American League

1. New York
2. Philadelphia
3. St. Louis
4. Detroit
5. Chicago
6. Washington
7. Cleveland
8. Boston

National League

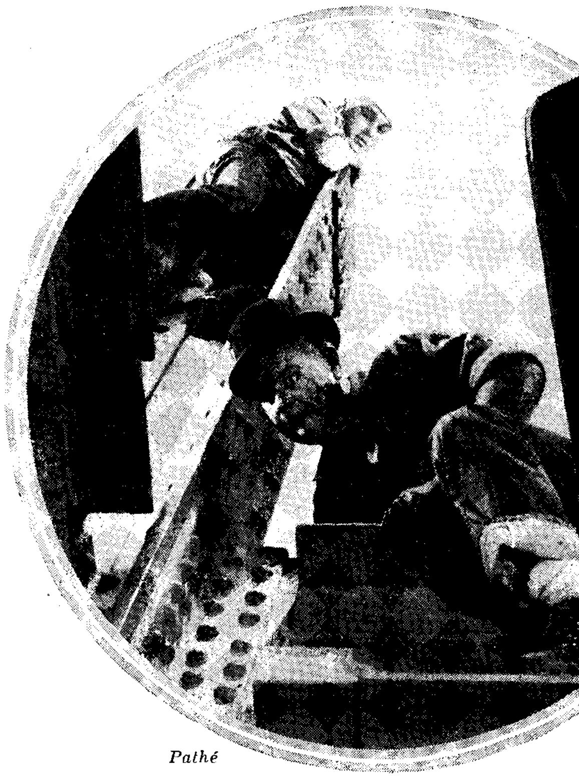
1. Chicago
2. New York
3. Pittsburgh
4. St. Louis
5. Cincinnati
6. Brooklyn
7. Philadelphia
8. Boston

An even break in the game's luck will bring the two big cities of the country together in their first World Series clash since 1917, when Giants and White Sox fought it out.

A cold, rainy spring chilled and dampened much of the early enthusiasm last year, but from present indications the new race will open with a lot of old-fashioned hip-hip in the prospect of two close scrambles along the old road that leads from April to October. With a fair amount of sunshine and warming breezes baseball should get away to one of the best seasons it has ever known.

Everything's

Just hold your breath and keep your fingers crossed and remember that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. It seems to work. It did in these cases, anyway



Pathé

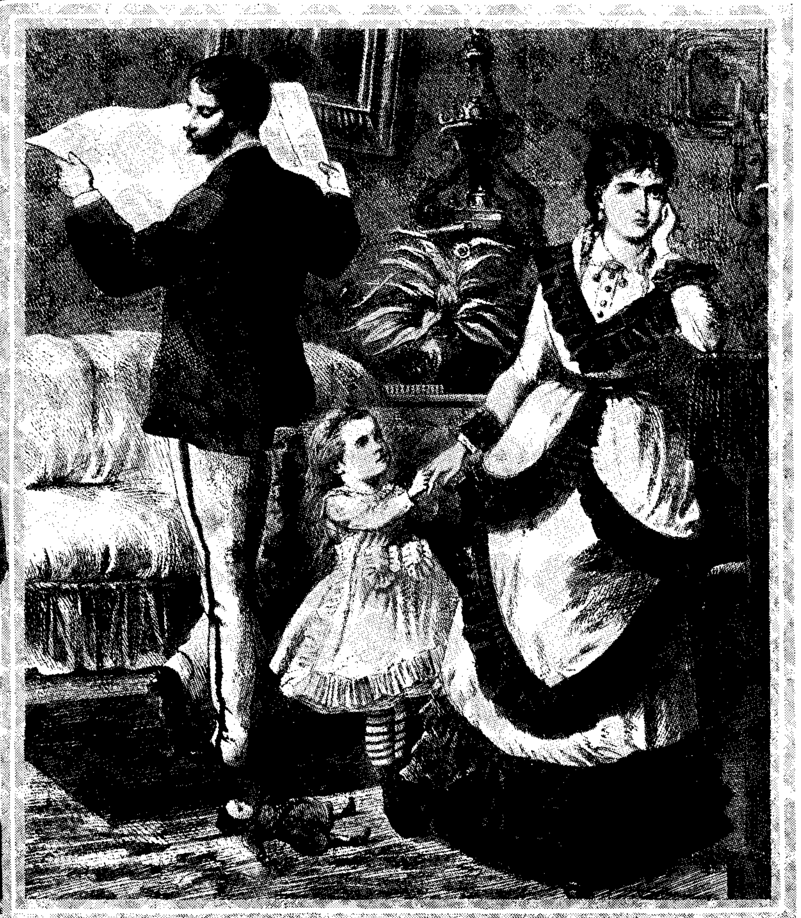
Well, mebbe. But it doesn't look so from here. In a situation like this you don't know whether to risk clambering down or pray for death by starvation

That breathless moment when he wonders whether he shouldn't have insisted on a plane with a luckier number. Still, as the veteran parachute-folder tells his clients: "If that doesn't open bring it back and I'll give you another"

International Newsreel

Wide World

It's not a spill. Out in Los Angeles the motorcycle cops, when they tire of chasing motorists from the saddle, ride 'em cowboy style



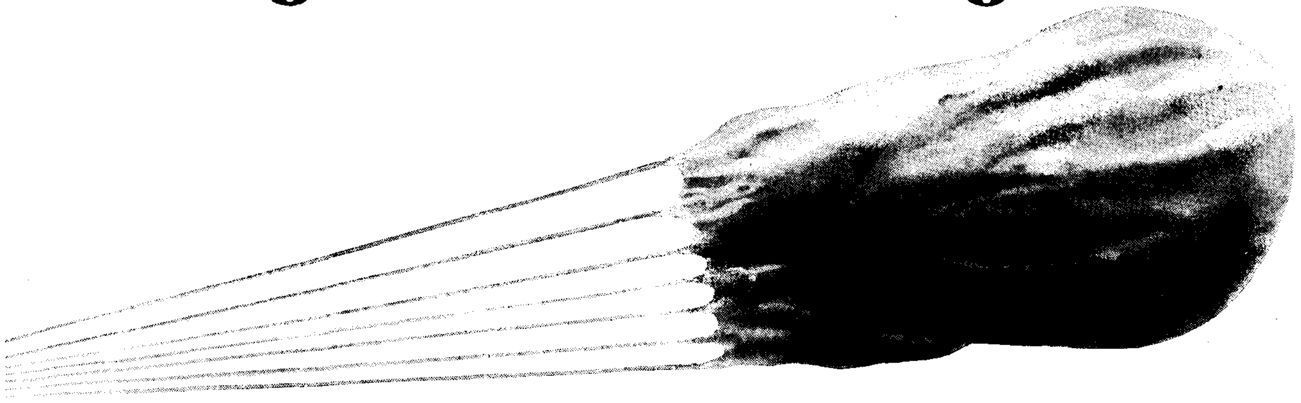
Culver Service

"Momma love Poppa?" The optimist who originally labelled this home-sweet-home scene called it "The Little Peace-maker." And probably everything did turn out all right at that. Though Little Nellie was doubtless roundly scored for butting in

International Newsreel

"Over the ocean blue" is right. Way over. Malcolm Pope, racing champ, isn't content to glide along the surface. He runs her up to 35 miles an hour and then does a leaping Lena from a greased incline

Going to be All Right



Mammy's lil' coal-black rose has gone and lost itself again and is none too pleased over the situation. But Turkish policemen for all their funny fezzes are competent to cope with the lost-child problem

Keystone View

It doesn't look as though the pedantic Jack Mulhall was going to be able to cope with this situation. More likely the impatient Jean Arthur will decide that one good healthy rip is the swiftest road to release

Wide World

Alvar Jacobson, whose by no means monotonous vocation is demonstrating bullet-proof vests, has been shot at 2,000 times

Kadel & Herbert

Culver Service

In those days the well-brought-up little lady was always equipped to take a stitch practically in time

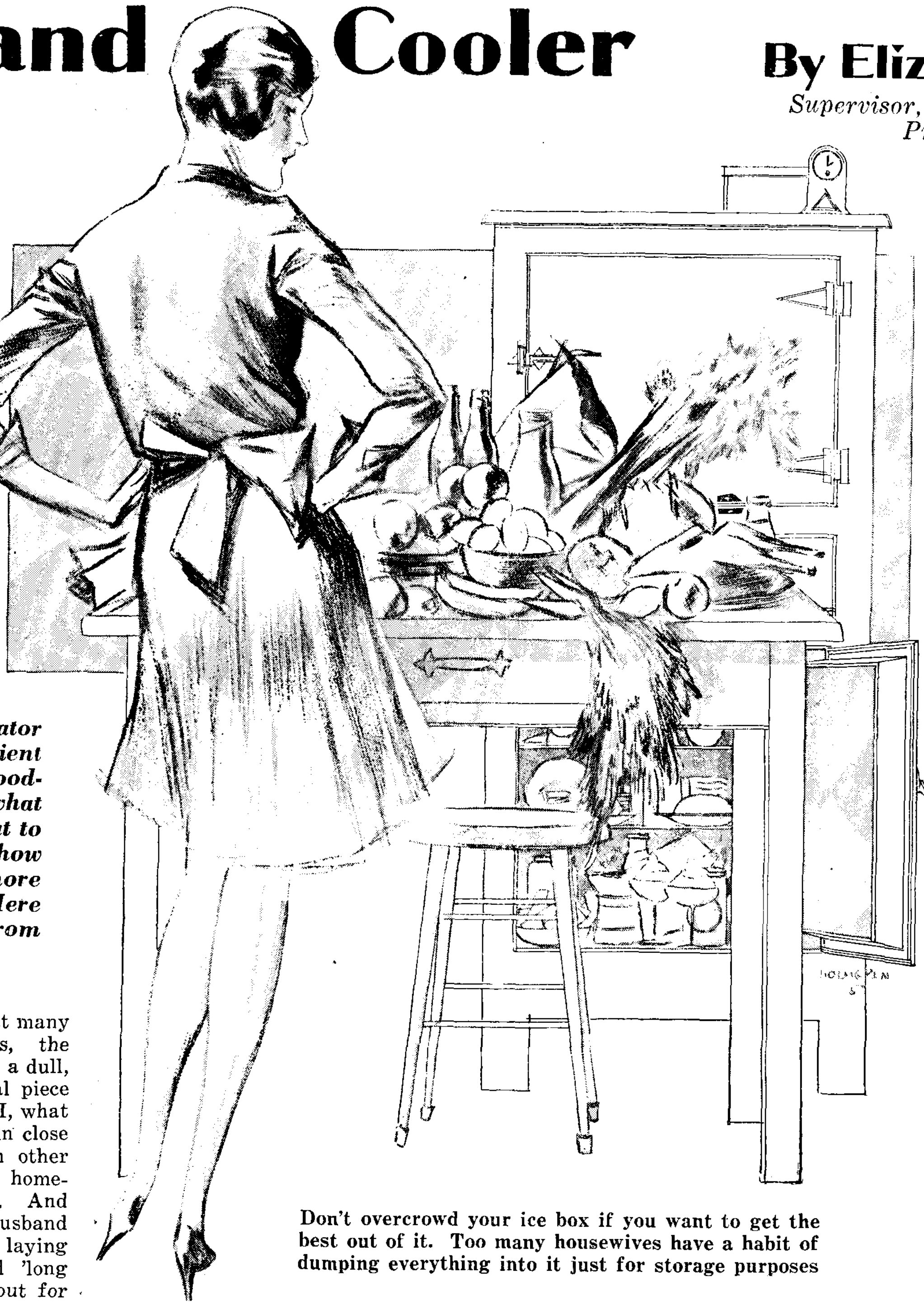
Wide World

These two lads, washed ashore on a launch during a storm off Swampscott, Mass., had a tough time until help arrived

Fare and Cooler

By Elizabeth Condit

Supervisor, Homemaking Courses,
Pratt Institute



Illustrated by John Holmgren

Don't overcrowd your ice box if you want to get the best out of it. Too many housewives have a habit of dumping everything into it just for storage purposes

The family refrigerator is more than a convenient storage place for foodstuffs. If you know what to put in it—and what to keep out of it—and how to use it it becomes more useful and efficient. Here are some suggestions from an expert

OF COURSE, to a great many unimaginative souls, the family ice box is just a dull, uninspiring, practical piece of kitchen equipment. But I, what though my work keeps me in close association with it as with other articles that contribute to homemaking, never found it so. And I'm sure that to many a husband (or wife, for that matter) laying down an engrossing serial 'long about midnight, to tip-toe out for a pre-bedtime snack it becomes a fascinating treasure chest to be rummaged with delightful anticipation.

But some ice boxes you'll come upon aren't so very inviting. I know housekeepers who pride themselves on the way their homes are kept, whose family refrigerators would never pass sanitary inspection. This is due not so much to carelessness as to ignorance of how to use the ice box to best advantage.

I'm not going to discuss in this article the merits or features of the various kinds of ice boxes now on the market. Electric, gas, ice—it makes no difference which kind you use, there are certain general, important rules regarding selection and care which apply to all of them.

In selecting an ice box the safest rule is to go to a reliable dealer. The average housewife knows nothing about insulation or linings nor can she examine these features without having the salesman chop the box in two—which, even in this day of glorified service, is a little too much to ask.

Having selected the style and make of ice box you want, give a thought to capacity. A safe rule is to buy one a size larger than you think you'll need.

Once you have your ice box, don't *overcrowd it if you want to get the* best out of it. Too many housewives have a habit of dumping everything into the refrigerator, just for storage purposes.

This is not only a nuisance but an extravagance. It is a nuisance when you want to get at some particular dish in a hurry. It is an extravagance because the more articles you have in the box, the greater will be the amount of ice—or fuel—required to keep the temperature down.

Don't Slam the Door

You must remember that the cold in ice is, itself, of no use until—to put it in everyday language—it emerges from the ice (or ice-making plant) to lower the temperature of its surroundings. That's why it's foolish to protect your ice as some housewives do, by blanketing it in newspapers. It saves the ice, certainly. But it also spoils the food.

Cleanliness is an important item in the proper care of an ice box. If you have one of the older models with seams in which little particles of food may become lodged and decay, you cannot clean out the cracks too often. Use a knife blade, if necessary, for this.

And whenever anything is spilled in the ice box, even if it's only a drop of milk from the lip of a bottle, wipe it up immediately. Don't let it lie around, a splendid breeding place for germs, *until the regular weekly cleaning.*

Too much attention cannot be paid to the drain pipes in an ice refrigerator. Slime accumulates in them constantly and should be removed with a long-handled circular brush. If your overflow pipe connects with an outside drain be sure there is a trap in it to prevent poisonous gases and odors flowing up it and contaminating foods in the box.

There are few articles of food which must be covered when kept in the refrigerator but for convenience and neatness I like to use those glass or colored enamel nests of dishes which you can *buy nowadays in any shop.*

Of course butter, which easily absorbs odors, should be kept covered always. And fish! I have an old lard-tin, with tight-fitting cover into which I put fish as soon as it comes into the house. Fresh fish, salted on both sides and placed in this tin, keeps its flavor marvelously and doesn't affect any other foods in the box. Of course the salt is scraped off before cooking. If the *fish is too large to fit into the container, you can always cut it in half.* Cooked fish, too, should always be kept in its own box.

Never place food in the ice compartment and never put warm or hot dishes in the refrigerator; let them cool off first. And don't slam the refrigerator doors; close them gently or you interfere with the proper circulation of air. Don't leave the doors open longer than *is necessary.*

Eggs I usually put in a bowl, but if you are going to keep cheese or onions or bananas or anything like that near them, you ought to keep them covered. Most people don't realize how absorbent is the shell of an egg. But just try eating an egg that has been kept in the ice box near some onions! It may still be good but it will have a decided flavor.

Cheese, if you must keep it in the ice box, should be covered. But it really doesn't belong in the refrigerator if you have any sort of a cold-cupboard in which you can keep it. It will hold its flavor better in such a storage place and it won't flavor other foods there.

Keep a Jump Ahead of the Men

Some apartments have small metal-doored containers built into the outside walls for the garbage pails. If you keep this miniature cupboard clean and lined with fresh papers, it makes a fine city-dweller's substitute for the cold-rooms of the country houses. Needless to say, the garbage pail, well-covered, must be kept elsewhere.

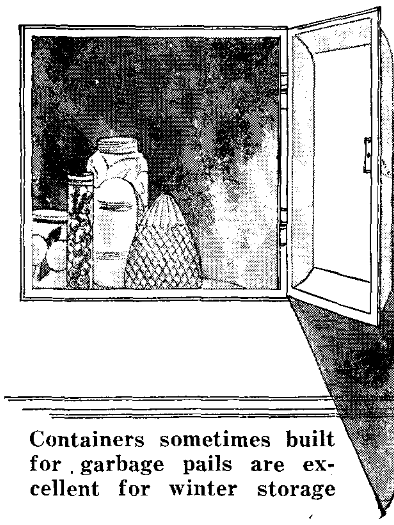
Eventually, I hope, those who plan apartment kitchens will be able to give us small cold-cupboards which will take a load off the ice box.

One point I should make, before I close, is that usually mechanical refrigerators will be found much drier than the ice ones. This, in the main, is an advantage, but there are some foods which should be kept moist. Take lettuce, for instance. Lettuce can be kept well in an ice refrigerator if put in an open mesh bag and left on the ice. *But in a mechanical box it is better* to cover the lettuce so that it will not dry up too much.

If you use an ice refrigerator always keep the ice chamber well filled. It is designed in proportion to the storage space of the box and it is false economy to buy small pieces of ice and replace them only when they have melted almost completely.

And remember, don't overcrowd the *food compartments.* I know housekeepers who tell me they must keep oranges in the ice box because their apartments are so warm that the fruit decays otherwise. The answer is: don't buy so many oranges at a time. And that goes for other similar items, too. Nowadays no matter where you are there are stores within easy reach and the old rule which held that it was more economical to buy in quantities no longer obtains save in a few exceptional cases.

So—watch your ice box carefully. Especially nowadays when, as a result *of the introduction* of mechanical refrigerators, men are taking more interest in this feature of the kitchen. And, although I suppose it's disloyal of me to say, they frequently can teach us things about our own domain. Let's anticipate them this time!



Containers sometimes built for garbage pails are excellent for winter storage

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig.

With Lord Emsworth lives his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood; and his secretary, Hugo Carmody. Hugo and Millicent are secretly engaged. Lady Constance wants Millicent to marry her cousin Ronald; she would like Hugo replaced by Lord Emsworth's former secretary, the Efficient Baxter, dismissed by his lordship, and invites Baxter to Blandings.

Ronnie and his mother, Lady Julia, have been at Biarritz where they met Myra Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl, whom Lady Julia invites to visit soon at Blandings.

Hugo, Lady Constance tells Millicent, is entangled with a chorus girl, Sue Brown. Hugo convinces Millicent that this is not true, and promises not to see Sue again.

Ronnie, after the failure of his night-club, the Hot Spot, on his way to Blandings to get some of his capital from his trustee, Uncle Clarence, so that he can marry Sue, to whom he is secretly engaged, meets her at the stage door where he sees flowers sent her by Pilbeam whom she has never met.

They go to the town house, supposedly empty, for tea, but meet Lady Constance in front. Ronnie introduces Sue as Miss Schoonmaker.

III

A MOMENTARY qualm lest, in the endeavor to achieve an easy cordiality, she had made her manner a shade too patronizing, melted in the sunshine of the older woman's smile. Lady Constance had become charming, almost effusive. She had always hoped that Ronald and Millicent would make a match of it; but, failing that, this rich Miss Schoonmaker was certainly the next best thing. And driving chummily about London together like this must surely, she thought, mean something, even in these days when chummy driving is so prevalent between the sexes. At any rate, she hoped so.

"So here you are in London!"

"Yes."

"You did not stay long in Paris."

"No."

"When can you come down to Blandings?"

"Oh, very soon, I hope."

"I am going there this evening. I only ran up for the day. I want you to drive me back, Ronald."

Ronnie nodded silently. The crisis passed, a weakness had come upon him. He preferred not to speak, if speech could be avoided.

"Do try to come soon. The gardens are looking delightful. My brother will be so glad to see you. I was just on my way to Claridge's for a cup of tea. Won't you come too?"

"I'd love to," said Sue, "but I really must be getting on. Ronnie was taking me shopping."

"I thought you stayed in Paris to do your shopping."

"Not all of it."

"Well, I shall hope to see you soon."

"Oh, yes."

"At Blandings."

"Thank you so much. Ronnie, I think we ought to be getting along."

"Yes." Ronnie's mind was blurred, but he was clear on that point. "Yes, getting along. Pushing off."

"Well, I'm so delighted to have seen you. My sister told me so much about you in her letters. After you have put your luggage on the car, Ronald, will you come and pick me up at Claridge's?"

"Right ho."

"I would like to make an early start, if possible."

"Right ho."

"Well, good-by for the present, then."

"Right ho."

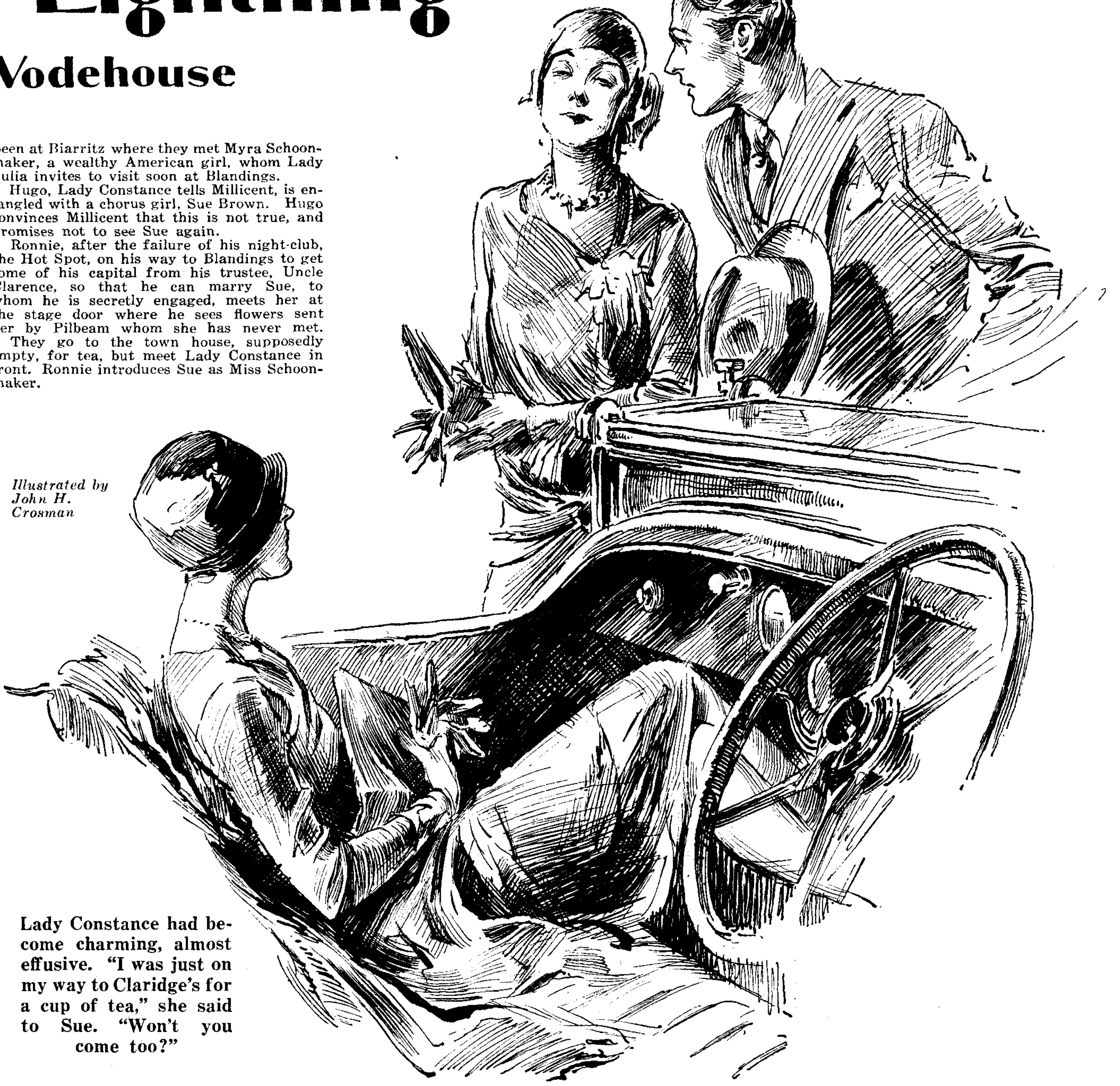
"Good-by, Lady Constance."

"Good-by."

THE two-seater moved off, and Ronnie, taking his right hand from the wheel as it turned the corner, groped for a handkerchief, found it, and passed it over his throbbing brow.

"So that was Aunt Constance!" said Sue.

Ronnie breathed deeply.



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Lady Constance had become charming, almost effusive. "I was just on my way to Claridge's for a cup of tea," she said to Sue. "Won't you come too?"

"Nice meeting one of whom I have heard so much."

Ronnie replaced his hand on the wheel and twiddled it feebly to avoid a dog. Reaction had made him limp.

Sue was gazing at him almost reverently.

"What genius, Ronnie! What presence of mind! If I hadn't heard it with my own ears, I wouldn't have believed it. Why didn't you ever tell me you were one of those swift thinkers?"

"I didn't know it myself."

"Of course, I'm afraid it has complicated things a little."

"Eh?" Ronnie started. This aspect of the matter had not struck him. "How do you mean?"

"When I was a child, they taught me a poem . . ."

Ronnie raised a suffering face to hers.

"Don't let's talk about your childhood now, old thing," he pleaded. "Feeling rather shaken. Any other time . . ."

"It's all right. I'm not wandering from the subject. I can only remember two lines of the poem. They were 'Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.' You do see the web is a bit tangled, don't you, Ronnie, darling?"

"Eh? Why? Everything looks pretty smooth to me. Aunt Constance swallowed you without a yip."

"And when the real Miss Schoonmaker arrives at Blandings with her jewels and her twenty-four trunks?" said Sue gently.

The two-seater swerved madly across Grosvenor Street.

"Gosh!" said Ronnie.

Sue's eyes were sparkling.

"There's only one thing to do," she said. "Now you're in, you'll have to go in deeper. You'll have to put her off."

"How?"

"Send her a wire saying she mustn't come to Blandings, because scarlet fever or something has broken out."

"I couldn't!"

"You must. Sign it in Lady Constance's name."

"But suppose . . ."

"Well, suppose they do find out? You won't be in any worse hole than you will be if she comes sailing up to the front door, all ready to stay a couple of weeks. And she will unless you wire."

"That's true."

"What it means," said Sue, "is that instead of having plenty of time to get that money out of Lord Emsworth you'll have to work quick." She touched his arm. "Here's a post-office," she said. "Go in and send that wire before you weaken."

Ronnie stopped the car.

"You will have to do the most rapid bit of trustee-touching in the history of the world, I should think," said Sue reflectively. "Do you think you can manage it?"

"I'll have a jolly good prod."

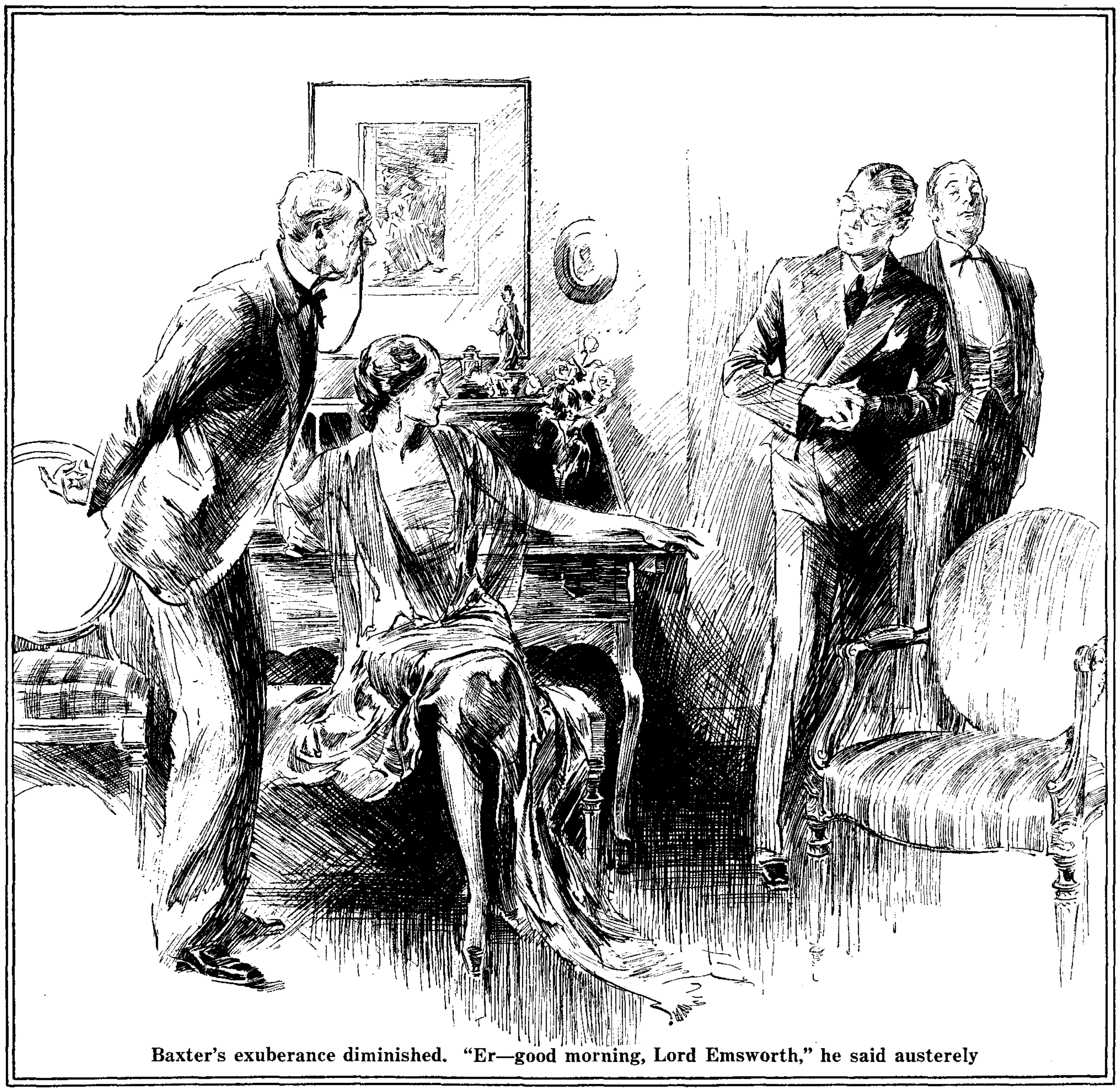
"Remember what it means."

"I'll do that all right. The only trouble is that in the matter of biting Uncle Clarence's ear I've nothing to rely on but my natural charm. And as far as I've been able to make out," said Ronnie, "he hasn't noticed yet that I have any."

He strode into the post-office, thinking deeply.

IT WAS the opinion of the poet Calverley, expressed in his immortal Ode to Tobacco, that there is no heaviness of the soul which will not vanish beneath the influence of a quiet smoke. Ronnie Fish would have disputed this theory. It was the third morning of his sojourn at Blandings Castle; and, taking with him a tennis-ball which he proposed to bounce before him in order to assist thought, he had wandered out into the grounds, smoking hard. And tobacco, though Turkish and costly, was not lightening his despondency at all. It seemed to Ronnie that the present was bleak and the future gray. Roaming through the sun-flooded park, he bounced his tennis-ball and groaned in spirit.

On the credit side of the ledger one single item could be inscribed. Hugo was at the castle. He had the consolation, therefore, of knowing that that tall and lissom young man was not in London, exercising his fatal fascination on Sue. But, when you had said this, you had said everything. After all, even eliminating Hugo, there still remained in the metropolis a vast population of adult males, all either ac-



Baxter's exuberance diminished. "Er—good morning, Lord Emsworth," he said austerely

quainted with Sue or trying to make her acquaintance. The poison-sac Pilbeam, for instance. By now it might well be that that bacillus had succeeded in obtaining an introduction to her. A devastating thought.

And even supposing he hadn't, even supposing that Sue, as she had promised, was virtually handing the mitten to all the young thugs who surged around her with invitations to lunch and supper; where did that get a chap? What, in other words, of the future?

In coming to Blandings Castle, Ronnie was only too well aware he had embarked on an expedition, the success or failure of which would determine whether his life through the years was to be roses all the way or a dreary desert. And so far, in his efforts to win the favor and esteem of his Uncle Clarence, he seemed to have made no progress whatsoever.

On the occasions when he had found himself in Lord Emsworth's society, the latter had looked at him sometimes as if he did not know he was there, more often as if he wished he wasn't. It was only too plain that the collapse of the Hot Spot had left his stock in bad shape. There had been a general sagging of the market. Fish Preferred, taking the most sanguine estimate, could scarcely be quoted at more than about thirty to thirty-five.

Plunged in thought and trying without any success to conjure up a picture of a benevolent uncle patting him on the head with one hand while writing checks with the other, he had wandered some distance from the house and was passing a small spinney, when he observed in a little dell to his left a peculiar object.

It was a large yellow caravan. And what, he asked himself, was a caravan doing in the ground of Blandings Castle?

To aid him in grappling with the problem, he flung the tennis ball at it. Upon which the door opened and a spectacled head appeared.

"Baxter!" Ronnie exclaimed.

The last person he would have expected to meet in the park of Blandings. He had heard all about that row a couple of years ago. He knew that, if his own stock with Lord Emsworth was low, that of the Efficient Baxter was down in the cellar, with no takers. Yet here the fellow was, shoving his head out of caravans as if nothing had ever happened.

"Ah, Fish!"

RUPERT BAXTER descended the steps, a swarthy-complexioned young man with a supercilious expression which had always been displeasing to Ronnie.

"What are you doing here?" asked Ronnie.

"I happened to be taking a caravan holiday in the neighborhood. And, finding myself at Market Blandings last night, I thought I would pay a visit to the place where I had spent so many happy days."

"I see."

"Perhaps you could tell me where I could find Lady Constance?"

"I haven't seen her since breakfast. She's probably about somewhere."

"I will go and inquire. If you meet her, perhaps you would not mind mentioning that I am here."

The Efficient Baxter strode off, purposeful as ever; and Ronnie, having speculated for a moment as to how his uncle Clarence would comport himself if he came suddenly round a corner and ran into this bit of the dead past, and having registered an idle hope that, when this happened, he might be present with a camera, inserted another cigarette in its holder and passed on his way.

Five minutes later, Lord Emsworth, leaning pensively out of the library window and sniffing the morning air, received an unpleasant shock. He could have sworn he had seen his late secretary, Rupert Baxter, cross the gravel and go in at the front door.

"Bless my soul!" said Lord Emsworth.

The only explanation that occurred to him was that Baxter, having met with some fatal accident, had come back to haunt the place. To suppose the fellow could be here in person was absurd. He decided to visit his sister Constance in her boudoir and see what she had to say about it.

"Constance, my dear."

Lady Constance looked up from the letter she was writing.

"Well, Clarence?"

"I say, Constance, a most extraordinary thing happened just now. I was looking out of the library window and—you remember Baxter?"

"Of course I remember Mr. Baxter."

"Well, Constance, his ghost has just walked across the gravel."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"I'm telling you. I was looking out of the library window and I suddenly saw—"

"Mr. Baxter," announced Beach, flinging open the door.

"Mr. Baxter!"

"Good morning, Lady Constance."

Rupert Baxter advanced with joyous camaraderie glinting from both lenses. Then he perceived his former employer and his exuberance diminished. "Er—good morning, Lord Emsworth," he said, flashing his spectacles austerely upon him.

There was a pause. Lord Emsworth adjusted his pince-nez and regarded the visitor dumbly. Of the relief which was presumably flooding his soul at the discovery that Rupert Baxter was still on this side of the veil, he gave no outward sign.

BAXTER was the first to break an uncomfortable silence.

"I happen to be taking a caravan holiday in this neighborhood, Lady Constance, and, finding myself near Market Blandings last night, I thought I would. . . ."

"Why, of course! We should never have forgiven you if you had not come to see us. Should we, Clarence?"

"Eh?"

"I said, should we?"

"Should we what?" said Lord Emsworth, who was still trying to adjust his mind.

Lady Constance's lip tightened.

"Did you say you were traveling in a caravan, Mr. Baxter?"

"In a caravan. I left it in the park."

"Well, of course, you must come and stay with us. The castle," she continued, raising her voice a little, to compete with a sort of wordless bubbling which had begun to proceed from her brother's lips, "is almost empty just now."

"It is exceedingly kind of you."

"It will be delightful having you here again. Won't it, Clarence?"

"Eh?"

"I said, won't it?"

"Won't it what?"

Lady Constance's mouth tightened.

"Will it not be delightful," she said, catching her brother's eye and holding it like a female Ancient Mariner, "having Mr. Baxter back at the castle again?"

"I'm going down to see my pig," said Lord Emsworth.

A silence followed his departure, such as would have fallen had a coffin just been carried out. Then Lady Constance shook off gloom.

"Oh, Mr. Baxter, I'm so glad you were able to come. And how clever of you to come in a caravan. It prevented your arrival seeming prearranged."

"I thought of that."

"You think of everything."

"Are you in any trouble, Lady Constance? Your letter seemed so very urgent."

"I am in dreadful trouble, Mr. Baxter."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"There is nobody except you who can do anything. But I hardly like to ask you."

"Ask me whatever you please. And if it is in my power. . . ."

"Oh, it is."

"Tell me."

Lady Constance hesitated.

"It seems such an impossible thing to ask of anyone."

"Please!"

"Well . . . you know my brother?"

Baxter seemed (*Continued on page 61*)

Any Fork will do

By Emily Post

Author of Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage

Culver

Mrs. Emily Post is perhaps the highest authority on just what you should do at the right moment

Worry about which fork to reach for, which word to use and, worse, which accent or gesture will best fit in, has spoiled many a party and many a good impression too. Do whatever is natural and don't think about it. Under most circumstances, if you'll follow that rule you needn't fret about the details of etiquette

IT IS doubtful whether any other subject has so many false approaches and so many upside-down or paradoxical rulings as that of etiquette. Many essential details of vital importance are repeatedly overshadowed by "spot-light questions" such as which fork to choose; questions of no more consequence than whether in writing the figure 8, one should begin it like a 6 or an S.

In other words, "manners that charm" are not attributed to those who pick up a fork with criss-crossings at the top, in order to eat fish—or is it salad? Personally I don't like criss-crossings on any sort of fork, nor do I like crab-legged prongs. I find no more beauty in a freak-shaped piece of flat silver than in any other deformity. Moreover, at best-appointed tables, no one could have great difficulty in deciding which fork to use because, except that the one for meat is rather larger and the one for oysters very small, they are all exactly alike. And that is the secret of *that!* And if you do happen, anywhere, to eat fish with the one intended for the entrée or the salad, then you merely eat the entrée or the salad with the fork that you have left. Nothing could be simpler.

And yet in the thousands of letters that have been written me, no other question has been so often repeated as this one detail about forks. And the point I want to emphasize is the rather curious one that those who ask me about the most unimaginable trivialities of table manners are most often the very same people who unknowingly break rules of genuine importance.

I couldn't begin to count the letters that have asked me: "How can I tell which is the proper fork to use?" or "How many inches should I sit from the edge of the table?" or "Is it permissible to pick up my fork with my left hand, or is it more correct to cross over my plate and take up the fork in my right hand?" or "When taking my place at table should I approach my chair from the right or the left side?" "How much of a napkin should be unfolded?" and *then* they will sign their letters: "Yours truly, Mrs. Henry Smith;" or still worse, "Yours truly, Mrs. Mabel Smith."

A Few Important Don'ts

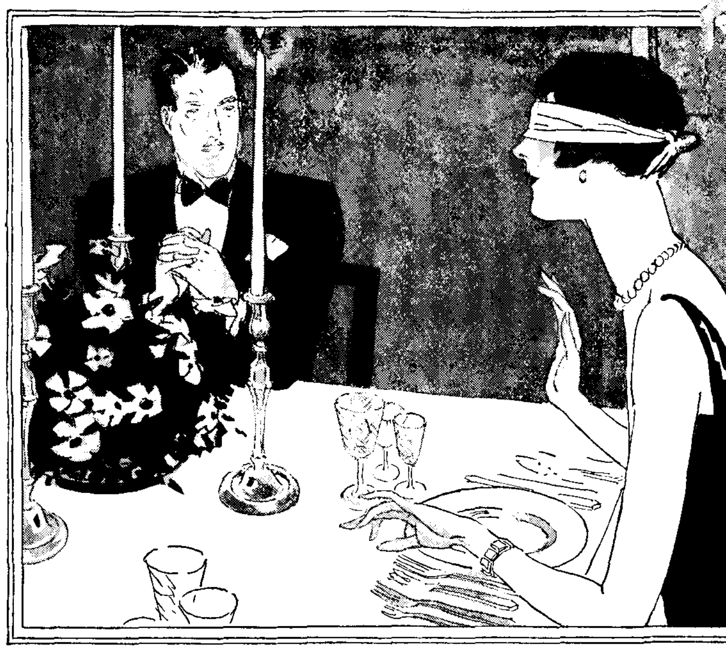
In other words, with their attention fixed on clearing away an imaginary cobweb, they blandly and unknowingly bring the whole ceiling crashing down! Few greater offenses to good taste can be committed than signing a letter to a lady or to a gentleman, "Mrs." or "Miss" or "Mr." without parenthesis. Because since no lady ever signs a letter "Mrs." except to her servants, she might as well sign herself: "Mrs. Mabel Smith, who is of higher social position than you are." Which would be as untrue as it would be rude because no one of really high position could any more sign a letter like that than she could write "wen i seen—"

It must be granted that in business "Mrs. Mabel Smith" is often difficult to avoid but from Best Society's point of view, "Mrs." followed by a woman's christian name is in worst possible taste.

Table manners on the other hand resolve themselves into a few important don'ts: Don't chew with your mouth open, or talk with your mouth full. Don't do anything that is offensively smeary or messy. Don't attract attention by unpleasantness of either sight or sound. These are the requirements of decency.

Zigzag Eating

After these come rules of second importance, which include eating neatly, and holding the implements properly in the fingers and not in the fists. Rules of least account concern the implements you choose, since it is taken for granted that you are not going to select a meat fork for oysters, nor a teaspoon for soup (in a soup plate). It is also assumed that you are not going to tie your napkin around your neck, or butter your bread lying flat on the palm of your hand, or commit other barbarities.



Not a new game—it merely emphasizes the unimportance of the "right" fork

Still further beyond the items of trivialities, one might add indefinitely the queer items of illegitimate origin whose observance is not even good form. In this category belongs zigzag eating. Who, if anyone, practices it I have no idea. But as I have had a number of letters about it, it must be local custom somewhere. For some reason not explainable, the left hand is assumed to be paralyzed except in the one position of holding a fork prongs down and securing a piece of meat, while the right hand cuts with a knife. Therefore the right hand should take the fork away from the left and convey the piece of meat to the mouth, return the fork to the left again so that the next piece may be cut, and so on!

Of course if the muscles of one's left hand *are* paralyzed so that one cannot use it to lift one's fork to one's mouth, that is a different matter! Otherwise the zigzagging of the fork from left to right, and right to left again, with each mouthful cut and eaten, makes about as much sense as having one's left wrist bound securely to one's neck—or some other unfortunate result of injury that is crippling to one's self and distressing to contemplate.

Just why so many people focus all etiquette consciousness on table manners is not possible to explain. The only parallel that I can think of is the expression that nine people out of ten put on in a photographer's studio. Instead of looking and behaving as she does everywhere and every day, the loveliest woman imaginable suddenly does something strained and queer with the outline of her mouth and the poise of her head the moment that she finds herself in front of a camera. (Which explains why snapshots are so apt to be the "best pictures ever taken of Jane.")

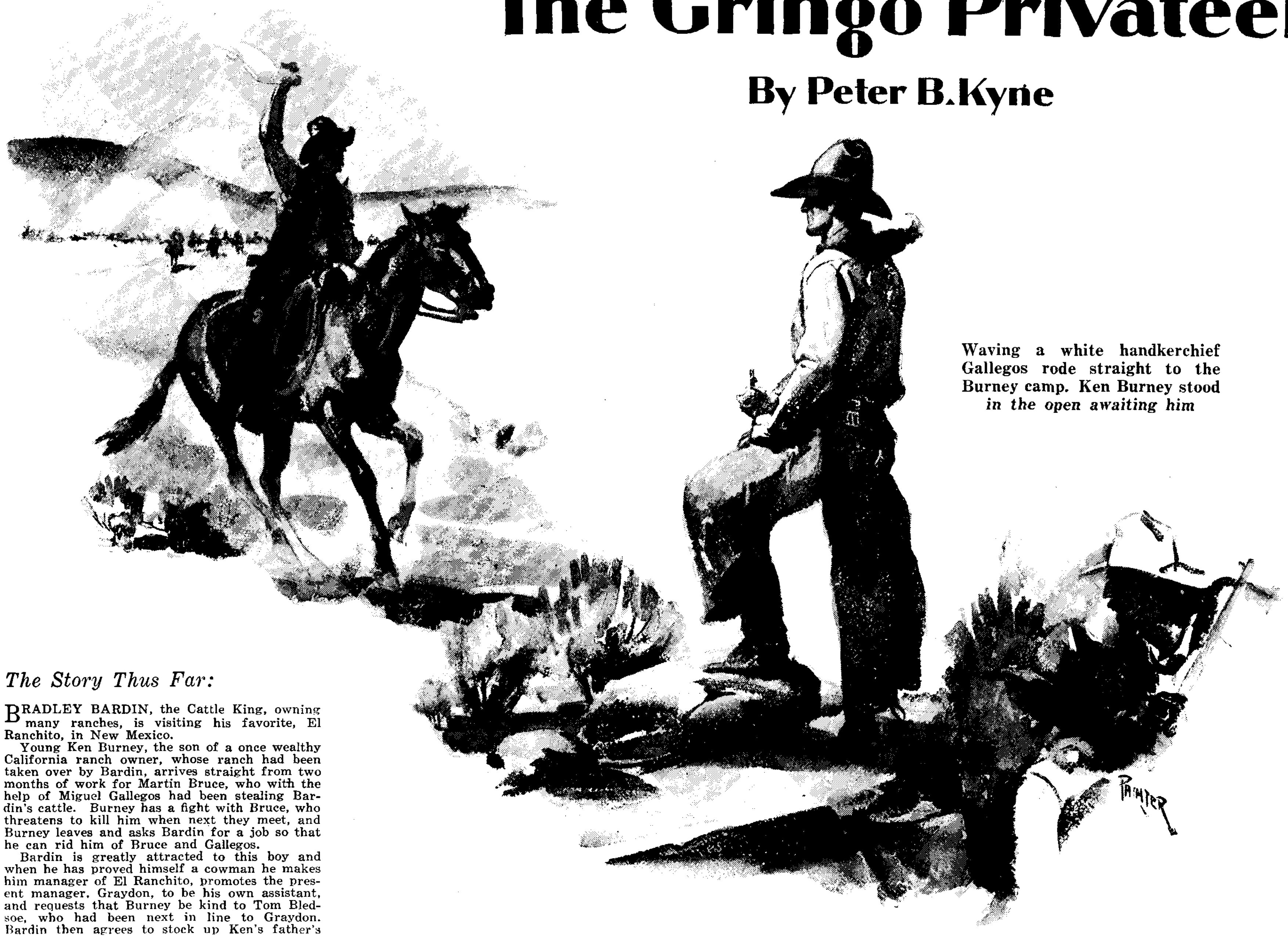
John Tries "Being Himself"

"Do whatever is natural and *don't think* about it." This under most circumstances is the very best advice—providing that your natural impulses are not likely to affront the ordinary requirements of civilized behavior. I add this qualifying clause because of an incident that occurred not long ago.

John B——, a good-looking and apparently well-behaved young man, brought me a letter of introduction. With engaging frankness he told me he had been "terribly nervous" about coming to see me. Evidently he had thought of me as a sort of Robot machine for the testing of each minute infringement of a few million rules! Finding me merely human, he told me that he had been invited to a ball being given that evening by Mrs. X——, a person of importance in New York society. He said he was (*Continued on page 44*)

The Gringo Privateer

By Peter B. Kyne



Waving a white handkerchief Gallegos rode straight to the Burney camp. Ken Burney stood *in the open awaiting him*

The Story Thus Far:

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning many ranches, is visiting his favorite, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

Young Ken Burney, the son of a once wealthy California ranch owner, whose ranch had been taken over by Bardin, arrives straight from two months of work for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin's cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce, who threatens to kill him when next they meet, and Burney leaves and asks Bardin for a job so that he can rid him of Bruce and Gallegos.

Bardin is greatly attracted to this boy and when he has proved himself a cowman he makes him manager of El Ranchito, promotes the present manager, Graydon, to be his own assistant, and requests that Burney be kind to Tom Bledsoe, who had been next in line to Graydon. Bardin then agrees to stock up Ken's father's ranch for him at a fair rate of pay if Ken succeeds in his undertaking.

Muriel, the king's lovely daughter, has fallen head over heels in love with Burney and is upset at his undertaking such a bloodthirsty job. Ken, to all appearances, has no thought of Muriel and has even told Bardin that he wants, after the completion of this job, to settle down and marry a girl he decided upon a year before.

Ken raises Bledsoe's salary and promises him *the job of general manager when he himself goes.*

Ken, having marked with 25-cent pieces some of Bardin's calves, sets the stage for his war in El Cajon Bonita, the range from which Bruce has been stealing the cattle, gathers together his men and arms, and starts off on a preliminary trip of reconnaissance.

VI

AT EIGHT o'clock Ken Burney's convoy rolled into Huachita. He paused at the livery stable long enough to pay the board bill on Rowdy and the other three saddle horses he had left there the night of his meeting with Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos; then he loaded them in the rear horse truck and proceeded to the international boundary where he formally declared to the United States officers the six definitely identified motor trucks, thirty-two saddle horses with full equipment and two pack mules with pack saddles he had purposed taking into Mexico and bringing back into the United States within thirty days. From the Mexican authorities he received a formal permit of entry for these same properties and the members of his party.

Señor De Haro was at the Mexican customs house and greeted him warmly before entering his motor car with two officers of rurales and preceding the Double B convoy down the narrow, rutty dirt road that led to El Cajon Bonita. In order not to excite suspicion he speeded up and left the convoy miles behind.

In the heart of El Cajon Bonita Burney spied a motor car coming toward him. "If our friend Miguel Gallegos is not approaching in yonder car," he told Tom Bledsoe, "I'm a Chinaman."

"Thee are not a Chinaman," the Quaker decided, as the motor car pulled off the road to permit the heavy trucks to go by them on the highway. In the front seat with his chauffeur sat Miguel Gallegos; as he recognized Burney on the seat of the leading truck he ordered his chauffeur to halt the car; with hand upraised, palm forward, he signaled Burney to halt.

"HELLO, Miguel, you great big lovely knockout," Burney saluted his enemy, as the truck halted. "How's everything over at Los Osos, where you hole up?"

"Not quite as fine as I should like it, Señor Burney," Gallegos replied smilingly. "I thought you told me you would give me ample notice of the date of your arrival, in force, in El Cajon Bonita. Is this one of your Yankee tricks?"

"Not at all, my dear bandit, not at all. I told you *I'd* give you notice of the day I was due in El Cajon to argue with you your assumption of proprietary rights in the land and cattle owned by the Bardin Land & Cattle Company. This isn't my day for arguing. Like your amiable self I am not quite ready."

"Still, like all gringos, you are not afraid to take a chance, no?"

"You read me like a paper. But I'm not looking for a fight today, Gallegos. In military language, I'm merely making a reconnaissance."

"You are a very astute young man, Burney. I have for you a great admiration. It is too bad you are so headstrong."

He lifted his sombrero courteously and drove on and Burney's convoy continued on up the valley to a spot which he had, on his first lone trip into El Cajon Bonita, selected because of its natural advantages for defensive warfare. To the north the encircling hills, rocky and covered with a scrubby growth of piñon pine, cedar and giant cactus, converged to a pass perhaps two hundred yards wide, and through this pass a trail led to an arid plain beyond—a plain that stretched to the international boundary.

About a thousand yards south of this pass a barranca ran east and west for three-quarters the width of the valley which at this point was about a mile wide. South of this barranca the valley commenced to widen and stretched away for miles in an unobstructed view. Due to the rocky nature of the surrounding hills and the impassability of the growth on them, a flank attack was so remote as to be scarcely considered. An attack from the south would have to be made across open and level terrain, entailing terrific losses under the calm and accurate rifle fire of the El Ranch*ito cowboys, while the same fire con*centrated on the mouth of the narrow pass, where the enemy would necessarily be bunched when emerging, in the event of an attack from the north, would be equally murderous.

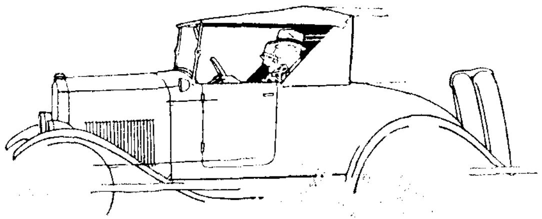
Even if the enemy succeeded in emerging intact he still had a thousand yards of open country to cover before getting to close quarters with Burney's men crouched in the barranca, a natural trench. Burney believed he could beat off very handily an attack in considerable force from either direction and thus have open to him two avenues of retreat.

AT HIS order his men picked their way down the banks of the barranca at a shallow spot and the trucks crossed, turned at right angles and parked, at intervals, along the north bank of the barranca. Then the stock was unloaded by means of a ramp, led down into the barranca and made to stand, in bunches of six, a truck forming excellent protection for each bunch in the event of an attack from the north. In the event of an attack from the south, in force—an attack that might not be repulsed—the animals could be mounted and, screened by the trucks, a retreat could be made through the pass to the north. Should a party of the enemy be encountered in the pass Burney depended upon a spirited pistol charge to disperse it. At any rate the enemy would have no advantage in choice of ground, and a meeting engagement, Ken Burney knew, is usually won by the side that exhibits neither surprise nor consternation but charges instantly, regardless of the odds.

The *battleground was far from be*ing as advantageous as he could wish, but it was the best to be had and in such circumstances a good soldier never grumbles.

A few (*Continued on page 24*)

Fast drivers give oil its hardest test



Oil which lasts longest at high speed lubricates best at any speed

You will find that the New Mobiloil outlasts other oils at high speeds. This explains why Mobiloil keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

MODERN roads . . . higher speed-limits . . . modern engines . . . have made fast drivers of us all. And probably you've noticed that oil consumes most rapidly when the pace is swift.

Our assurance that the New Mobiloil will stand up better and last longer than other oils under high speed is really a conservative reflection of the speed-test records made in thousands of miles of running at the Atlantic City Speedway. And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed, lubricates best at any speed.

We believe, that with draining and refilling at the regular intervals, and with reasonable care of your car, the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your new engine for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, our tests have shown that Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

The New Mobiloil can save *your* good engine from growing old before its time. It can bring new pleasures to your miles of spring and summer driving, and *new economies* in oil consumption and engine repairs. Mobiloil is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929		1928		1927		1926	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns Knight, 6-80.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 6-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

GARGOYLE

the New Mobiloil

minutes after their arrival they were joined by Señor De Haro, his chauffeur and the two officers of rurales. In the tonneau of his car the *jefe politico* had two machine guns, with ammunition for each, and while the El Ranchito men were packing the guns and ammunition on the pack mules, Burney and the *jefe politico* mounted and rode off to the base of the range of hills directly east. Here Burney located a secret nest for the gun. It was well screened by the scrubby growth but offered a clear sweep down the barranca to the west, as well as commanding literally the open country both north and south.

A pack mule arrived presently and a gun, still boxed, and a supply of ammunition was cached there.

Across the valley Señor De Haro and Burney rode to the western flank where they established another machine gun nest. Then Burney made two neat and accurate panoramic sketches of both gun positions, designating distinguishing landmarks, and gave both sketches to the *jefe politico*, who, after studying them, decided that any fool with their aid would have no difficulty discovering the hidden guns.

Meanwhile the cook had prepared the mid-day meal at the chuck wagon and when the men had eaten, Burney sent one rider north into the pass and another far down the valley, with instructions to ride back and give warning of the approach of any hostile party. Then, leaving Tom Bledsoe in charge of the garrison, he, with Señor De Haro and six men, rode out into El Cajon Bonita, seeking the calves Burney had photographed on his first trip. As fast as these were found and identified by the photographs, the men roped and hogtied the animals, while Burney and the *jefe politico* examined them for brands, earmarks and twenty-five-cent pieces under the hide of the inner side of the left front leg.

AFTER locating twelve twenty-five-cent pieces on calves with split tongues, each calf bearing the brand and earmark of Martin Bruce, Señor De Haro decided he had secured sufficient proof for his purposes, and the party returned to the camp.

"The evidence is sufficient to convict that fellow Bruce in any court in Mexico," Señor De Haro assured Burney. "The first time he crosses the international boundary we will endeavor to stop this illegal practice. There is nothing, however, to connect Miguel Gallegos with these cattle thefts. We must catch him in the act, and he is a sly fellow. He sends others to do his dirty work."

"We'll catch the others and perhaps they will confess. However, before that happens, I have a suspicion Miguel Gallegos will convict and punish himself. He will call upon me tomorrow—in force. However, do not worry. I can handle a force of five hundred if necessary. I will keep my horse secreted in the mesquite on top of yonder hill, and if it seems we may be overcome, your excellency can crawl down the barranca to the hill, mount, be in Huachita in two hours and return with two troops of *rurales* three hours later. A demonstration in his rear will drive Gallegos off and I can hold him indefinitely. However, I do not think there will be any fighting tomorrow."

"You expect, however, to receive a definite ultimatum, Señor Burney?"

"I do."

"I will wait here and listen to it."

ALWAYS cautious, Burney put out a line of outposts that night, relieving them at two-hour intervals. At nine o'clock next morning a lookout on the hill to the east reported a cloud of dust advancing from the direction of Los Osos; within half an hour it revealed some two hundred mounted men, who came steadily up the valley, halted a mile away and fanned out into a skirmish line, thus bottling the men of El Ranchito in El Cajon Bonita.

Presently, from the waiting column a man galloped out. Waving a white handkerchief he rode straight to the Burney camp and pulled up at the edge of the arroyo, over the crest of which peeped thirty-one heads and as many rifles. The man was Miguel Gallegos and Ken Burney stood in the open, awaiting him.

"I have called, as I promised I would, Señor Burney," Gallegos announced pompously.

"What for, thou!" Burney spoke in purest Spanish; in his use of the solemn style he was enabled to express the most withering contempt for Gallegos.

"To bid thee begone, animal, before I overwhelm thee and leave thy bones and those of thy men for the coyotes to gnaw."

"Braggart! By what authority do you bid me withdraw? Is not El Cajon Bonita the legal property of my employer? Has he not a deed to it, duly recorded? And are not these cattle his, even though I observe that the brand of Martin Bruce is as prevalent as that of the Double B?"

"I know nothing of Martin Bruce and his brand. I am not interested. But it is a fact that everywhere the gringo has acquired the lands of the people by debauching the public servants of Mexico. The people have been robbed, by you rich Yankees, of their inherent rights, and now I, as the defender of those rights, declare the title to El Cajon Bonita to be invalid, having been obtained in fraud; I declare this land which your Señor Bardin claims forfeit to the people, together with all cattle thereon, and warn you that if you persist in presenting your claim contrary to that of the citizens of Mexico, I, Miguel Gallegos, will destroy you."

"But this isn't my day to be destroyed, thou monkey. Nor is it thy day to attempt the destruction."

"I destroy when I will," Gallegos replied grandly.

"And today is the day?"

Gallegos nodded. "Today is the day."

"Very well. Get back to your men and let's see what sort of fight a bandit can put up. I had completed the business that brought me here. I came to brand our calves, but Martin Bruce has already run his iron on them, so there doesn't appear to be any work for my men to do. However, since a fight we must have sooner or later, I prefer it now, because I'm ready for it. Fly at it, Mike. Go, and quickly, thief, murderer, braggart!"

This last speech Burney made in English, for the benefit of his men. Miguel Gallegos promptly turned his horse and galloped back to his force, which Tom Bledsoe had been counting through a field glass.

"How many, Tom?" Burney called.

"Two hundred and ten, all mounted."

"Why, this is just going to be old home week for us, Tom." Then to his men: "We have here three officers of the Mexican government who will witness that, in the pursuit of our legal business, we were attacked by this bandit and defended ourselves. Fan out along the barranca, men, and leave plenty of room for bullets to pass between files. Get good firing positions, with as much shelter as possible. Fire from under any low bushes you find along the bank, and when they advance within range I will give the range and the order to commence firing. Each man will repeat the order and relay it. You will then fire at will and don't be in a hurry.

"Pick your target carefully. Don't try for the riders. Topple the horses and pay particular attention to the flank riders. Gallegos will throw out a long thin line and, while his center presses forward his flanks will attempt to get around us and charge us from the rear. I'm certain he'll attempt to envelop us."

HE LEAPED down into the barranca, walked along it to a firing position previously selected, and waited. He saw Gallegos form his company into single rank, in one long squadron front; then, suddenly, the fifty riders on the right flank and the fifty on the left galloped out in column of twos, while the center of the line pressed forward at a trot, rapidly taking distance between riders as they came. Perhaps fifty feet out in front of the center troop Miguel Gallegos rode.

"Anybody who says a Mexican will not advance to the assault is crazy or hasn't fought them," Burney told Tom Bledsoe. "And with fifty per cent Irish blood in their leader this bunch will be hard to stop. Well, here's where I stop Miguel."

He sighted carefully and pulled away. A cheer went up from the motor truck behind him. "Viva!" cried Señor De Haro. "The animal, Gallegos, is afoot."

"I am in the exact center of our line," Burney shouted to his men. "Men on my right, take care of the party advancing on our right flank. Men on my left take care of the party advancing to envelop our left flank. Tom and I will work on the center. Range—one thousand. Commence firing—and don't waste your shots."

Instantly the venomous crackling of rifle fire broke from the barranca. Burney, former expert rifleman of the Berks Yeomanry, brought a horse down with every shot, but Bledsoe was not so fortunate, although, as the distance between the forces lessened, his marksmanship improved. Nor did the general manager waste any time glancing

toward his flanks to see how the attack was progressing in those quarters. He knew it was suffering heavily, that before it could complete the enveloping movement half its horses would be down. So he concentrated his fire on the center until Tom Bledsoe came up beside him and nudged him in the ribs.

"The flanks have broke, Mr. Burney!" he shouted.

"DON'T let the dismounted riders reach the brush at the base of the hill," Burney cried to the men nearest him. "Pass the word. They'll snipe us from that cover and some of us will get hurt."

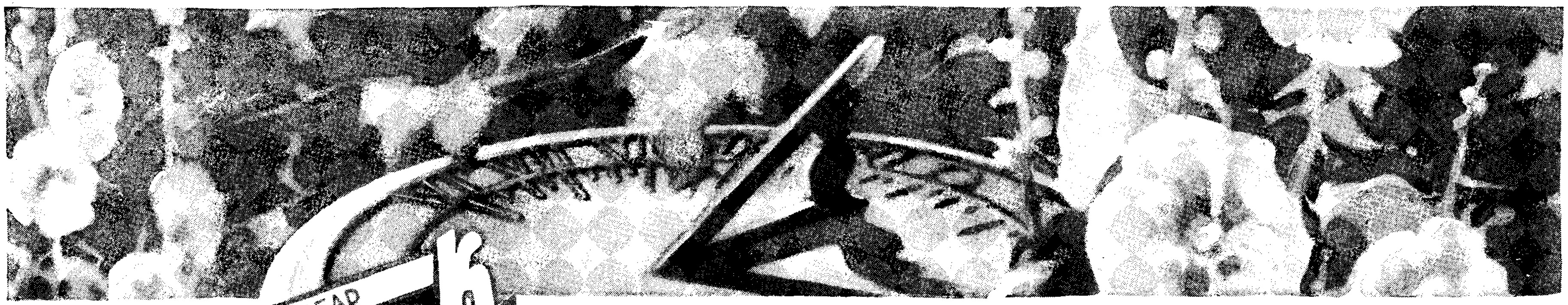
The bandits on the flanks who were still mounted had about-faced and were bearing down at a tangent to join the advancing center, while the men whose horses had been knocked over were running for cover at the base of the hills some four hundred yards distant. It was long range shooting, but the El Ranchito men toppled a dozen of them as they ran, before the line of horsemen out front lifted their horses in the final charge. Their wild cheers as they came on drew upon them instantly the attention of the entire defending force and a murderous fire brought them down at such a rate that the attack melted.

At a distance of three hundred yards the Gallegos forces suddenly turned and fled in the direction whence they had come, and instantly the El Ranchito men again turned their attention to the survivors on the flanks. Most of the cowboys had fired not less than thirty rounds and their rifles were now too hot for comfort, so presently the fire slackened and died away.

Of course the enemy had not been entirely idle. Men, dismounted during the action, had continued to advance afoot, firing as they came, and many of the mounted men had fired from the saddle. But at the long range and moving rapidly as they had, their fire had been wholly ineffective. Burney seized the opportunity, while the rifles were cooling, to make an examination of his forces. None of his men had been hurt, but he had lost one horse and one pack-mule was slightly wounded. There were several bullet holes in the trucks and a bullet had dropped into the chuck wagon and ruined the cook's best bread pan.

The men of El Ranchito stood to, or rather sat to in the bottom of the barranca, for some of the bandits who had succeeded in reaching cover on the flanks had courageously taken position and were firing vigorously. Eventually, discovering that (*Continued on page 40*)

THE ONLY TRUE LEADERSHIP IS LEADERSHIP THAT LASTS



VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

Continuous
. . and *continuing* . . leadership

The group of craftsmen who have lifted Buick to its present position of leadership dedicate themselves anew to the policy of progress which has enabled Buick to win more than twice as many buyers as any other automobile priced above $1200.

If anyone had predicted, twenty-five years ago, that the tiny Buick factory in Flint would become a world institution, and its product the standard-bearer of a matchless industry, the words would have been dismissed as an empty dream.

But if anyone were to predict, today, that Buick would attain even greater success in the future, few would venture to challenge that statement . . . *for Buick is armed with the almost limitless strength of achievement.*

Twenty-five years of leadership in fine car manufacture have brought to Buick a corps of engineers and craftsmen who have won worldwide recognition as master builders.

Twenty-five years of leadership have endowed Buick with plants, machine equipment and material resources unequaled in the entire realm of fine car manufacture.

Twenty-five years of leadership have broadened Buick powers—heightened Buick skill—given Buick an unrivaled capacity for continued service and advancement.

The builders of Buick will use these gifts of years to the utmost degree to make Buick cars better and better, in return for that other finest gift which the years have brought—

—*the steadily increasing confidence and good will of the motorists of the world, who purchase more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.*

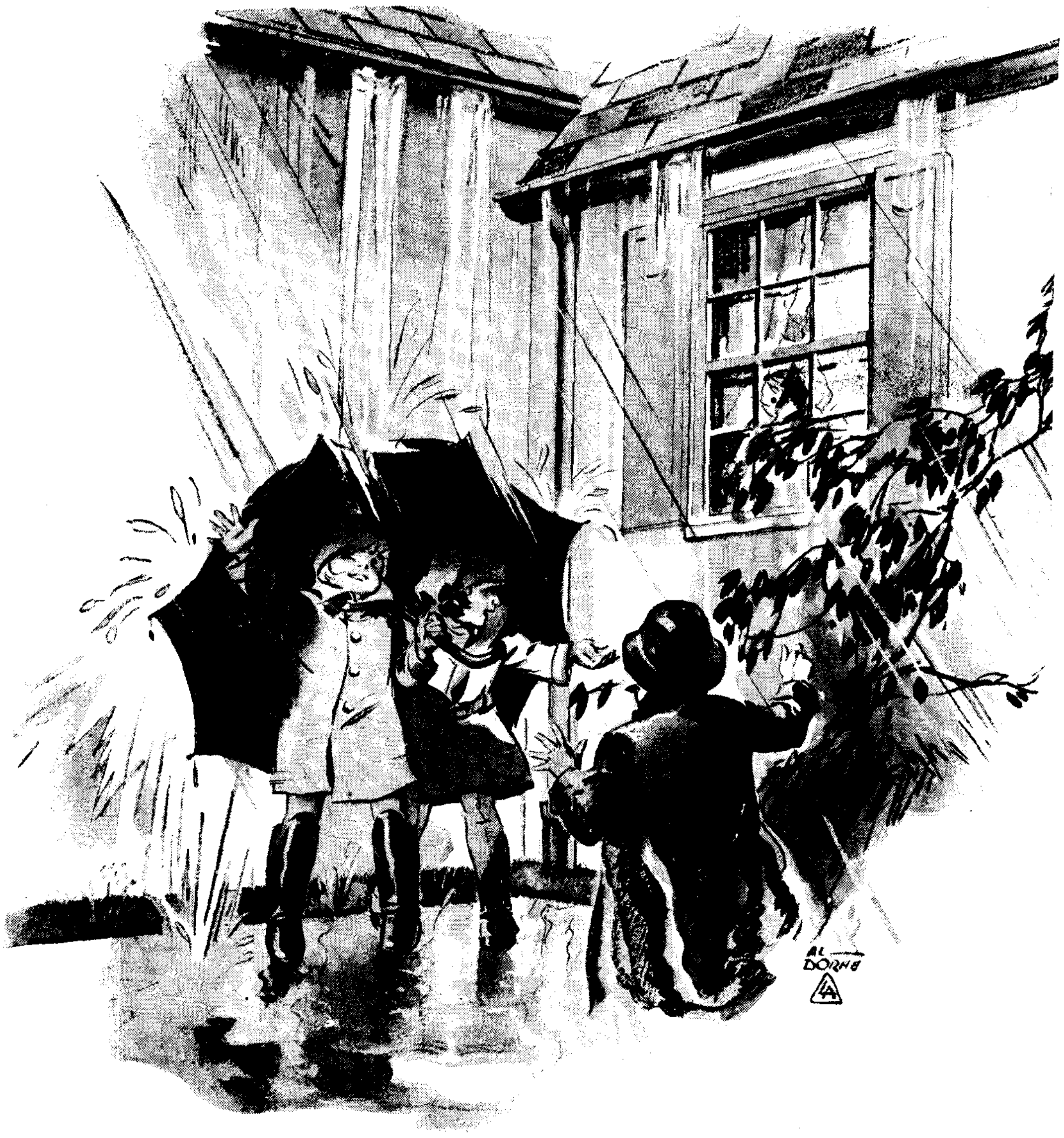
BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Fun for the CHILDREN

—these rusted, leaking gutters

but troublesome and expensive for you.

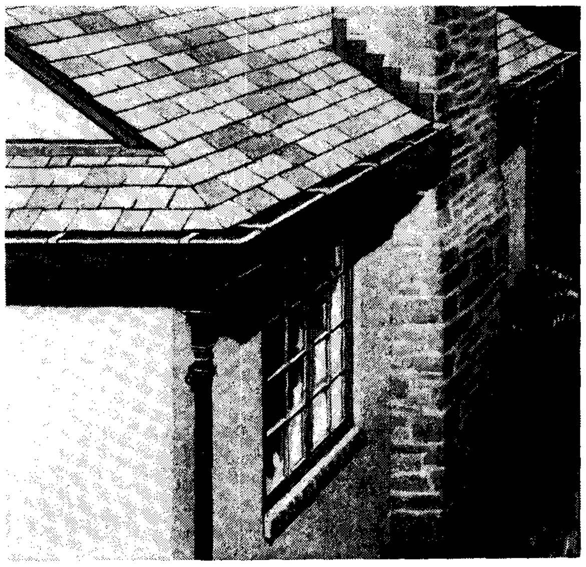


FOR the *six-year-old* this is no end of fun. For *you* it means spending more money for new gutters and rain-pipes . . . . Probably it wasn't so long ago that your present ones were new. Yet today they are badly rusted and full of holes through which water spurts whenever it rains.

Of course, the time to have done something about it was when they were first installed. If you had insisted then on gutters of rust-proof Copper, you wouldn't be experiencing trouble now—nor in years to come; because Anaconda Copper *cannot rust*—it lasts indefinitely.

But the recurring expense of repairs and replacements is not the only reason for insisting on sheet metal work that will last. Even more important is the necessity of guarding against roof leaks at vital places such as where two roof surfaces join. In these places and around chimneys, dormer windows and similar projections, sheet metal flashings must be used. It is most essential that this sheet metal be copper, because poor flashings will soon rust through and leak, admitting water to rot the wood work, damage ceilings, walls and furnishings, perhaps even weaken the very structure and foundation of the house.

To avoid all this trouble and expense, be sure the sheet metal work on your home is of *rust-proof* Anaconda Copper. Once installed, gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of this imperishable material are there to stay. They last indefinitely and are sound economy, since they save the owner of the usual size house an average of $24 yearly in freedom from upkeep expense. You can readily identify Anaconda by the trade mark stamped in the metal for your protection.



It Costs but Little More

Sheet metal work of Anaconda Copper costs somewhat more than rustable sheet metals in the beginning, but justifies its selection by providing rust-free service as long as the house stands. A recent investigation among 6,069 sheet metal contractors in 1,227 cities and towns shows that the average life of sheet metals that rust when exposed to the elements, is only 6.7 years.

And just as sheet metal work of Anaconda Copper is an actual economy on the *outside* of your home, so Anaconda Brass Pipe is an economy on the *inside*—and screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire at doors and windows. These rust-proof metals save the owner of the average $15,000 house about $62 yearly by eliminating repairs and replacements due to rust. For detailed information, consult the interesting booklet, "RUST-PROOFED," sent free on request. The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Conn. Offices and agencies in principal cities.

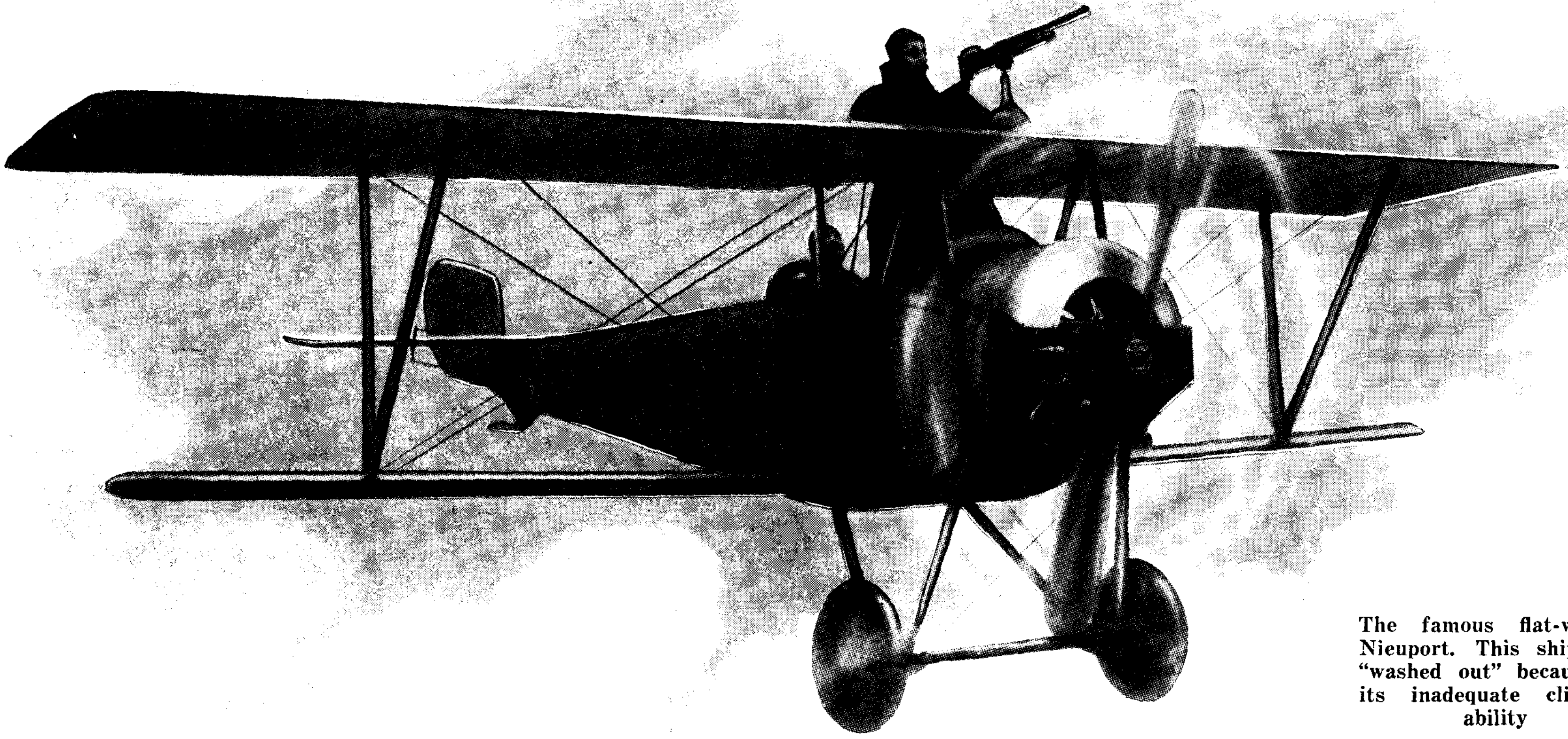
ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

Sheet Metal Work of ANACONDA COPPER

ANACONDA COPPER · BRASS · AND · BRONZE

War takes the Air

By Lieut. Bert Hall as told to Lieut. John J. Niles



The famous flat-winged Nieuport. This ship was "washed out" because of its inadequate climbing ability

The early days of the war gave an aviator plenty of chance for individual adventure. Lieutenant Hall made the most of it—outwitting his superiors, fighting the Boche and cultivating romance

II

THE 14th of December, 1914, was a great day in my life. It marked my entry into the French Flying Corps. Here are the notations in my diary for that day:

". . . Cock-eyed Carl, the Captain's orderly, turned up a short while after daylight and told us we were wanted back at the Company Headquarters. Bill Thaw, Jim Bach and I started back. Owing to the size of Bill's feet, he couldn't make any speed at all, and then Bill was worried. It was the aviation physical examination we were about to take. Bill was blind in one eye. Aviators weren't supposed to be blind at all. Poor Bill, he worried all the way back to Banc Sablon (that was the location of the Headquarters. It was really the remains of a château; the cellar, in fact). From Headquarters we went back four miles farther through the mud and the slush to a little burg named Cuery des Chaude Arbres, where the physical examiners were holding forth.

"The aviation doctor was doing business in a barn. He said 'Hello'; and we said 'Hello,' and he said that the war was terrible, and we said the war was Hell; and he said, 'Just like you amusing Americans to make a smart remark. Ha, ha, ha.' That ended the pleasantries. He then thumped us and asked some personal questions.

"When he produced a French newspaper and held it up for us to read, Bill Thaw almost died. But Jimmy Bach and I went first so as to have time to think up something. When Bill's time came, I told the doctor that Bill hadn't been in France very long and couldn't speak the language; therefore, a fair test couldn't be made with a French newspaper. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'are his eyes all right?' 'Surely,' I said, 'best eyes in the French Army!' "

Aviators—in the Trenches

Needless to say, all three of us passed the physical examination and expected to leave the trenches at once. But at Banc Sablon we were quickly disillusioned. They told us we would have to wait for orders, perhaps a week.

Three very sad young men sloshed along through the mud and half-frozen slush, back to the front-line trenches. Our spirits were lower than the skin on a snake's belly. Here we were, accepted for flying by the aviation doctor, and being exposed to German machine guns and 77s until our orders came through.

"It would be just like those dirty Heinies to write my name on a 77 and have me quietly bumped off before somebody back at St. Cyr gets good and ready to write out our traveling papers," said Bill. "But we're in the army now, we're not behind the plow."

Wham! There was a whale of an explosion right in our own trench. Looked as if Bill's prophecy was about to come true. But then we saw we were mistaken. Our inventor had had a premature blast from an infernal machine he was designing. It was, in fact, one of the first hand grenades I had ever seen. He was making it out of a tin can filled with slugs and rocks with a small fuse sticking out of one end, which he lighted from his cigarette. (This fellow came to grief, according to rumor. He threw one of his home-made grenades at a German one day and the German, being smarter than the usual run, picked up the tin-can grenade and threw it back at the unfortunate inventor. After that they buried the inventor.)

As I said before, the 14th of December, 1914, was a very important day in my life. For, although I did not receive definite orders to proceed to the aviation training school, I did pass the physical examination and developed mumps all in the same twenty-four hours. My jaws swelled until I looked like a person in a comic newspaper. One look from the adjutant, and I was sent back to the Ambulance Post with orders for treatment and hospitalization if necessary.

Foiling the French Officials

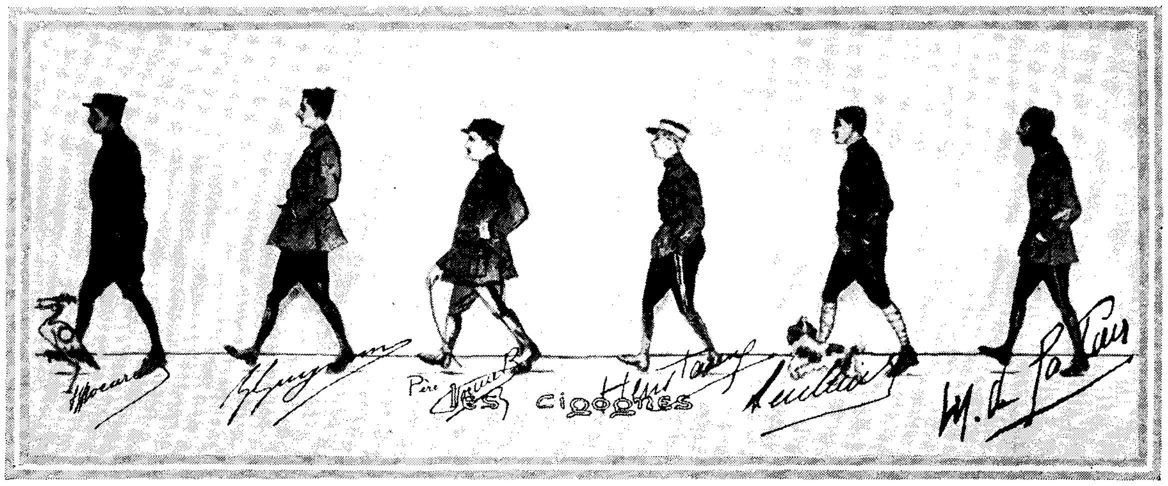
This time I didn't even have to walk through the mud. Just before I got into the ambulance I threw my rifle away. That was a symbol—my war in the trenches was over. That old rifle had done its duty. I never saw it again.

It was night-time when I crawled into the ambulance, which wasn't really an ambulance at all, but an old springless truck with an improvised top made out of tarpaulin. The roads were crowded. We bumped and jostled along through the inky darkness. Truck drivers cursed one another in a new and novel manner; the transportation department had invented a unique profanity all its own.

Inside the truck, the wounded were coming off second best—one poor fellow was saying, "Oh la la, la la; Oh la, la, la, la." And it wasn't a musical performance either. I had a little wine in my canteen and I gave it to him, then he changed his tune a little. "Oh, merci, merci, merci; Oh, merci, merci, merci."

I began to wish I'd walked, and then I tried

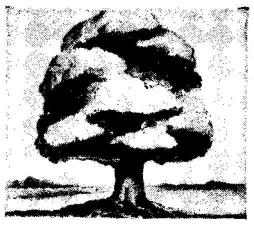
(*Continued on page 30*)



Strip cartoon by an unknown artist in the "Stork" Escadrille. These six men brought down 131 enemy planes. Left to right: Brocard, Guynemer, Dorme, Herteaux, Deullin, de la Tour

THE DIFFERENCES THAT GIVE LEADERSHIP

CHRYSLER MOTORS



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All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER "75" · CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS · CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

THESE are the *differences* which make Chrysler Motors products each far and away the head of its particular field.

First, the *difference* in *appearance.* Chrysler distinctive and individual style and beauty — in no sense a chance creation — trace directly to those canons of classic art which have come down through the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged.

Next, the *difference* in *performance.* Chrysler Motors engineers introduced more than five years ago, smoothness and speed and acceleration, which obsoleted all previous conceptions of what a motor car could and should do. Chrysler Motors performance — and that includes as well, Chrysler ease of handling and control, safety, dependability, economy and long life—out-distances all others today just as far as the first Chrysler was ahead of the cars of its time.

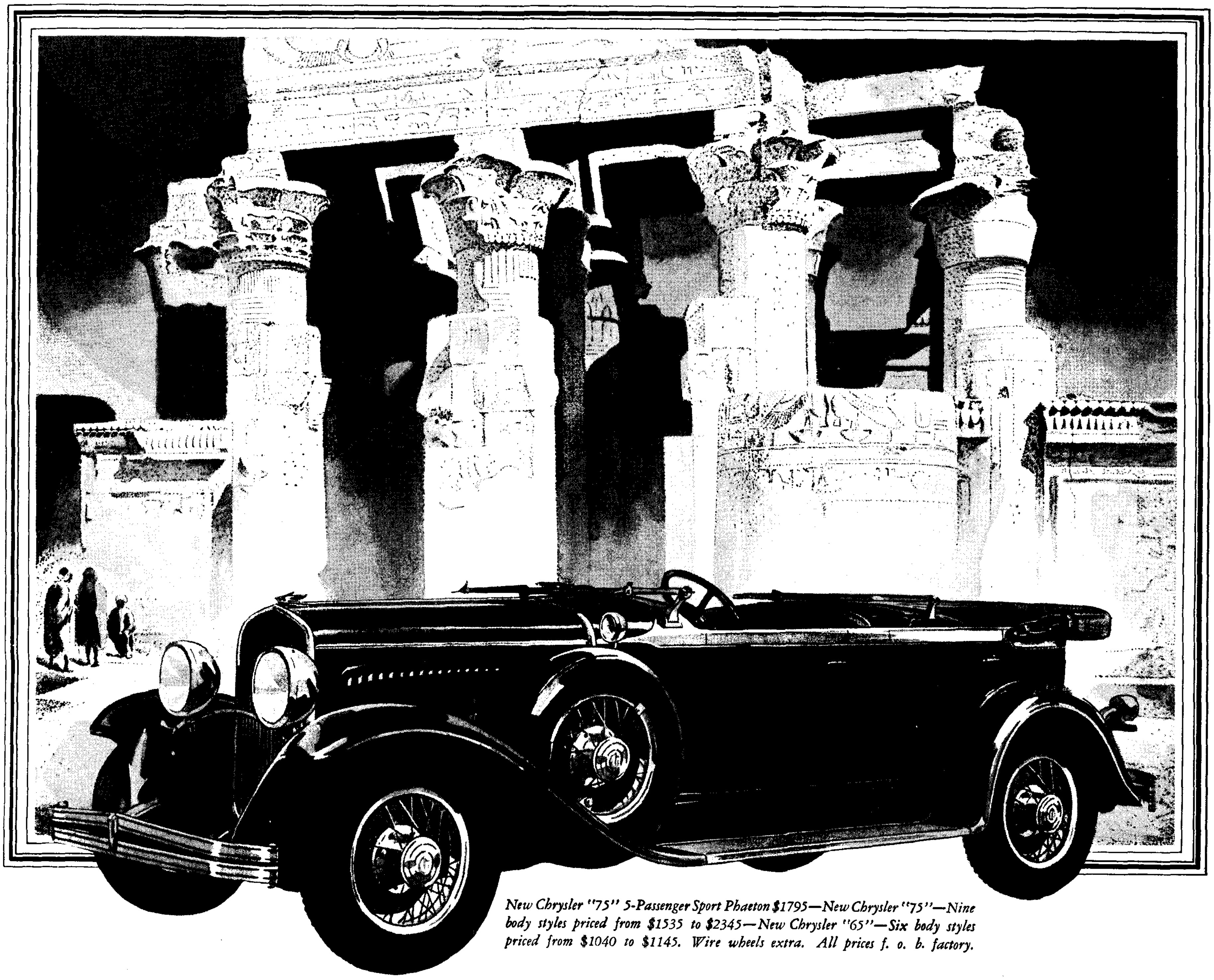
The genius of Chrysler Motors engineers, with the myriad of developments and betterments they have pioneered and perfected, maintains this leadership secure.

Further, the *difference* in *value.* The means to that end is the pooling of all the human, mechanical, manufacturing and financial resources of all the units of Chrysler Motors, under one personal head, with the one object of attaining a common standard of high quality, holding down overhead, sharing the results of research, experiment and engineering, increasing efficiency, and, *above all, giving greater value to the buyer.*

It is because Chrysler Motors cars are better-looking and greater value both in performance and in price, that public acceptance identified Chrysler Motors as the vast new economic force in the automotive industry.

The motoring world has indorsed by generous patronage Chrysler Motors accomplishment of a *better public service.*

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



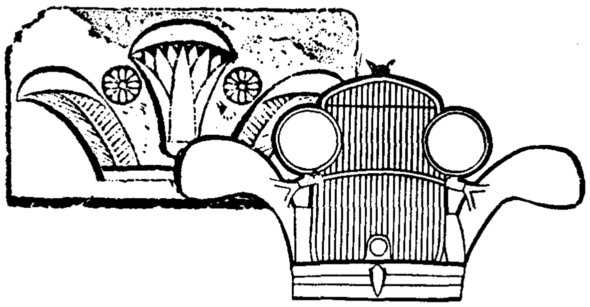
New Chrysler "75" 5-Passenger Sport Phaeton $1795—New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345—New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER *leads not alone in style but in safety, ease of handling and value*

It is not claiming too much to say that a most significant factor in bringing to America the automobile style leadership of the world is the original mode which Chrysler introduced.

Chrysler beauty — no chance creation — but tracing from the origins of classic art, as applied by Chrysler to the modern motor car — is universally conceded to be the most striking new thing in automobile design the world has seen.

This new Chrysler smartness and obvious style authority thus attained have done much to make Chrysler cars so attractive to women, as well as to men. It is particularly the natural desire of women that in the appurtenances of their daily life they shall be surrounded with things that reflect the newest of new fashion.



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf motif—still found in all its pristine beauty on the ruins of the great temples at Karnak. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned, and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.

Chrysler cars have not only this striking new style that re-styles all motor cars but a superior ease and safety of performance and handling which makes Chrysler cars in any phase of operation trouble-free and dependable.

Further, due to Chrysler's vast resources and economies in its engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and finance, these cars cost less to buy and less to maintain.

Because of this leadership in style, safety, performance and value, Chrysler cars are today inevitably in demand by people everywhere. Chrysler invites your closest inspection and severest test.

to detach myself and not listen. Not an easy thing to do, though, when a bundle of bloody rags is suffering its life away and repeating the same thing over and over and over.

As far as my memory of Fismes goes, it was one grand hospital, or perhaps just a hospital and not a very grand one at all. Toward morning they attached a tag to my clothing and told me to get into a train bound for the southern part of France. This didn't suit me at all; I wanted to go home—to Paris, where my apartment was all ready and waiting—but the French medical authorities had ideas of their own. They were determined to send me to the south of France where I could recover from my mumps.

Now on the platform of the railway station at Fismes were many stretcher cases. As I walked among them, I noticed one of the poor fellows signaling to me with his free arm. He wanted a cigarette. We smoked together and talked a bit. I noticed his tag; it was for hospitalization in Paris. I asked him where he lived.

"Far south, Perpignan, in the country of Pyrénées-Orientales."

"Not so very far from the Mediterranean. Too bad they're sending you to Paris."

"Doesn't matter where they send me, I'm finished. Got it in the legs and the back and one arm. But it'll soon be Christmas time in Perpignan; we have quaint customs at Christmas time."

Here was my chance! I was reminded of the Turk changing costumes with the dead Russian in the Rumanian jail. I would exchange tags with my friend from Perpignan. My tag would send him south, not a great many miles from his home, while his tag would send me to Paris. And so we would circumvent the French army. I always did object to doing things by numbers anyhow.

I gave my wounded friend all the cigarettes I had, exchanged tags and shook his free hand very gently. He smiled at me as I hurried away in the direction of the Paris train. That was the last I saw of him. I do hope he recovered, although I doubt it very much. He was badly done in. I can see him yet, in the dim light of the station platform. His eyes were like dogs' eyes, almost glassy, but there was still a smile left. I do hope he recovered!

A group of Lafayette flyers shortly after the death of Norman Prince. Seated, left to right: Bert Hall, de Laage, Thénault, Bill Thaw, Father Armonier, Johnson. Standing, left to right: Rumsey, Pavelka, Marshall, Masson, Hill, Bob Rockwell

A Holiday in Paris

The train dragged along all the rest of the night getting to Paris. After much backing around, we stopped and detrained in the suburbs. When I began to make inquiries about how to get into town, I was told that none of the sick or wounded would be permitted to enter the city of Paris until they were discharged from the hospital, and the hospital was near Vincennes. So I waited until no one was looking and then very quietly slipped away, down the track in the direction of the Paris wall. It was very early morning. No one took any particular notice of me. At the Port de Vincennes I knew there was a subway station. They call them Metro stations in Paris. No one could imagine how relieved I was when I slipped down the stairs of that Metro station and bought my ticket.

It might seem like boasting if I should tell you all how many hot baths and how much French hair tonic and how many square meals went into my rehabilitation after leaving the Legion and the trenches. I felt like a kind of robber whenever I had a snail dinner or slept between sheets. Of course this period of relaxation was short and most of it was spent out at the American Hospital at Neuilly.

About the 15th of January, 1915, I put in an appearance at St. Cyr. That was Aviation Training Headquarters for the French Army at that time. The Commanding Officer asked me for my orders. I told him I had none.

"What manner of soldier are you?" he said, and in his tone I could hear a very distinct "if any."

"I, sir, am an aviator." This in my best, dignified and offended Kentucky manner.

"Indeed! What escadrille do you belong to?"

"I haven't been assigned as yet."

He then indicated that I say all I had to say for myself before he called out the guard and had me locked up. But after a bit both of us pulled in our ears, and he looked through his records.

Yes, there was my name. Orders had been issued. And where were the other Americans, Mr. Thaw and Mr. Bach? I told him I couldn't keep track of the entire Foreign Legion, and he rather agreed that it would be a heavy detail.

So my name was entered on the lists and I was given the last complete flying outfit in the French Flying Corps. When Jimmy Bach and Bill Thaw arrived two days later they were outfitted in makeshift clothes and were duly sore thereat.

Since the summer of 1914, flying had made great progress, and although both Thaw and I had been aviators before the war and had many hours to our credit, we were required to go through the training school. I afterward found out that this was not a bad idea. Of course our progress was fast, but the training gave us an opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the new ideas, new models, new engines and, most important of all, aërial combat. (To most pre-war aviators, this phase of flying was an absolute mystery.)

Active Service in the Air

From St. Cyr, Jimmy Bach and I were sent to Buc. It was a dreary place about twenty kilometers from Brouges in the county of Cher. Neither Jimmy nor I lived out at the camp nor ate many meals in what we called the "ordinaire," but it was dreary even so. The one interesting event of the day besides flying was our get-togethers at the little hotel in Buc in the evenings, where pilots, monitors (instructors), officers, and aspirants talked flying—"barracks aviation" we called it.

Details of the early victories were discussed—how men went out with a short cavalry carbine or an automatic pistol and actually shot down their enemies. How two German airplanes were brought down by having a piece of brick thrown at the propellers by a French observer. How in September, 1914, a Russian named Capt. Nesteroff deliberately collided with Baron Rosenthal, an Austrian, both ships crashing and both pilots "going west" as a result of this extraordinary bit of daring.

Before long Bill Thaw buzzed away to the front in a Caudron outfit. He was stationed down in the south end of the line. Jimmy Bach and I were finally sent to Le Bourget, where we flew the Caudrons, and ultimately to the front where we flew Morane-Sauniers. Our escadrille was known as MS-38, and we were stationed at a field not far from Châlons-sur-Marne.

According to my diary, I spent several days early in April, 1915, flying new ships from Le Bourget to our field at Châlons. On one of these trips I encountered a group of pilots at Le Bourget. Among them was a young fellow, very slim, with a nervous high-strung manner. His name was Georges Guynemer. He and I were destined to become very good friends and, although at that time he was only a name on the roster of the French Flying Corps, fate held much in store for that youngster. Georges Guynemer, who later flew with the Cigognes (the Stork Squadron) under the able command of Captain Brocard, ran up a total of 54 confirmed victories and more than 200 encounters. How lucky it was for France that the recruiting sergeant turned Guynemer down three times. Imagine that lad being an infantryman! Impossible! But as a pilot, what a wonder! He was the symbol of the modern Joan of Arc. He flew into Hell itself and came out untouched. He became a legend. The peasants in the north end of the line will tell you more about Georges Guynemer than all the biographers on earth, and after all I'd just as soon believe them.

Think of it—fifty-four victories! Every schoolboy in France knows about Georges Guynemer. Why, they write little compositions about him and stand bareheaded before his picture and consecrate a day to his honor. By Jove, it's something to be a hero in France! But then, what a hero that fellow Guynemer was! What a hero!

People often ask me what my first impression of the front was: that is, the flying front. They want me to tell a wild tale about hair-breadth escapes and how I shot down Boches by the dozens. But I can't tell a yarn like that, because in the early days those things didn't happen.

The very first day I arrived at Châlons-sur-Marne and reported at the little flying field where MS-38 had established its headquarters, the commanding officer, Captain Bouche, took me outside of his quarters and said:

"See that smoke?" He was pointing off to the east.

"Yes, sir, I see it quite clearly."

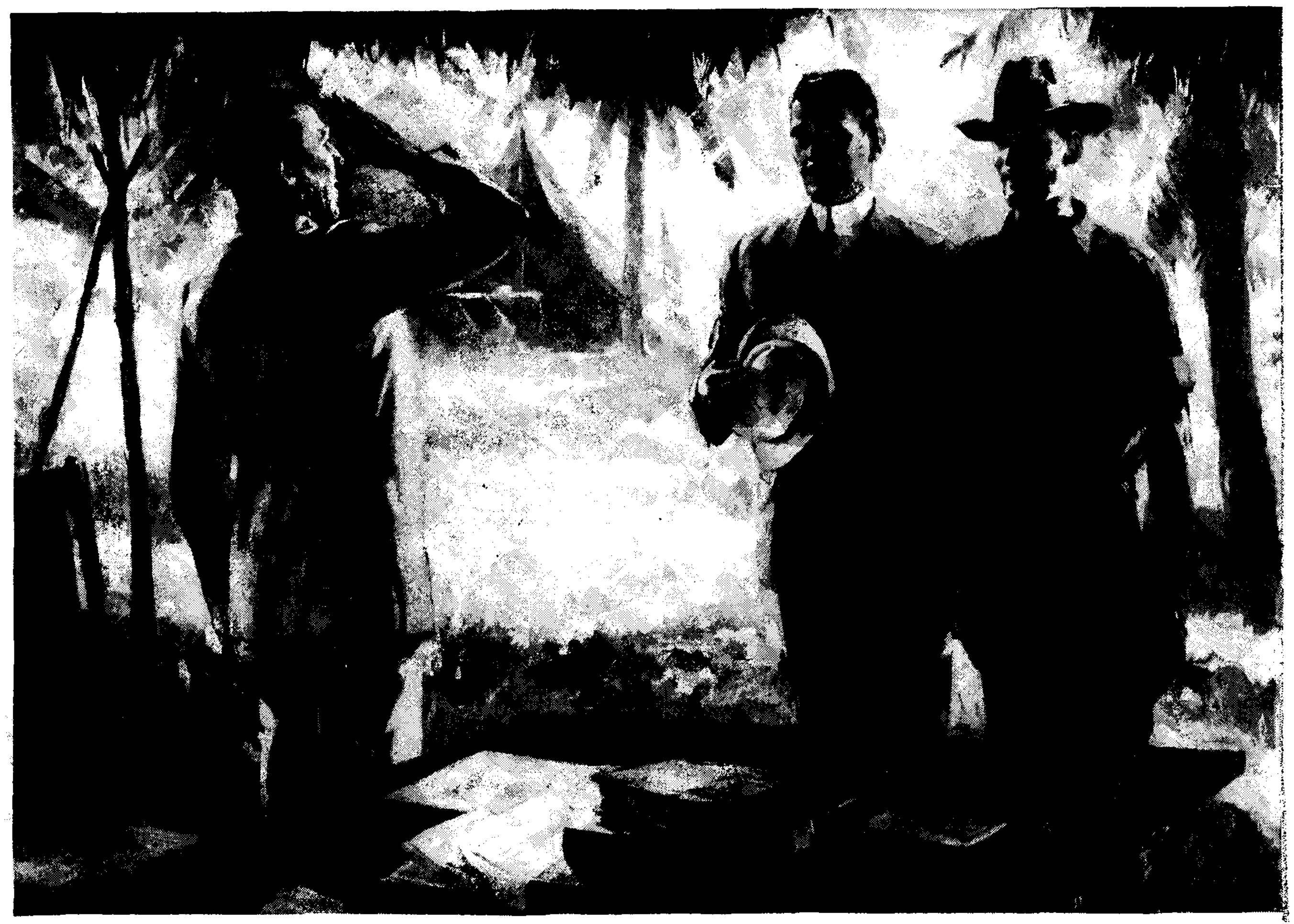
"Well, young man, that's where the war is. You have orders for your reconnaissance patrol. Take your ship and your observer and go to it. Shoot down a Boche if you can, but remember you are doing reconnaissance, and the war is up there in the direction of that smoke. . . ."

I can't exactly remember who my observer was, but I'm inclined to believe it was Lieut. Amrich. He carried the usual collection of rifles, and I carried several boxes of steel darts, which we were supposed to drop on enemy concentrations.

Taking off from our field, which was just northeast of town, between the Rheims and the Épernay highroads, I flew along, gaining altitude and jockeying my motor to find the exact point where the (Continued on page 46)

**BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH**

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"Gentlemen, I salute you!"

[Yellow Fever Commission, Havana, 1900]

A buck private and a civilian clerk walked quietly into headquarters at Quemados, near Havana, one morning in 1900, and offered themselves as targets for a deadlier scourge than bullets—the bite of a silver-striped tropical mosquito.

"You realize that you are risking your lives?" they were reminded.

"Yes, we know about that," they replied.

Up went the hand of Major Walter Reed of the Yellow Fever Commission: "Gentlemen, I salute you!"

They wore life like a plume

Love of humanity and sheer grit marked all who fought Yellow Fever in that little army camp, from the untrained volunteers for hazardous experiments, to the medical scientists—Reed, Carroll, Lazear, Agramonte — who directed and planned the work, and themselves constantly faced death. One of the latter, Dr. Lazear, gave his life for the cause.

Two years were required for rigid scientific proof. Then Dr. Reed was able to announce that the carrier of Yellow Fever infection had been identified as a certain variety of tropical mosquito—the female *stegomyia.* In nine months a campaign of extermination by trained workers had rid the city of this mosquito. And then Yellow Fever disappeared from Havana.

Four years later the same methods, carried out by Dr. William H. Gorgas, changed the Isthmus of Panama from a death-trap to one of the most healthful localities in the world, and made possible the building of the Panama Canal. Since 1906 not a single case of Yellow Fever has originated in the Canal Zone.

One of many victories for health

Today, when you cruise to sunny Cuba or steam through the greatest engineering achievement of the modern world—the Panama Canal—you are as safe from Yellow Fever on board or ashore as in your northern home, thanks to Medical Science.

In the 63 years during which Parke, Davis & Company have served the medical profession, we have seen many such victories over the dark powers of disease. Through research and discovery in the Parke-Davis laboratories we have been privileged to contribute to the building of not a few of the fortresses of health which now protect human life.

Today, as in the past, Parke-Davis research workers are constantly coöperating with the medical profession in what Louis Pasteur called the struggle "to cause the infectious diseases to disappear from the earth."

To Mothers

Do you know how your doctor is equipped today as never before to protect you and your children against smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid, and many infectious diseases? The story of this ahead-of-time protection now available is told simply and clearly in a non-technical booklet, *Fortresses of Health.* To receive a free copy, simply address your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Michigan; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

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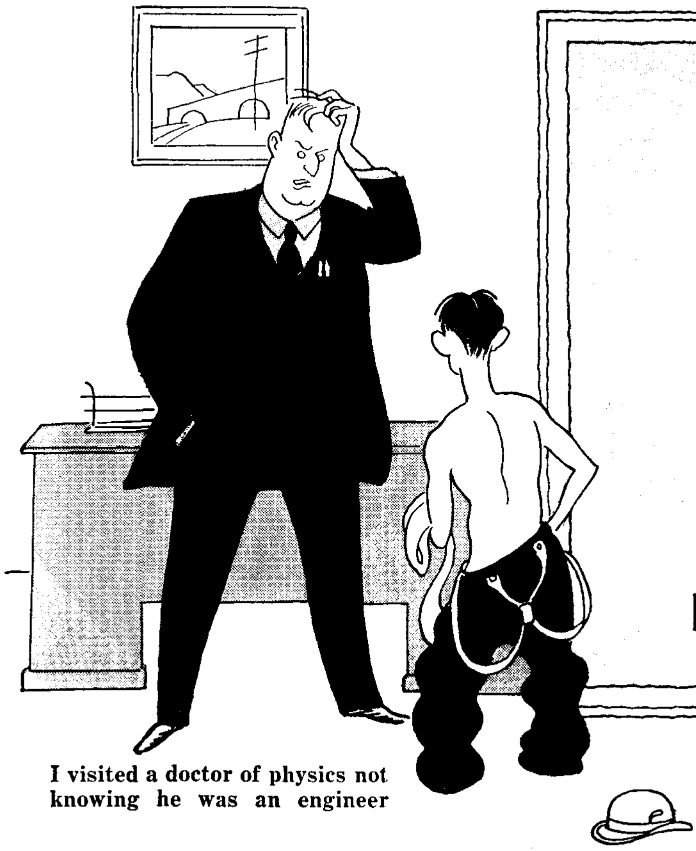
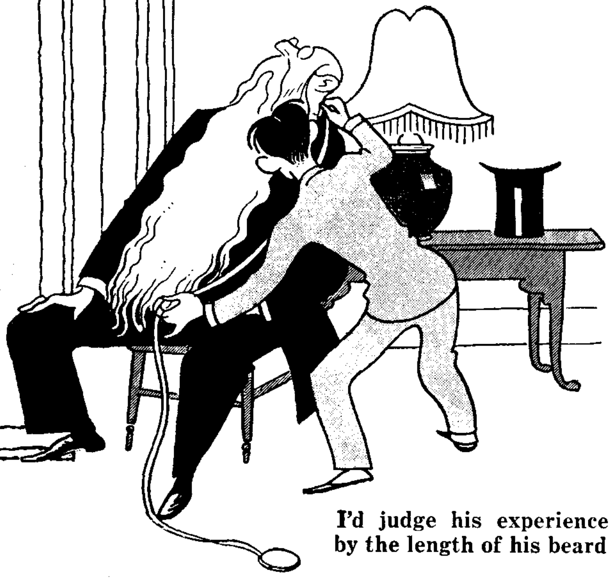


I visited a doctor of physics not knowing he was an engineer

The Aches have it

"I've become such a pessimist about my health I've stopped buying suits with two pairs of pants"

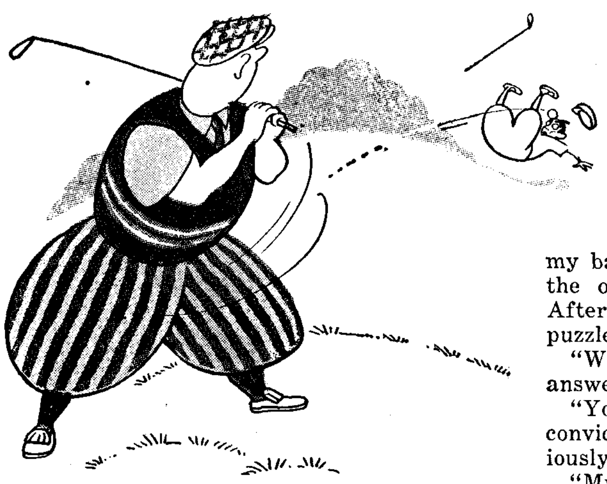
By Eddie Cantor



I'd judge his experience by the length of his beard

CALL a doctor anything you like, but in a crisis you have to call him anyway—like when your boy has played hookey from school and needs an excuse for the teacher, or when you've sneaked out of the office to see a baseball game. Doctors' prescriptions in these cases work wonders.

In the last few years I've learned a great deal about doctors and they about me. In fact, some of them know me inside out. And what lovely times we've had together under the X-ray machine! In the years of poverty and struggle I never dreamed that some day I could afford to enjoy such delicate health. I used to eat raw potatoes with chopped rubber heels and broken glass in cream, and a few hours later the only signs of discomfort I'd get would be hunger pains. But now, if I even swallow my Adam's apple I get indigestion. I've become such a pessimist about my health I've stopped buying suits with two pairs of pants.



I was hit on the head and slept beautifully

My passion for doctors started in Hollywood, the center of all passions. As Will Rogers says, he was the only one who ever went to Hollywood and has the same wife he started out with. But while others were busy changing wives, my dissipation was switching doctors. I got so absorbed in my complaints that every time a new doctor came into vogue I went to him. I even visited a doctor of physics before I found out he was an engineer.

I had to revise all my old-fashioned notions about medical men. There was a time when I'd go into a doctor's office and judge the length of his experience by the length of his beard. But now I could tell it by the dates of the magazines in his waiting room. Hanging around doctors' waiting-rooms I had many interesting experiences. I once sat down near a woman with a violent cough, got up uneasily and found another place beside a man with barber's itch. If there was nothing the matter with me when I came in, I knew I'd have something by the time my turn arrived.

Most of the patients regarded me with contempt. I looked too healthy. Some of them claimed to be hardened sufferers, but others snapped their fingers at them, boasting that their own ailments were incurable. One of them, a fat woman with a little dog, said she had such a sickness that she was paying the doctor a visit just to hear him pronounce the name again. "From the name alone you could faint!" she added haughtily. I tried to become sociable and start a conversation with her.

"Ever have water on the knee?" I asked her.

"I bathe all over!" she retorted with dignity.

My own complaint was insomnia. After a strenuous day on the movie lot I would stay up for hours in bed, watching my mind unwind. At first I tried going to sleep without food and tossed all night. Then I tried a heavy meal on the principle of a weight on my chest, like a safe or a piano, to keep me from tossing. But it also kept me from breathing.

An Effective Remedy

"What seems to be the matter with you?" inquired the doctor, when my turn came.

"I can't sleep."

"What do you do?"

"Well, I'm out all day on the open movie lot and—"

"I see, you don't get enough air. You should play golf," he told me, "and you'll sleep."

The doctor was right. The first day I went on the links I was hit on the head by a flying golf ball and I slept beautifully. In fact, it took three men with smelling salts and a pulmotor to wake me up.

While this was a very effective remedy I couldn't depend on being hit by a golf ball every time I wanted to take a nap. So I decided to try a Dr. Dredley whom a movie director recommended highly because he had relieved him of bunions. I attempted to tell the doctor the symptoms of my distress but he cut me off abruptly.

"Don't tell me anything. I'll find out myself!"

It was only afterward that I discovered why he wouldn't listen. He couldn't. He was deaf. Still I was impressed by the thoroughness of his examination. He put his telephone to my bare chest and sat as if expecting the operator to give him a number. After a while he looked up at me with a puzzled and worried air.

"What's the matter, doc? Don't they answer?"

"Your heart," he said with a sudden conviction and kept on listening anxiously.

"My heart? Without seeming too inquisitive," I shouted, "you don't mean to say you can't hear my heart!"

"It's funny," he remarked, talking to himself. "You must have a heart! Still, it may be your tonsils." Then, turning to me, he said, "Between the two I believe you'd rather cut out the tonsils."

"I never had any trouble with my tonsils!" I cried, alarmed.

"Don't worry about your heart. That's the worst of you patients. Right away you start to worry! The doctor makes an examination and finds certain things are wrong and then you talk them into yourselves!" He seemed to work up a temper at his own words. "I know you!" he exclaimed. "You'll stay up nights now crying, 'I have a weak heart!' and walk around feeling your pulse when you haven't any to feel! That's why we have so many hypochondriacs!"

"So what *is* the matter with me?" I murmured faintly.

"There you go!" he shouted without hearing me. "Worried about your heart again! It's nothing at all!" And he waved his hand carelessly, hitting me in the nose. Then he took out a pad with a pen and wrote something. "Really, you don't need this medicine," he said, handing me the prescription, "but I know you. If I wouldn't give you a medicine you'll say, 'What kind of a doctor is he?' And by the way, start by taking out your tonsils and later we'll see what else!"

The Surgeon is Agreeable

The next few weeks I felt my throat bothering me by day and at night I would feel my pulse and bend my head toward my chest to listen for heartbeats. Maybe that deaf old blusterer was right after all, I thought. Suddenly my voice grew husky and I visited a throat surgeon.

"I have some throat trouble," I complained. "And what is worse, I can't sing."

"Having seen you in some shows," said the surgeon blandly, "I agree with you."

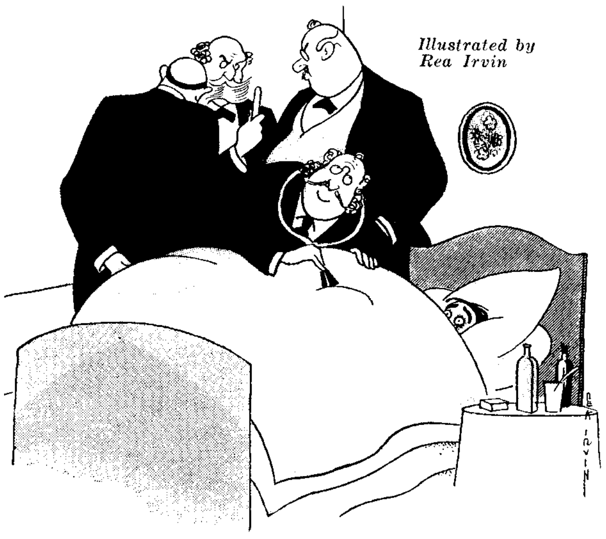
"What shall I do?"

"Go into pictures."

But he gave me that advice before the movies learned to talk. I tried to wave his pleasantries aside.

"Do you think I ought to have my tonsils out?"

"Can't hurt. (*Continued on page 38*)



Illustrated by Rea Irvin

I've learned a great deal about doctors

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . . dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves . . . irritable skin.

—*then* is the time your skin needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade

THE NEW FIFTY-BOX
Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind; when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some $12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—*every* Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job *every* morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave.
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

TRADE Gillette MARK

★ ★ ★ **Gillette**

Gentleman Joe

By John Gallishaw

A Short Short Story

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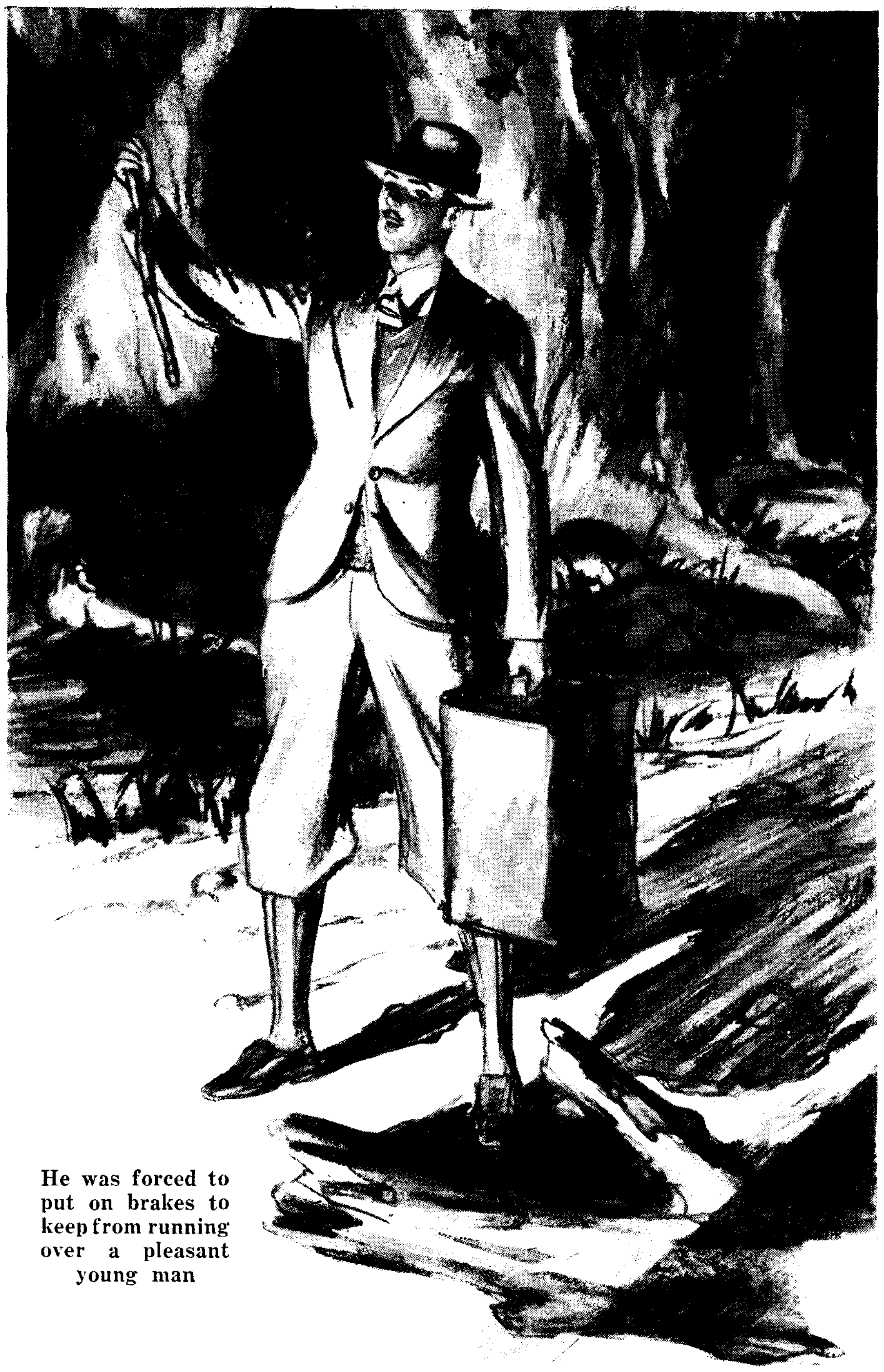


He was forced to put on brakes to keep from running over a pleasant young man

WHEN Chicago's underworld heard that Gentleman Joe Sprague was quitting his racket, they scoffed. "Nobody else can swing it," they admitted, enviously, " 'cause nobody else's got Gentleman Joe's front."

They were right. Gentleman Joe in his expensive tweed suit and English brogans looked like class.

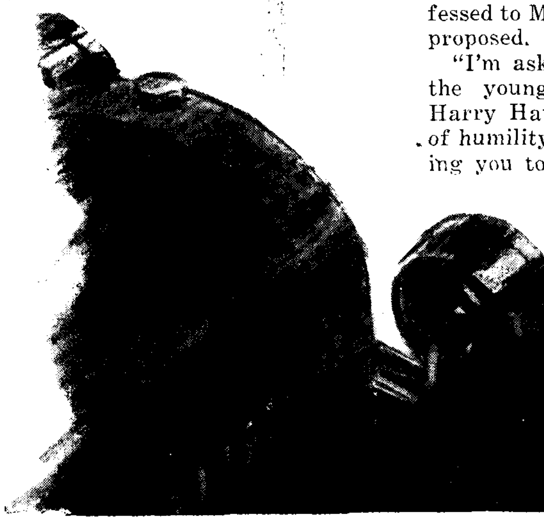
The victim, swinging his car round a bend at dusk, would find a log barring most of the right of way. If he swerved to avoid it, he was forced to put on all his brakes to keep from running over a pleasant, tweed-suited young man, carrying a five-gallon can of gasoline.

Usually a lift was proffered. When it was not, Gentleman Joe jumped on the running board, and smiled engagingly. Few could resist that smile. Then followed the swift blow with the blackjack. A few minutes later passing motorists saw a column of flame in the bushes beside the road. The can of gasoline poured over the driver was one of the keenest ideas of the whole racket. When a body was completely charred, everybody felt sure that the securities or bills were burned too. The racket had never failed for Gentleman Joe. It never worked for anyone else.

Tony Scarapello tried it, and spent a year in jail. Somebody put the guy wise, gangland said. Tony blamed Gentleman Joe's jealousy. This was funny to anyone who knew Gentleman Joe. Tony Scarapello didn't. He had never even seen him. The paths of clumsy apprentices do not cross those of master craftsmen. Gentleman Joe laughed quietly in a well-bred, restrained way at the thought of Tony swearing, picturesquely, that he would spoil Gentleman Joe's next big job.

Joe was outspoken about this last crowning job. Everybody about Chicago knew the victim. They knew young Rodney Speyer's recklessness on the polo field, the huge sums he won and lost with equal nonchalance. And they knew that he kept in his office safe a diamond lavallière—a priceless bauble originally destined for a lady who had proved faithless. There had been pictures of it in the rotogravure sections. All crookdom knew the exclusive pattern.

From Rodney Speyer's blond stenographer Gentleman Joe learned about the final blow-up. The elder Speyer wanted the younger to marry a certain lady.



Illustrated by Seymour Ball

"I'll choose my own wife," declared Rodney hotly. "You've molded my life too long; from now on I'll be my own man."

That afternoon in Red Grogan's gambling house Rodney won five thousand dollars. He stuffed the roll of hundred-dollar bills in his pocket as carelessly as if they had been singles. Then he went to his office for the diamonds.

HOW Tony Scarapello acted so quickly no one can really tell. It is enough that, learning of it, through the mysterious grapevine system of gangland, he saw his chance to even matters with Gentleman Joe. With anybody but Rodney Speyer, Tony's scheme might have been dangerous. But Tony trusted to the popular conception of young Speyer as a bored young man who never evaded danger. He called him up on the telephone and told him, in broken but convincing English, just what would happen on the Horseshoe Bend of the road to his house. Rodney Speyer had announced publicly that after destroying some letters and photographs, he would be seen no more. Gentleman Joe counted on those facts to lend color to a story of a planned suicide.

The job was a magnificent final gesture from Gentleman Joe. The only recognizable part of the car was the registration plate; and old man Speyer looked only once at the charred remains of the driver before breaking down.

They could not question Tony Scarapello. "Tony was wise to beat it," said gangland. Yet he might have stayed. Month piled upon month and the haunts of Gentleman Joe knew him no more.

But in Contentville, Georgia, there appeared soon afterward a young Englishman, very personable, with a certain sophisticated dash and manner. He was romantically mysterious, and word went out that his war experiences were a bitter chapter that he preferred to call finished. He brought Banker Blanchard no bank references; he needed none. With an engaging smile he planked down five thousand dollars in crumpled hundred-dollar bills as a deposit. He dabbled a little in Contentville's real estate, profited, reinvested, and in two years had a handsome stake. His name, he said, smiling engagingly, was Harry Hawkins.

His explanation of being early orphaned, of ranching in Western Canada after the war, was accepted readily. That it was not wholly true he confessed to Marion Blanchard the night he proposed. The truth he did not proffer.

"I'm asking you to marry me," said the young man who called himself Harry Hawkins, with an unusual note of humility in his voice. "And I'm asking you to do it blind."

The girl did not hesitate. She was very young and very much in love.

The engagement present was a beautiful diamond lavallière.

There might have been no echo of the past but for the girl's mother. It was Mrs. Blanchard's wheedling that made Marion agree to the photographing of the lavallière for the Sunday paper. It was there that Tony Scarapello saw it. He knew at once its distinctive design, its cold and mocking beauty. Broke and desperate he arrived in Contentville, and made discreet inquiries before going to the office of the man known as Harry Hawkins.

"A THOUSAND dollars," said the man he accosted, coolly. "I'd pay it gladly if I thought that'd be the last of it."

"I promise it," said Tony Scarapello, with fervent eagerness.

"Your word isn't worth a damn," said the other contemptuously. "You called up Rodney Speyer that night. You're a rat, Scarapello."

"I'm the kind of a rat that bites," threatened Tony Scarapello venomously. "There'll be something in it for me when I tell the District Attorney."

His victim was about to answer when Marion Blanchard came in. At the sight of the stranger she drew back.

"Don't go," commanded the young man, unabashed. "This is Tony Scarapello. You probably heard about him at the time of the Speyer case in Chicago."

"I remember about that," said Marion.

"Scarapello," said her fiancé with the whiplash of contempt in his voice, "was the mysterious person with the foreign voice who telephoned to Rodney Speyer that night."

The girl looked at him with widened eyes.

"I asked you to go it blind, Marion," he explained. "I thought we could. But this thing came in here today to blackmail me. You never knew of Gentleman Joe's racket, I suppose?"

The girl shook her head.

Swiftly the young man sketched the high points of Gentleman Joe's racket. He kept his gaze averted from the girl's.

"And now," he concluded, "this fellow comes here, and asks me for a thousand dollars, for which he promises to forget that I am Gentleman Joe."

He strode to the door, and flung it open. "Get out," he commanded Tony.

The swarthy man slunk out. On the doorsill he turned.

"You'll burn," he threatened. "I'll tell the District Attorney."

The man he threatened laughed coolly.

"Don't waste your time," he counseled. "Two hours after that car caught fire I saw the District Attorney. There'll be no indictment. It was clearly self-defense. Tell him, if you tell him anything, that you came here and accused me of being Gentleman Joe Sprague. And tell him, what he already knows; tell him that I laughed at you because I'm Rodney Speyer."

Off to a fresh start

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THERE'S a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. As the day rolls on, with much still to be done, the little red sign invites you to drop in at a cool and cheerful fountain—to pause and refresh yourself, and be off to a fresh start. ▼ ▼ ▼ Coca-Cola is a blend of many flavors, perfectly combined to give a flavor all its own. ▼ ▼ ▼ It has made friends with all the world—because people know its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture.

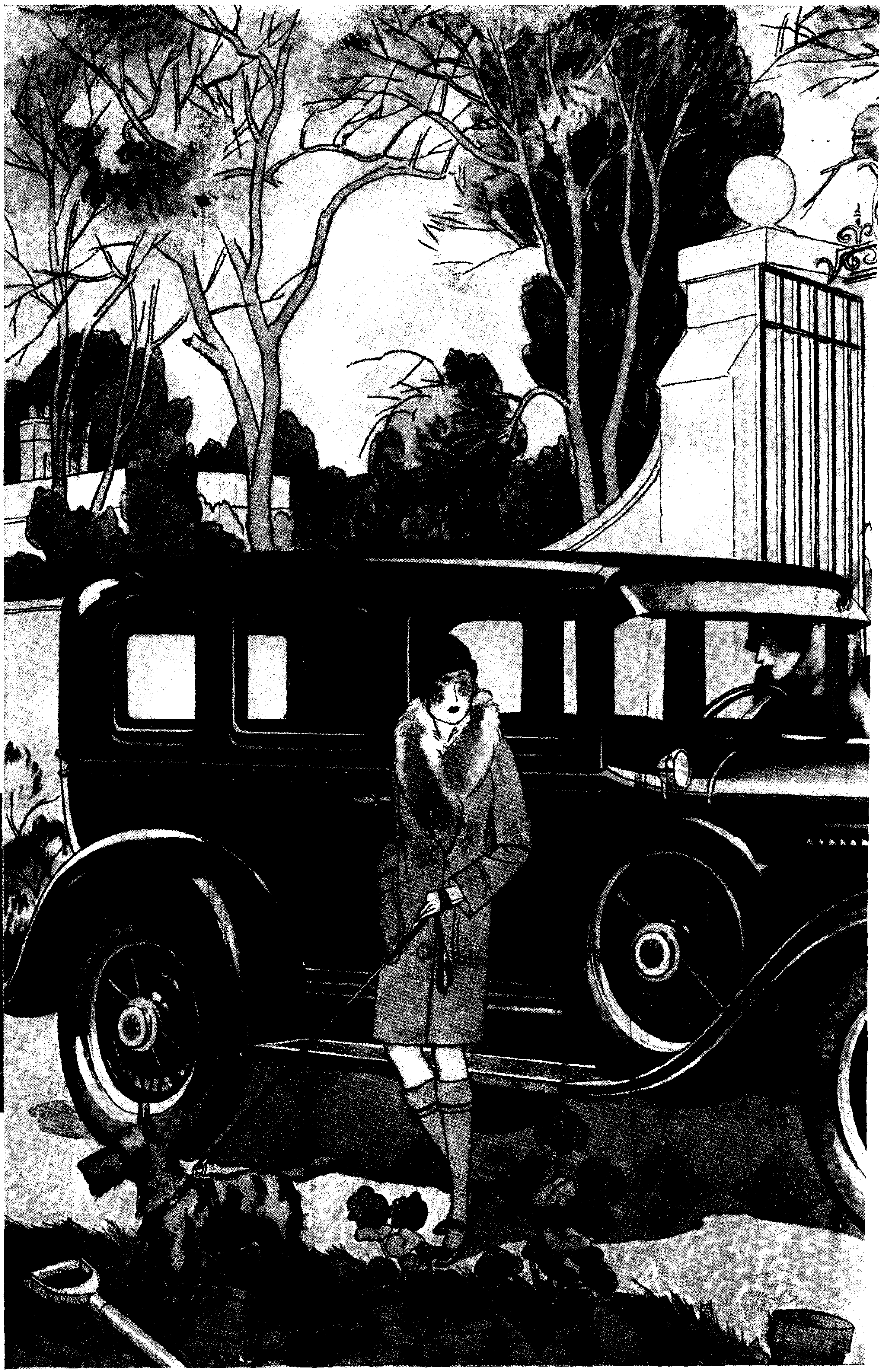
THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

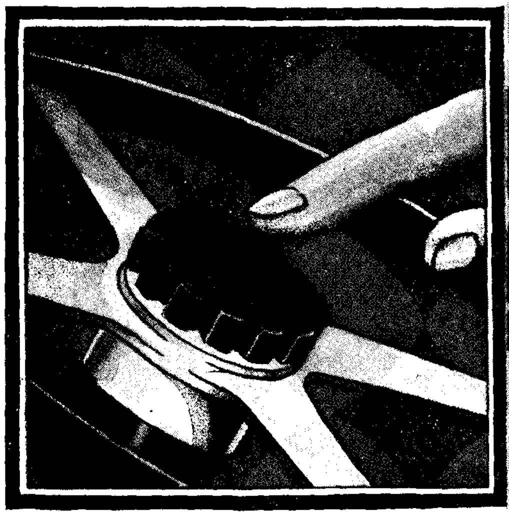
OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

The MOST BEAUTI

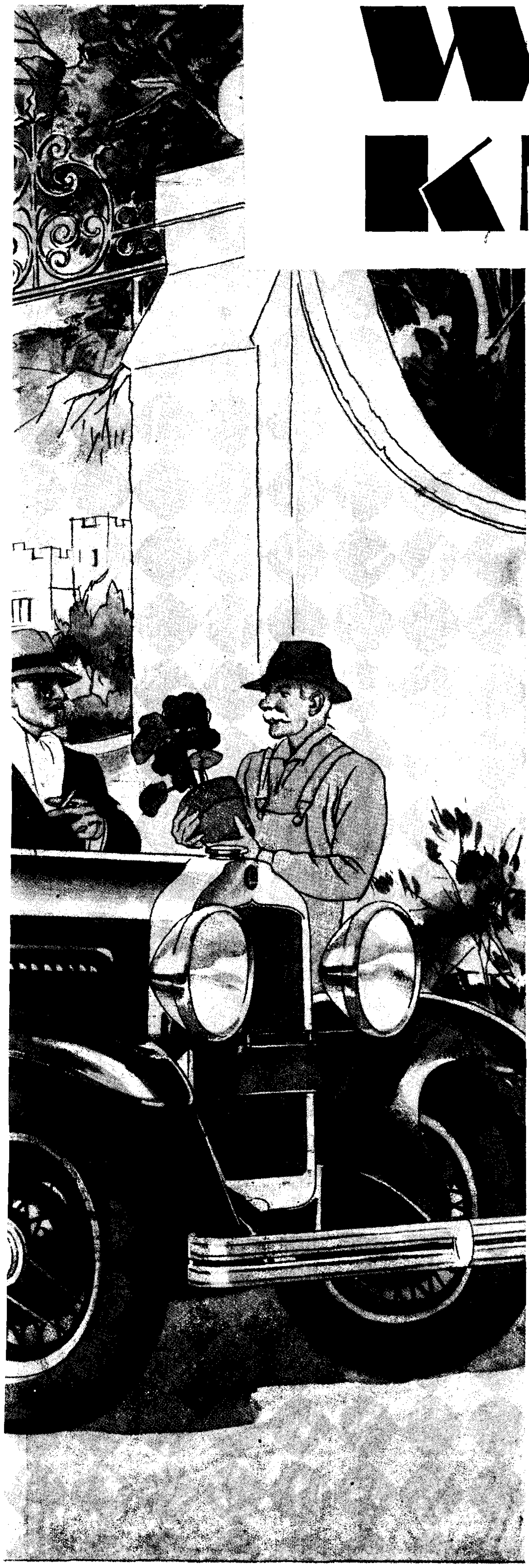


NEW "FINGER-TIP CONTROL"



An important advance in driving convenience and safety. A single button, in the center of the steering wheel, starts the motor, operates the lights and sounds the horn. You can keep your eyes always on the road, and your foot always on the brake when starting or re-starting on a hill.

FUL, LOW-PRICED WILLYS KNIGHT



... ALSO THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL KNIGHT-ENGINED CAR EVER OFFERED AT SO LITTLE COST

THE tastefully modern design, the beauty of line and color of the new style Willys-Knight Six distinguish this attractive car as the outstanding creation of the country's leading style specialists. Only among the costliest custom-built cars can you find adequate comparison with the artistry of finish and perfection of appointment which characterize this inexpensive Willys-Knight.

There are thousands who have always desired a Knight-motored car but until now have been restrained by the necessarily higher cost of the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine. By them, this distinctive new Six is welcomed as history's finest Willys-Knight value. By present Willys-Knight owners, the new car is acclaimed as still further proof of Willys-Overland's constant progress in engineering, body design and refinement of detail.

See the new style Willys-Knight Six at the showroom of your nearest Willys-Overland dealer. A demonstration will reveal the smoothness, silence, pick-up and speed of its superior power plant, while long service will prove its dependability and economy.

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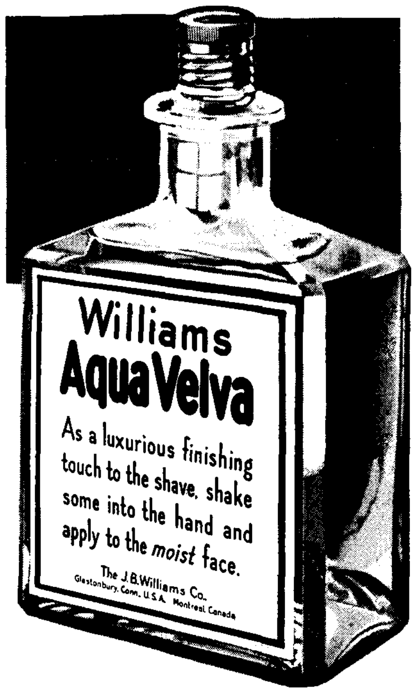
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

COACH $1045

Coupe $1045; Sedan $1145; Touring $1045; Roadster $1045. Wire wheels included. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Equipment, other than standard, extra.


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co. Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

When you think of shaving think of

Aqua Velva

for After-Shaving!

Soon the summer will be here. Let Aqua Velva begin it with you. The regular use of Aqua Velva will make every summer morning a bit more cheerful.

Aqua Velva gives a sprightly, stimulating thrill, as though a sleepy skin had asked for it and wakened to its tingling touch. *Pleasure* there! Real *pleasure!*

***Profit,* too, in that it cares for tiny nicks, cuts, abrasions—unseen, mostly. Tones up. Invigorates. Makes facial tissue firm. Protects from dust and germs. Does all any after-shaving preparation has ever done before—and then a lot more!**

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, Aqua Velva gives proper finish to any shave, and *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit!*

Start your summer with Aqua Velva. Soon enough you'll discover how remarkably worth while it is.

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Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. C-49, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.**

**Williams
Aqua Velva**
For use after shaving

The Aches have it

Continued from page 32

It may not improve your voice but it'll help you in your eating."

While the extraction of my tonsils gave my throat relief I still could not sleep. My thoughts always hovered over the terrifying scene of the eccentric Dr. Dredley listening to a vacuum in my chest. If I could only know the truth about my condition!

I went to another doctor.

He laughed at Dr. Dredley's diagnosis even before he examined me and that felt encouraging.

"Yes, Dredley's a fine fellow," he observed genially. "I just saved one case he overlooked. If not for him I wouldn't have a practice. All his victims come to me! Now my man, first of all, where were you born?"

"This doctor is a professor," I thought to myself. "He begins from the very beginning. The other fellow never asked me where I was born." So I told him I was born in New York.

"H'm! New York!" mused the professor. "Married?"

"A little bit."

"Any children?"

"A few."

"H'm! . . . Now," said the professor, taking out a steel hammer, "when I hit you on the head, say 'Ah!'"

"Leave it to me!"

After he hit me all over, he stretched me out on a table and seemed surprised that I wasn't dead yet.

After he was through punching, pinching and hitting me, I asked, smiling weakly, "Doctor, is that all?"

"Wait, let me give you another kick," he said. "Do you feel that?"

"Do I!"

"Ah, now I've got it!" he cried. "You're very sensitive. When somebody kicks you, you get red in the spot where you're kicked. That's the sign of a high-strung, nervous temperament. Most people get fat from being kicked around. You've got to stop being so sensitive. Rub yourself morning and evening with a cold towel. And by the way, eat plenty of liver."

"Liver?"

Let Your Kidney Float

"Yes. I prescribe liver today for anything from anemia to fallen arches. You must phone your order early to my particular butcher, there may be dozens ahead of you, and if you're late your liver will be out of order!"

"Now as to your heart—it's perfect. Of course, you do show symptoms of a floating kidney and the left lung there looks as if it's missing, but don't be sensitive. Just eat liver and it'll all pass away—like the lung."

From the doctor's butcher I ran quickly to an X-ray firm to look in and see if there was still anything left of me. The X-ray man showed me a lot of smoked glass with finger-prints on it and said gravely: "Why didn't you come to me in time when I could have made some really beautiful plates of your diaphragm? Now it's all healed."

"That's fine!" I cried. "And what about my floating kidney?"

"Let it float."

"And how about the missing lung?"

The X-ray man put his hand on my shoulder. "I'll tell you what's the matter with you," he said feelingly; "you've let your imagination run wild. What you need is a psycho-analyst."

I entered the somber study of a psycho-analyst and let him peer at me through his thick, foggy glasses. His first question was, "How do you live with your wife?"

"It's none of your business."

He became stern. "All modern ills are due to family relations," he said.

"Blame my relations all you like," I told him. "I wouldn't be surprised if all my troubles came from the way my cousin plays bridge."

"No, I mean sex relations," muttered the philosopher. "Do you love your wife or why are you in Hollywood?"

"I confess. I'm a book-agent and wear a red flannel night-gown."

The psycho-analyst took off his glasses and his eyes shone with a searching light. He felt he was on the right trail.

"When you go to sleep at night, you dream, don't you?"

"I don't."

"I thought so," he said. "And since you don't dream you must sleep very soundly, don't you?"

"I don't."

"I thought so. . . . And since you neither dream nor sleep soundly, you must stay awake. You suffer from insomnia. Is that correct?"

"Correct."

"I have found the root of your trouble. It is insomnia. That will be enough for today."

I might have gone for another treatment but fortunately I met an old friend who opened a new vista of science to me. What I needed, he urged was no ordinary physician but a specialist.

"Your sleeplessness is due to some hidden cause," he argued, "that only the highest science can discover. Now take my aunt—may she rest in peace—she suffered from insomnia. For years she went to ordinary doctors but it was only after she saw a specialist that everything was solved. And here's the joke: All along we thought she simply had insomnia but it wasn't insomnia at all! It was a cancer!"

"Listen, I've been X-rayed, had my tonsils out. They told me everything and it didn't help."

"The question is *who* told you. A general practitioner or a specialist?"

"Well, I guess they were more or less general practitioners."

"That's just the point!" he cried triumphantly. "Any ordinary doctor may treat you for pneumonia and you die of a broken leg. That never happens with a specialist. Whatever he treats you for you die from!"

"That's very reassuring," I said gratefully and with new hope I made the rounds of specialists.

Each one told me there was nothing the matter with me and prescribed half of a drug store. After completing my last picture I went East and arrived home followed by two trucks. My wife greeted me with astonishment, "What! Did you bring along the studio with you?"

"No, that's just a few things I have to take once in a while to keep fit. Doctor's orders, you know!" I said, gayly patting her on the back.

One More Doctor!

The next day I couldn't find any of my drugs. "Come now, Ida," I said impatiently. "Where did you hide them?"

"Listen, Eddie. You went to doctors and paid them for their prescriptions—that's all right, because they have to live. You filled the prescriptions and that's all right, because after all, the druggists have to live. And now I dumped all the medicines into the sewer because you have to live!"

"But Ida—after all the doctors I saw!"

"Didn't you sleep well last night? Now don't say you didn't! I was right beside you and heard you snore!"

"It's the first time since I left for Hollywood."

"You simply wanted to be back home. That's all that ailed you."

"Then I better call a doctor!"

"What for? You're healthy!"

"I know. That's why I'm calling him. I want to be examined for life insurance."

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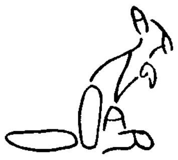
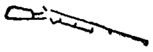
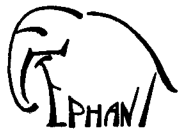


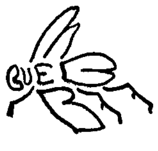
"Kangaroo," by Mildred Chaffin, 1115 S. Travis, Sherman, Texas



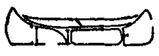
"Rifle," by Leslie Kane, Route 1, Wenatchee, Wash.



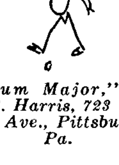
"Elephant," by Fred Karge, 17 S. 13th St., Niles, Mich.



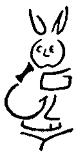
"Bumblebce," by Mary Warfield, 221 2d St., Clarksville, Tenn.



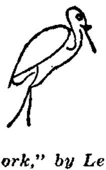
"Canoe," by Cornelio R. Domingo, Laoag, Ilocos Norte, Philippines



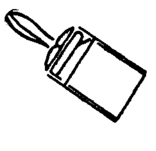
"Drum Major," by J. R. Harris, 723 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



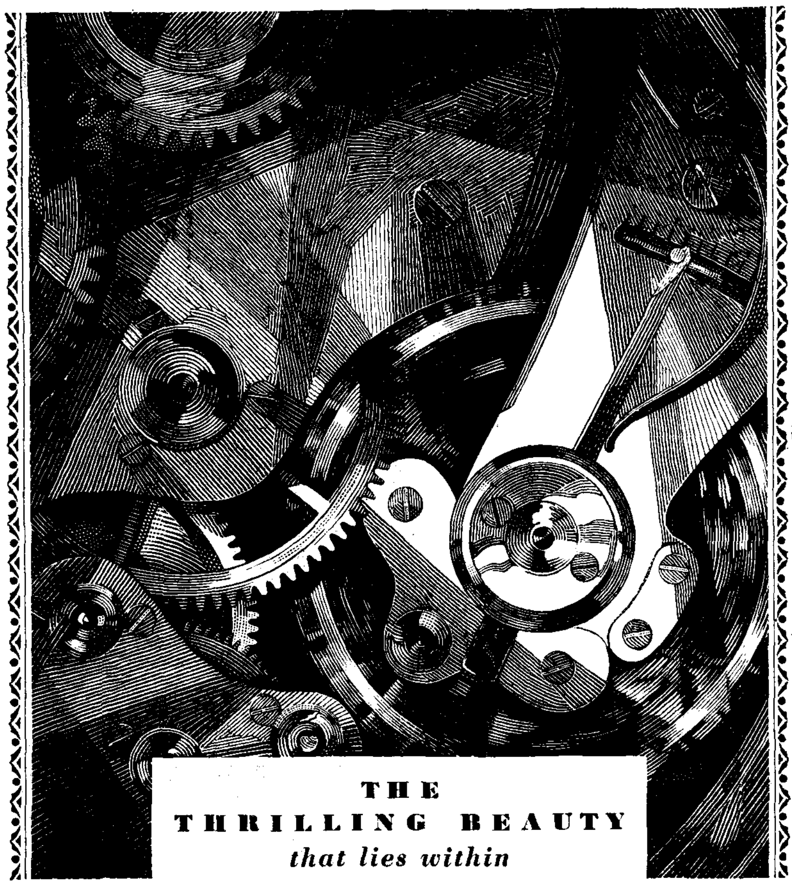
"Uncle Wiggley," by Frank Berry, Marion, Ark.



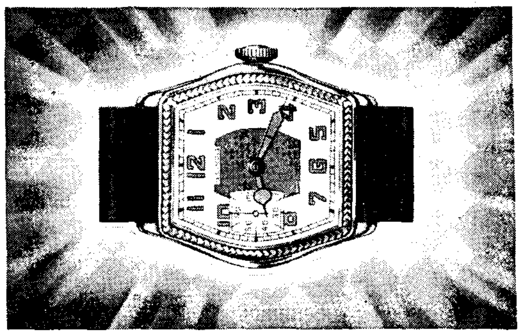
"Stork," by Lewis B. Arscott, 81 Lincoln Ave., Mt. Clemens, Mich.



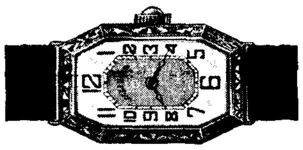
"Brush," by Harry H. Cooper, 704 W. Washington, Howell, Mich.



A great American Watch *for as little as* $40.



The Illinois Ensign, *15 jewels, $40. Other Men's strap watches from $40 to $75*

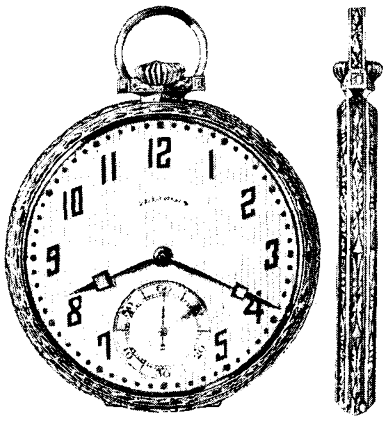


The Illinois Newport, *17 jewels, $50. Other Ladies' ribbon watches from $50 to $75 and more*

THE ILLINOIS WATCH exemplifies the finest American workmanship. It represents standards of accuracy and service unsurpassed, grade for grade, in the markets of the world. And now you can own thrilling Illinois performance in several models that cost as little as forty dollars.

Naturally Illinois Watches are beautiful. You can see it on this page. You can see it even better in more intimate contact at your jeweler's. But the beauty that is a timepiece goes deeper than the eye can see. And to an Illinois Watch, charm of design is but the fitting setting of this greater beauty that lies within.

To achieve it, takes from eight months to a year. For the amazing precision that ticks five times a second, 18,000 times an hour, comes only from a beauty of workmanship found in almost perfect matching of parts, in almost unbelievably fine adjustments. But when an Illinois Watch leaves its factory, it is a timepiece—for years to come.



The Illinois A. Lincoln, *19 jewels, $110. Other Men's pocket watches from $40 to $120 and more*

Ask your jeweler to show you the many new models for both men and women. Then ask him how good they are. He knows watches, and he has known Illinois ever since he has been in business.

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Let us send you, without obligation, the Illinois Book of Watches. It illustrates a wide choice of models, and gives you the price of each. Simply address Dept. C, The Illinois Watch, Springfield, Ill.

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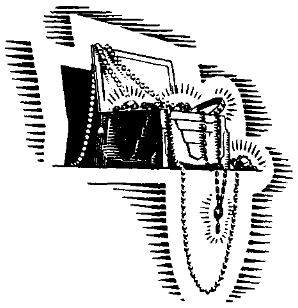
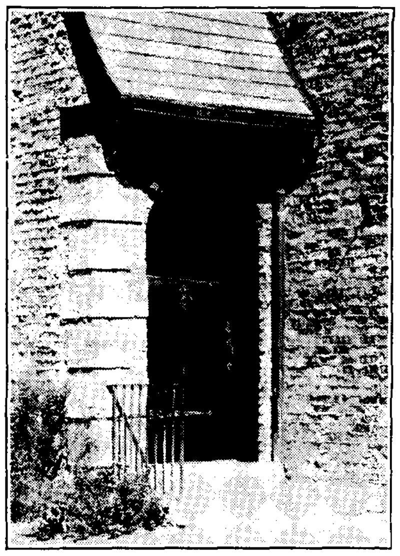
The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS



It adorns the door like Jewelry



Every line, every graceful curve of this lovely Forged Iron Hardware by McKinney holds in it a sense of Artistry. The craftsmanship of the Ancient Armorer, the beat of hammer on wayside forge, alike find expression in its shapely form and rugged texture. And, like jewelry it holds the power to adorn its setting.

With all its charm and unusualness, McKinney Forged Iron Hardware is surprisingly reasonable in price. It is available in so many designs and in such a variety of pieces, practically any home, however modest or pretentious, can be completely outfitted. Builders' Hardware Merchants have it on display. Remember, it is rust-proofed and will last indefinitely. *McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

On the Radio Sunday Afternoon, 4:30 Eastern Time, 3:30 Central Time. Listen to the McKinney Musicians and hear the McKinney Master Designer tell of the Romance of Forged Iron. Station WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WLW, KYW, KWK, WREN, KSTP.

McKINNEY HARDWARE
"The Jewelry of the Home"

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Pittsburgh, Pa. (*Forged Iron Division*)
Please send me, without obligation, the items which I have checked:
☐ Brochure on Forged Iron Hardware
☐ Folio on Lanterns
Name..............................
Address..............................

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 24

the Gallegos forces were in rapid retreat, these snipers subsided, made their way through the scrubby timber down the valley and rejoined their comrades.

Señor De Haro and his companions climbed out of the truck (they had occupied one with a heavy sheet-iron body) and embraced Ken Burney, the while their glad "vivas" echoed over the valley. Then the Mexicans, accompanied by Burney, mounted and rode out over the field, while Tom Bledsoe took charge of the task of reloading the men and horses in the trucks and breaking camp, preparatory to leaving at once. The wounded horses Burney mercifully killed, and the wounded bandits on each flank the *jefe politico's* companions as mercifully wafted into eternity with well-directed shots from their six-shooters.

Ken Burney counted the dead. They numbered forty-two.

The coyotes will be grateful to you, Señor Burney," the *jefe politico* suggested humorously. "Also, it becomes my duty and pleasure to express to you the gratitude of my government. You have but defended yourself when attacked by a bandit force and no criticism can be directed at you or your employer."

Ken Burney smiled upon him half sadly. "Poor little sandal-feet," he murmured. "They know no better. But will not criticism be directed toward you for the lack of vigilance which resulted in my company entering Mexico armed?"

"Certainly, Señor, but the criticism will be directed by those of no importance. We have a long frontier and Mexico has not sufficient troops, customs or immigration officials to guard it. I shall disclaim responsibility."

"Nevertheless," Burney reminded him. "The same lack of vigilance will not be possible again. When I return to El Cajon Bonita, as I must, I will have to cross the Line at some unguarded point and at night. It would not be kind of me to embarrass you, Señor De Haro."

"PERHAPS that would be the better plan, Señor Burney. But there is a certain amount of sorrow mingled with the joy of this tremendous victory. I fail to find Miguel Gallegos among the dead."

"He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day. It is not well to catch but one bird at a time. In the next fight Martin Bruce and his cowboys will reinforce Gallegos—and Bruce will dictate the strategy of the campaign. Unlike Gallegos, he is not a fool. When he learns from Gallegos what has occurred today he will come down to Los Osos immediately for a conference with Gallegos."

"True words, my friend. But—when this fellow Bruce crosses the international border I will have him arrested and tried for cattle stealing. Then I will send three troops of rurales to Los Osos to arrest Miguel Gallegos—"

"A good plan, Señor De Haro, but I have a better one. Gallegos has lost many horses, but he still has a hundred and sixty-nine men fit for active service. The force he came with today was one hastily gathered; doubtless within forty-eight hours he can remount and redouble his force, and it is conceivable that, if attacked by the rurales, he may defeat them. At any rate good men will die—and there is no necessity for that. My plan provides for the complete destruction of these men but without much danger to the rurales. We will make haste slowly, my friend."

Two hours later the El Ranchito convoy crossed back into the United States at Huachita.

Burney went at once to the telegraph station and wired Bruce at the latter's home in Arizona and also at his ranch headquarters in New Mexico:

> Your little playmate, Miguel Gallegos and two hundred and ten of his gang tangled with me in El Cajon Bonita this morning. Casualties ninety-eight horses and forty-two men, all too dead to skin. No casualties on my side except one horse killed and one mule creased. I had to get out in a hurry but I am coming back soon to round up every cow brute that wears your brand, vent the brand and run the Bardin iron on every head. After a while you will learn that branding other men's calves is a mighty unprofitable business. Miguel was long on courage but short on brains. You should go down and help him out and if it will be any comfort to you, know that I am returning to El Cajon Bonita with my men next Thursday and will be pleased to meet you and discuss the matter. Maybe some of the calves that wear your brand really belong to you, although I doubt it. But I want to play fair.
>
> KENNETH C. BURNEY

"That chunk of information ought to reach Martin Bruce about the time he receives a hurry-up call from Gallegos," he decided.

From the telegraph station he strolled over to the International Hotel where he related to all and sundry the tale of his adventure of the morning in El Cajon Bonita. Nor did he hesitate to pay his respects to Bruce and Gallegos. In no uncertain terms he branded them as liars, thieves and murderers and announced his intentions of seeing to it personally that the first fall rains should start grass growing verdantly over their graves. To half a dozen men he imparted, in confidence, his intention of doubling the size of his party when he should return for the round-up; he bragged that with sixty men he could move the international boundary down to Tepic. And when he had bragged to the point where his own chin music was beginning to disgust him, he joined the cook, waiting for him with the motorized chuck wagon, and returned to El Ranchito.

TOM BLEDSOE, with the motor trucks, had long since arrived at the ranch and the news of the battle had reached the king and his daughter; consequently, when Burney came rolling in with the chuck wagon Art Graydon informed him that the king's orders were for Burney to report to his chief immediately upon arrival.

His Majesty was pleased beyond words and shook the hand of his general manager heartily. "Did you get Gallegos?" he demanded.

"No, sir."

"Why the devil didn't you? Tom Bledsoe says you toppled his horse at a thousand yards. Couldn't you have toppled him?"

"Why, yes, sir; I could, but—"

"But me no buts. Why didn't you tunnel the skunk?"

"I had orders not to, sir. Nobody re-

(*Continued on page 42*)

NEXT WEEK—

Who Killed Montague Brest?

The first of a series of short stories revealing the high dramatic moments in the career of Sir Jasper Slane, hunter of men and master of mysteries, is told

By
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

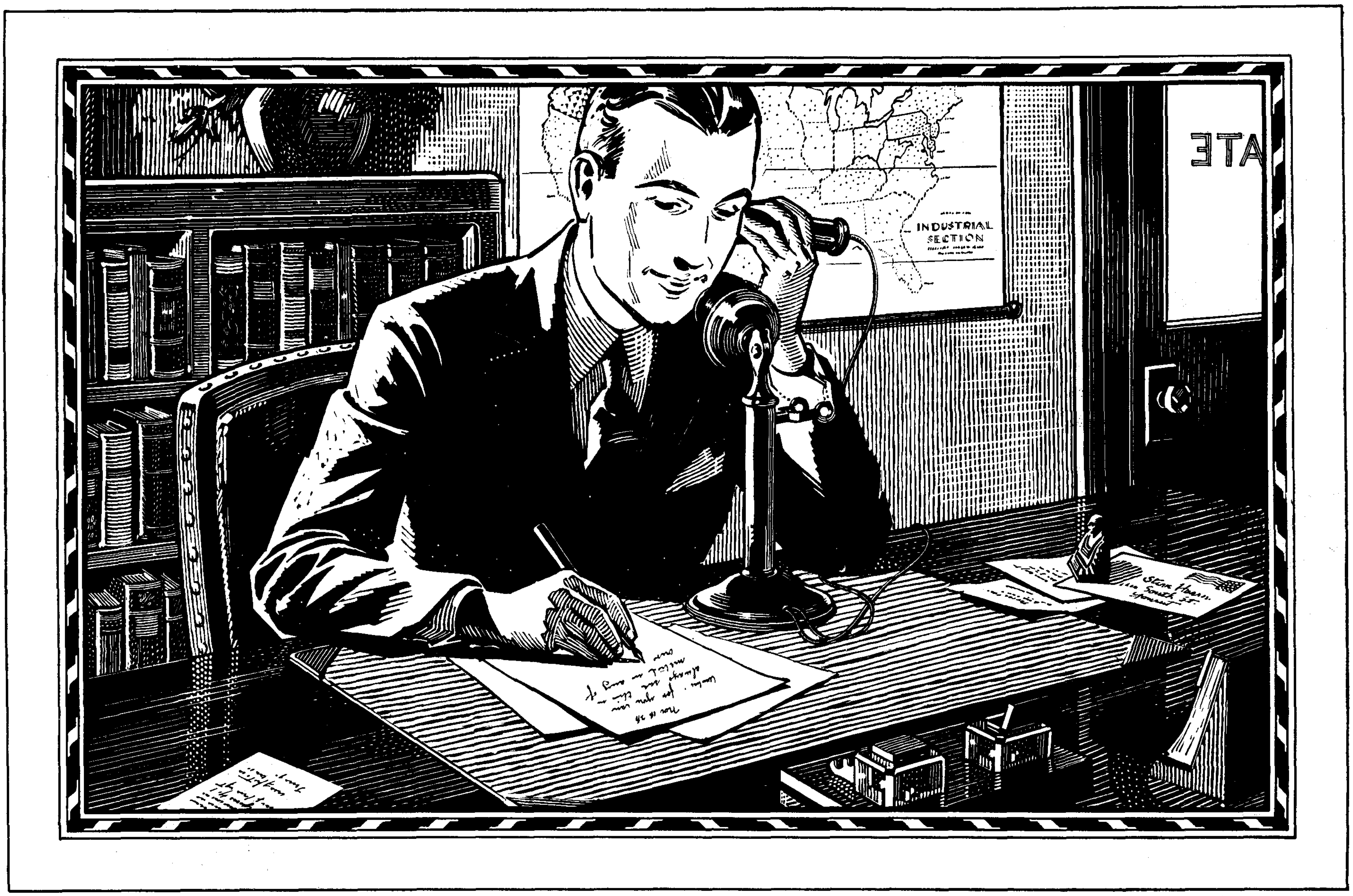
IN JUST TWO WEEKS —

SAX ROHMER

returns to us with the opening chapters of a new mystery romance whose solution involves the preservation of every living creature. It is the story of

The Day The World Ended

Busy Men often prefer to "See" you by Telephone



Your customers are busy people. There are times when they prefer that you visit them by telephone. You save their time as well as your own.

A sales executive does 77% of his out of town business by telephone. He says, "you get the undivided attention of the man you are calling. Without any preliminary conversation, you are right down to basic facts. Think also of conserving the time of the buyer."

Many such practical experiences have grown out of the Key Town Plan. As your business in the larger towns grows and takes more and more of your salesmen's time, why neglect the smaller towns? Keep up your contacts; cover them by telephone from the larger towns. The Bell System has prepared a national and regional Key Town Map which may be procured free upon request to your local Bell business office.

Study these Key Town Maps to learn the most effective method of reaching your market by telephone—the modern way to meet competition. Cover more towns. Make more contacts. Use classified telephone directories to uncover new outlets. Develop each territory with savings in cost.

The quickest way to make the calls from each Key Town is by Sequence Lists. The Bell System Credit Plan makes it unnecessary to carry cash for the calls. It helps keep a record of all contacts. Ask the local business office today for complete information. Bell Telephone Service . . . *Quick* . . . *Inexpensive* . . . *Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"This Extra 20%" Should Improve Your Iron Shots

USING a club with a Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft, made of genuine "spring steel", is like adding extra muscles to your own. It's like this—

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
"Bristol"
STEEL GOLF SHAFT
BRISTOL, CONN.
GOLD LABEL

This label in GOLD is on every genuine Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft. Make sure it's on the shaft of the club you buy.

"Spring Steel" has at least 20% more carbon than any other steel used for golf shafts. Carbon gives steel greater "pep". Everything being equal, this added 20% in a Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft should add power and control to your iron shots.

Bristol "Gold Label" Shafts are the only steel shafts made of spring steel. There is nothing imaginary about this "extra 20%". Take two clubs out on the fairway, one with a Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft and one with any other kind of shaft. Hit a dozen balls with each.

WRITE for interesting booklet on golf.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
124-B Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Golf Shaft

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 40

voked the order previously given me not to kill Gallegos, so I contented myself with knocking his horses over as fast as he mounted them. I didn't want to fight him, but he warned me to pull out of El Cajon Bonita and never come back and he confiscated the entire valley and all of your cattle in it, in the name of the Mexican people. Naturally, following that outburst, I had to defy him. If I hadn't, no man on this ranch would serve under me."

THE eyes of the princess were big with excitement. "You weren't hurt at all, were you, Ken?" she quavered.

He bowed to her. "My dear young lady," he replied coldly, "may I presume to remind you that I am your father's general manager and to be addressed as Mr. Burney? Rank has its privileges, you know, and I object to being addressed, on brief acquaintance, with the familiarity a dude-ranch tourist accords a cowboy guide."

"I beg your pardon," the princess murmured meekly. "Did you, personally, kill anybody today?"

"I did. I am morally certain I bowled over not less than eight men in self-defense and I'm not sorry for it and I'm not apologizing."

The king flew to the defense of his daughter. "There's no call for you to act uppity, Mr. Burney," he admonished. "What's your next move?"

"I'm going back into El Cajon Bonita, prepared to remain there long enough to round up every head of stock that wears the Bruce brand, vent that brand and run your iron on them."

"What do you mean—vent that brand?" the princess queried with alert interest.

"I'm going to rebrand them with Bruce's iron, or rather one exactly like it. That's called venting and the second brand outlaws the first. Then I'll run the Bardin iron on them and that brand will indicate legal ownership."

"But," the king protested, "how do you know that all of the Bruce cattle in El Cajon Bonita originally belonged to me?"

"Because Martin Bruce neither owns nor leases lands in Mexico and there is no record in the archives of the Mexican customs of his having driven any cattle into Mexico. Nor do our own customs people have any record. And if that isn't sufficient excuse, the Bruce cattle are pasturing on your land, which is fenced, and how did they get in there, anyhow? Your Majesty, I'm going to grab 'em all."

The king was mollified. "Well, that won't be hard to take. There must be a couple of thousand head at least. But it means we'll have a lawsuit."

"No, we'll not, sir, because next Thursday morning Martin Bruce and all his thieving, murdering allies are going to perish violently. There'll be nobody left to dispute your ownership of those cattle below the Line and I imagine you can make a deal with Bruce's executors to buy his outfit above the Line and live happy ever afterward."

"I think we ought to have a little drink," said the king.

"We should," Burney agreed. "I'm famished."

"May I call you Ken," the princess pleaded.

"Why, of course, Miss Muriel."

"Suppose you stay for dinner. You can go into the guestroom yonder and wash your face and hands and comb your hair and eat dinner in your shirt sleeves, Ken."

"Thank you. I'll be mighty happy to, Miss Muriel." He took her hand, bent and kissed it gallantly, and in his dark eyes there was a look that caused the king's heart to give a great leap.

"You double-crossing son of a horse-thief," His Majesty murmured softly to himself. "For two cents you'd give the air to the girl you met a year ago, and I don't know whether I like you for that or not." Then he noted a lambent glow in the eyes of the princess and a faint rosiness in her delicate cheeks and decided instantly that, upon the whole, things were—going badly.

The king was a man constitutionally unable to accept a dare. Without force, high courage and a certain amount of ruthlessness, he never would have attained his present position in the world of cattle and finance. Never having known a moment of weakness in an emergency, his heart beat high now with pride and admiration for Ken Burney. True, the boy still had another fight before him, but judging by the masterly manner in which he had inflicted such a crushing defeat upon Gallegos, the king was singularly free from worry as to the outcome of the second and final battle. But what did not greatly please him, however, was the manner in which his daughter had received this hired killer of his. Evidently, while Burney continued to kill in self-defense, the princess would continue to regard him as a gentleman.

While he stood with his back toward the young people (he was at the sideboard mixing the cocktails) he kept his old ears wide open for what they had to say. Ken Burney was drawing the princess a map of the battlefield and lecturing her on the value of preparedness. "If I hadn't provided good rifles, sighted up to a thousand yards; if I hadn't trained my men to shoot expertly at that range, and if I hadn't made a careful plan of campaign and stood by that plan to the last," the king heard him say, "there would have been a different tale to tell. Gallegos is neither a strategist nor a tactician, but he's a fighter. He's not afraid to come on and he must have grand qualities of leadership, otherwise his rabble would not have followed him. He would have overwhelmed any ordinary force of double the number I possessed."

"By crickey, you're right—if you do admit it yourself," the king soliloquized. "Ken, my boy, you're a good man and you know you're good. Muriel calls your admission of the fact self-conceit, but you and I know it's self-esteem and no man without that quality is worth two hoots in a hollow where there's a big job to be done . . . if he could only be induced to forget that other girl . . . if Muriel will play her hand well and land him . . . hell, I'm old and need a rest . . . damnation! Why must my baby be unlucky enough to fall in love with a man who can never reciprocate . . . poor Muriel. And it's all my fault."

WELL, that was a pleasant dinner party—at least insofar as Ken Burney and the princess were concerned. Despite the heat and the burdens of the day Mr. Burney was quite fresh and bubbling over with the joy of living. After dinner he went to the ranch office where he slept and brought back his jews-harp and harmonica; he whistled and played and sang; he told stories inimitably and to the music of his whistling he taught the princess two dances the world had forgotten before she was born, to-wit, the mazurka and the schottische.

The king was far from enjoying this intimacy in the young people. "Thank God you don't do tricks with cards," he growled irritably. "I don't think I could stand that."

To his signal relief Burney did not stay later than half past nine. He could not forget that he had to complete his contract and be on his way, for up in Harney county, Oregon, old Dan Wilkins was holding fifteen thousand head of cattle for his inspection and time was the essence of the contract. Moreover, he realized that any slip in his plans for the foray into El Cajon Bonita might be fatal—and he desired to write to his father! As he was about to take his leave the butler entered with the announcement that Mr. Burney was wanted on the telephone by Mr. Bruce.

"There's an extension telephone in my room," the king cried excitedly. "Wait a minute, son, till I get on it. I want to listen in."

"There's another extension line in the butler's pantry," the princess announced. "I think I'll do some listening in myself."

A MINUTE passed, then Burney entered the telephone booth in the hall.

"Good-evening, Mr. Bruce," he announced gravely.

"That you, Burney?"

"Yes."

"Martin Bruce speaking. I got your wire. An' I been hearin' a lot o' your loose conversation about me. You still sure you're goin' to be down in El Cajon Bonita Thursday, or was that just talk?"

"I'll be there. I give you my word of honor I will."

"Good news. How about that horse you promised to sell me? You'll be dead or leavin' the country by Friday—an' you promised to turn over the bill o' sale an' the delivery order to the bank the day before you left New Mexico."

"Where are you now?"

"In Huachita."

"Very well. I suppose you desire to be well-mounted when you ride down to meet me with your gang. Well, I don't blame you. My horse has a running walk that will not jar a man of your age and weight. I'll send a man in Wednesday morning with the horse and the documents."

"Thanks."

"I'll be disappointed if I do not meet you in El Cajon Bonita, Mr. Bruce."

Martin Bruce laughed harshly and briefly. "You'll meet me, young feller m'lad. I just called up to make sure you wouldn't disappoint me. Have you made your will?"

"No, but I shall in about half an hour. I'll have that thousand dollars you're paying me for Rowdy to dispose of. Be good to Rowdy, won't you, Mr. Bruce? He's a grand horse."

"Don't I know it!"

"Have you made your will, Mr. Bruce?"

"Don't have to. I'm sittin' pretty, provided you don't disappoint me."

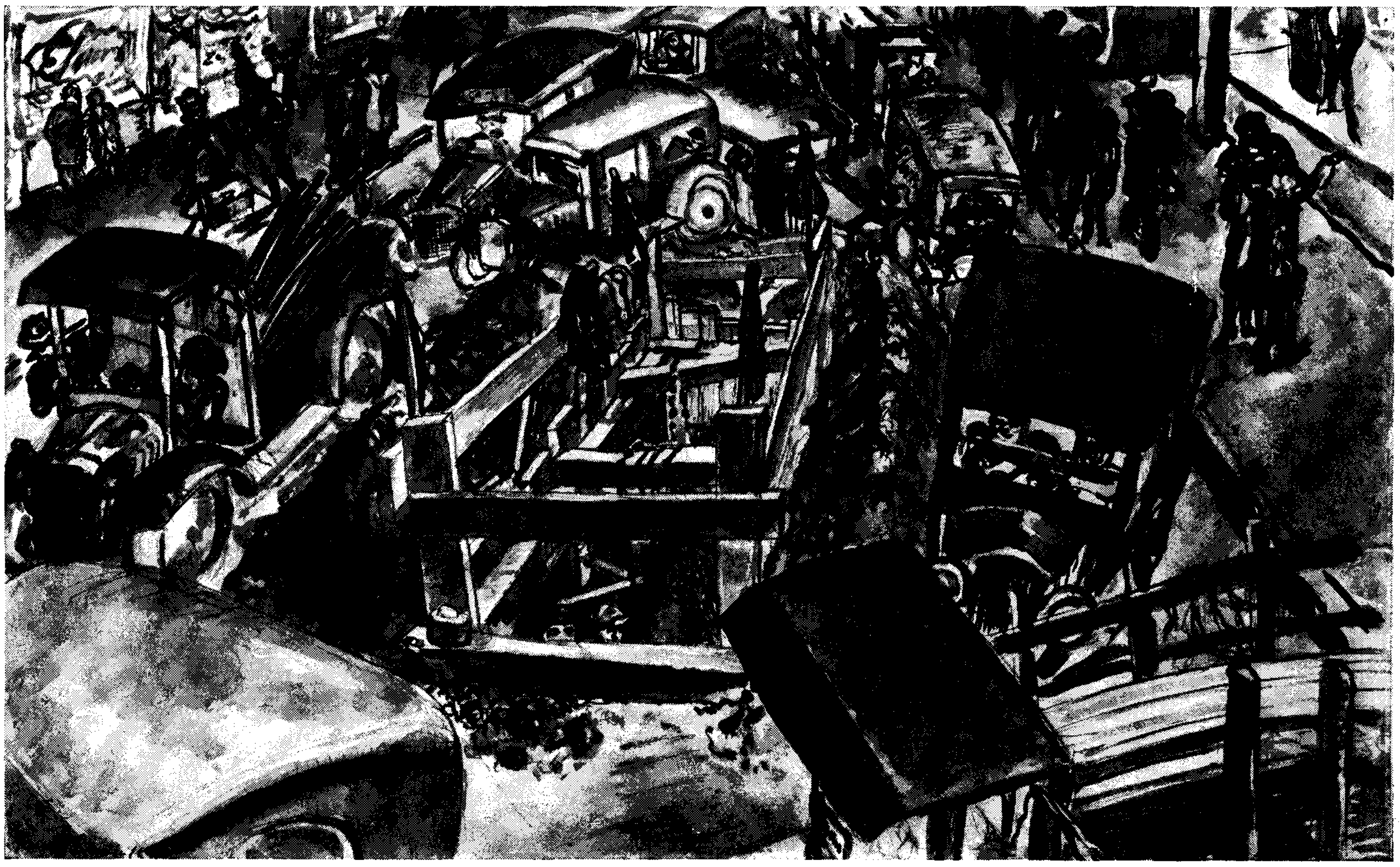
"I'll disappoint you. You're going to die and be buried Thursday in El Cajon Bonita. And I'll plant you with your pal, Miguel Gallegos, you dog."

He hung up, strolled out into the living-room, picked up his hat off the piano, bade the king and the princess farewell and disappeared into the night. Nor did he or the king fail to note that the princess was very pale, that her lips trembled and that in her eyes the tears were struggling for egress.

When his footsteps died away the princess went to bed and had what is known among her sex as a good cry.

(*To be continued next week*)

Why should you even *think* about cast iron pipe?



Why should the general public care *what* kind of gas or water pipe is laid under city streets?

The illustration answers the question. The wrong kind of pipe is responsible for ninety per cent of the traffic delays caused by digging up properly paved streets to replace or repair water and gas mains.

The right kind of pipe can be laid and forgotten. There need be no tearing up of expensive paving to replace pipe for generations. The kind of pipe used for gas or water mains in this day of unprecedented traffic congestion is important to every citizen. To motorists, to taxpayers, to city officials, it is vitally important.

Cast iron pipe serves for *centuries.* There is no case on record of cast iron pipe's failure under usual service conditions. There is cast iron pipe in actual use today which was laid 250 years ago. No wonder alert engineers who are sincerely trying to solve the traffic problem turn to cast iron pipe for gas and water mains. No wonder the average citizen is becoming interested in the kind of pipe which is being laid under the streets which he uses daily. No wonder taxpayers are asking whether their assessments are buying cast iron pipe and if not, why not.

Cast Iron Pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed below. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost. Address inquiries to: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and use of Cast Iron Pipe. Pipe bearing the "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Cast Iron Pipe & Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York City.

Q✓

TRADE MARK

The symbol shown above has been adopted as the trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association. Insist on the "Q-check" mark when specifying cast iron pipe for gas, water, sewer, or industrial service.

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CAST IRON PIPE

NATIONAL
MAZDA

The modern trend in decoration ▲ in art ▲ in architecture ▲ finds complete and satisfying expression in the beauty and simplicity of the inside-frosted National *Mazda lamp. ▲ ▲ ▲

National Lamp Works of General Electric Company

Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

*Mazda—the mark of a Research Service.

GE

NATIONAL

MAZDA

LAMPS

Any Fork will do

Continued from page 21

"terribly nervous" about his behavior. As he did not say "attend" or do anything that indicated the least need of advice, I thought "terribly nervous" was just a favorite expression of his and to be taken no more seriously than such words as "divine," "petrifying," "appalling," and "devastating" that are sprinkled throughout the conversation of the younger generation.

So half shruggingly, I said, "There is nothing to be nervous about! I haven't eaten you, have I? Mrs. X—— won't either. Go to the party, have a good time, and don't think about your behavior at all." He answered enthusiastically, "That's perfectly great! I can't tell you what a load you have taken off my mind."

An Important Everyday Rule

And although he almost dislocated my hand in the grip of his good-by, I thought nothing of this, and no more about him, *until* I was given a dozen different descriptions of the bounder who "crashed" the X——'s party. It took me no time to discover that the "bounder" was my young friend B——, whose idea of being natural was to laugh uproariously, nudge men, shove girls around by their elbows, and cap the climax by slapping old Mr. Eminent resoundingly on the back and greet him "Hello, Pop!"

As already indicated, there are rules of importance and there are other rules of no importance whatsoever. All rules for ceremonial events are of vital importance, but as they are specialized they have no place (nor is there room for them) in this article.

The everyday rule of utmost importance is to do nothing that can offend the sensibilities of others. This is very short and simple and all sufficient if we happen to know the sensibilities of those with whom we come in contact. Most of us have our own special prejudices. Certain mannerisms, rudenesses, words, actions—even objects, affect our sensibilities exactly as water poured over her back is supposed to affect a cat.

Screaming voices and loud, raucous laughter, any behavior that attracts unpleasant attention in public places, table manners or other habits like those of an animal are offensive to all people of ordinary decency.

Perhaps it would not be out of the way to explain the usual (not necessarily the only) origin of good breeding or innate refinement of taste. Once upon a time the possession of these qualities meant belonging through inheritance, or being admitted through marriage to a group of people who represented the greatest cultivation in cities or towns that had acquired cultivated recognition.

Gradually the group of highest social prominence in one community established numerous affiliations with the socially prominent groups in other towns. People who were well known in Baltimore, took letters to people in Richmond or Philadelphia. People from Europe brought letters to people in New York or Washington, who recommended them to the hospitality of friends and acquaintances in Philadelphia and Boston. And in this way news was carried, family associations formed and all these separate but affiliated circles comprised what was known as Best Society.

Much the same thing happens today. Except that where there used to be one definitely leading social group in each city or community, there are now hundreds of groups in such a city as New York. Each group of persons who are associated together for purposes of mutual friendship and enjoyment is a society. Whether high or low, admirable or the contrary, is often more or less a matter of opinion.

Social tradition, however, is the something still handed down from the ethics (or are they prejudices?) of our forefathers. Curiously enough, these traditions are identical whether they are inherited from the social groups of North Carolina, Maryland or Massachusetts, or whether they spread westward in the train of the covered wagon. Manners and customs are amazingly alike—in fundamentals: Loyalty to friends, courtesy to guests, obligations to family and to dependents.

Of how much importance high social origin may be is another discussion. It may be of none at all. However, no matter how each of us may have acquired them, the manners of all of us belong in one of five general classes: Ignorantly lacking, somewhat lacking, perfection, somewhat overdone or imitation. And of them all, the last are the worst! Once in a while you see people who are so completely veneered with mannerisms that you can scarcely resist shouting "Fire!" or "Mad dog!" just to see what they are like when natural.

Imitation manners belong most often to people who have voices strangled in sweetness, and whose gestures suggest a diver's motions under the sea. The assumed superiority that you are intended to be impressed by, is most unlikely to be suggestive of true breeding. These over-mannered people are most often the chief offenders in their unawareness of most taboos of behavior—and, did they but know it, every taboo of speech. Invariably they "attend," "presume," "desire," "purchase," "retire," and complacently crash every other taboo in the vocabulary of social tradition.

Be Genuine

My most acute prejudice is against the use of certain words or phrases. The reason why I object to this particular taboo so much is that certain ones are constantly jumping out at me from the printed page—unless I confine my reading to the classics—or to a modern whose traditions are classic. You see, if someone somewhere has repulsive table manners, the chances are slight that I shall ever be obliged to look at them, but it is almost impossible to read the newspapers or an average magazine without being hit by that spine-curdling word "attend." Yesterday, in a supposedly highest class magazine, I began a paragraph about Lindbergh, only to find that he had "attended—" I have no idea what. I don't want to know anything about it. The other special pariah is the phrase "*in the* home."

The only difference between "I seen it" or "was you" and "I attended" or "in the home" is that the first examples are bad grammar and the second bad taste. Of the four, the first two are to be preferred because at least they are not pretending to be "refined."

Apart from a few special taboos of speech, perfect behavior means merely that you have sufficient tact and innate sensibility to meet the various circumstances of life without conscious thought. People who are genuine, and simple and unpretentious can seldom go far wrong in any of the details that really count.

Half a Century To Catch a Fish!

by Rex Beach

THERE ARE TEN or fifteen million people in America who know something about fishing rods. There are a few thousand who know a great deal about them, and about the fine arts of bait and fly casting. There are a few Great Masters who know *all* about fishing rods.

I had fished in all sorts of odd corners of the world, and thought I knew a good deal about the equipment, before I had this chance to see great piles of Tonkin cane from China being shaped with loving care into fishing rods at Montague City.

The Way of a Boy With a Perch

I had often been asked, and had myself sometimes wondered, why a slim contrivance made of bamboo would cost anywhere from $10 to $50 or more. Especially when a barefoot boy can catch such a beautiful string of perch with a hickory stick, a ball of twine and a pin carefully bent in the middle.

What I learned gave me a thrill. Instead of paying too much for rods, I had been paying too little, judged by the ordinary commercial standards of production cost and selling price. Instead of using rods made by half a dozen different makers I had been using Montague rods for years without knowing it.

"The Montague Secret"

The select group that includes Izaak Walton's most adept followers has known "The Montague Secret" for years. But it was new to me. Today the new Montague trade mark is being placed on the rods in response to the demands of these top-notchers for definite identification of the products of this famous old establishment. But I was amazed to discover that, on the acres covered by the Montague plant, more than half of the world's split bamboo fishing rods are made. I had scarcely heard the name before. Most of my rods bore no name at all, or only that of the dealer from whom I purchased them.

And I was amazed to discover that, upon these delicate, powerful rods, hundreds of hands must labor before the store clerk finally hands them over the counter to us. This labor, and eternal improvement, has gone steadily on for the past half century at Montague City.

Months of work—half a century's experience, knowledge and skill—the craftsmanship of master craftsmen jewelers—all to help me catch a fish!

Another Milestone in Sportdom

Years ago the scientific department—intent on devising the best possible equipment for catching the ancestors of today's wary fish—proved that the glassy surface of Chinese bamboo was the toughest vegetable fibre grown on earth.

Methods of cutting slivers of this bamboo surface—slivers as thin as a thread—were forthwith devised by Montague.

Fishermen are different from other men; fishing rod craftsmen are different from other workmen: instead of buying their hand-welted ferrules from one concern, their file-hard steel guides from another, and their other intermediate parts from others—the Montague crowd creates every one of these minute parts in its own plant.

They Urge You To Enjoy Life

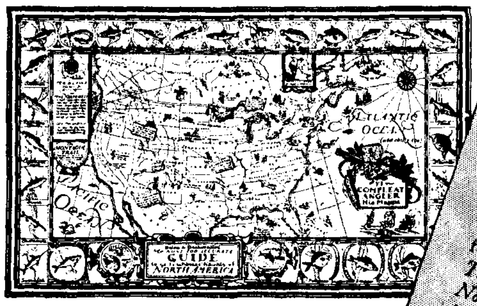
Even in the way they advertise their wares to the fishing world these craftsmen are different from the men of other trades. They use their advertising space to urge you to go fishing, instead of urging you to buy their rods. To go oftener if you're an old timer, to go for the first time and discover the thrill you've been missing if you're not.

To me, as I stand on a slippery rock in the wild, isolated beauty of a rushing trout stream, and contemplate the fine art that fishing has become—while waiting for a gorgeously speckled flash of fighting fury to take my lure—it seems that surrounding this delicate sliver of fishing rod in my hand there is, after all, the most amazing fishing story of modern times. A story of the quiet, calm, and courteous business methods—the happy craftsmanship—of half a century ago marching straight on down into the present decade, amazingly — outstandingly —successful.

—*Rex Beach.*

Perhaps You'll Want the Equipment So Many Great Fishermen Prefer

Montague Rods and Reels—famous for half a century with the world's most famous fishermen—are featured by the best sport goods stores everywhere. We believe they will add greatly to your pleasure. It is due to the superiority and fine craftsmanship of these rods that Montague is now called upon to make more than half of the whole world's supply of split bamboo fishing rods.



THE MONTAGUE TRAIL
to the
HOME OF THE FISH

ANOTHER PHASE of Montague's service to fishermen. At a volume production cost of about 60c per map we have prepared a three-foot wall map for fishermen, beautifully colored, lithographed on stone—full of amusement and serious facts. Well worth framing, in spite of its small cost. Send 25c for postage and packing.

Best Sport Goods Stores Feature Montague Rods and Reels.

And now TROUT are in the Stream!

SEASON for rainbow, brown and brook trout lasts from April 1st to August 30th. Go early. They're hungry now!

Take along any of the Montague Fly Rods—*the Manitou*—$35; *Red Wing*—$25; *Montague Trail*—$20; *Flipline*—$15; *Fishkill*—$12; *Splitswitch*—$8. And any of the following Montague Reels: *Brook Trout*—$4.50; *Fox Lake*—$3; *No. 500*—$2; *Huron*—$5; *Columbia*—$2.50.

Use enamel line, small to medium size.

Hook: 2 to 6 Sproat.

Lures: flies, minnows, worms or grasshoppers.

Best time of day: dawn or sunset; or any time just after a shower.

Dark flies for bright days and early in the season; light flies for dark days and later on.

This Month in Salt Waters

April, May and June are fav[illegible] months for the flashing, thrill[illegible] zesty, two or three hour battles [illegible] which the Tarpon tests the skill o[illegible] its would-be captor, and the efficiency of his rod and reel. Habitat: bays and inlets of Florida and farther South; and off the Southern California coast.

Best time of day: flood tide on moonlight [illegible]ghts.

[illegible] this m[illegible]h; [illegible] be captured in salt water [illegible]ail[illegible]sh, bonefish, stri-pe[illegible] ba[illegible] and [illegible]unders.

MONTAGUE

ROD AND REEL COMPANY

MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS

THE MONTAGUE TRAIL
WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN THERE'S GOOD FISHING OR GOOD FISHING TACKLE.

Fish that have caught me and that will catch you in various places
Grantland Rice

By
Grantland RICE
A handbook that tells how and where to catch the best. Sent anywhere on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

Why it is so *easy* to learn to type on CORONA

"OUR little boy has loved Corona ever since he was big enough to notice the letters."

"I learned to use Corona when I was sixty-eight. It is much easier than writing by hand."

Scores of letters like the above have come to us. They show how easy it is to use Corona. If children too young to hold a pencil can use Corona, anybody can. If old people whose handwriting has grown shaky can use Corona, anybody can.

To say that it is easy to operate Corona is understating the facts. It is *astonishingly* easy. Beginners, after reading a helpful little book that is given free with every Corona, can learn the fundamentals in just a few hours.

In the very beginning, Corona was designed with the idea that it would be used by people who had no typewriter experience.

That was twenty years ago. Corona is still built with the beginner in mind. All the needs of the amateur typist have been studied by Corona engineers. Every year we have improved Corona—made it more convenient. Here are a few advantages which make it the easiest typewriter in the world to operate:

Adjustable Key Action—The touch can be made light or heavy to suit your requirements.

Adjustable Paper Guide—Insures uniform margin on all pages of a manuscript.

Back Spacer and Margin Release—These are conveniently located on the keyboard.

Carriage Return Lever—This is made extra large and convenient. It enables you to perform the two operations of spacing and returning the carriage to the starting point with one sweep of your hand.

Extreme Visibility—Holds paper at correct reading angle.

Key Spacing—Same as on office typewriters.

Standard Keyboard—Four rows of keys, exactly like a big office machine.

In making Corona easy for beginners to operate, we accomplished another result—an unforeseen result. The very features which enable beginners to write more easily, enable accomplished typists to *greatly increase their speed.*

You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see Corona. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why Roosevelt took one to Africa—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—the World's Champion Portable.

An interesting illustrated booklet called "Corona Typewriters," which describes Corona in detail, and contains beautiful illustrations of the new color models, will be sent you upon request. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon below.

Corona is the World's Champion Portable on 8 Exclusive Points

1. STRENGTH: *Strongest frame of any portable typewriter—solid one-piece aluminum, rigidly braced.*
2. SIMPLICITY: *Fewer parts than any other standard-keyboard typewriter.*
3. COMPLETENESS: *More big-machine features than any other portable typewriter.*
4. EASY TO LEARN: *Corona design is the result of 20 years' study of the needs of beginners.*
5. WAR SERVICE: *An unequalled record for durability as the official portable of the Allied Armies.*
6. POPULARITY: *As many Coronas have been sold as all other portables combined.*
7. DURABILITY: *Coronas purchased 20 years ago are still giving satisfactory service.*
8. BEAUTY: *Graceful in line; exquisitely finished in every detail.*

CORONA
The PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS Inc
51 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me the free booklet, "Corona Typewriters."
Name..........
Street..........
City.......... *State*..........
420

War takes the Air

Continued from page 30

mixture would fire best. Strange to say, I was flying over the very positions I had occupied in the early days of the Foreign Legion—the country on the south side of the Forest Mountains of Rheims. Presently the trenches began to appear. They were ugly-looking ditches against the green of the early spring. We crossed the front not far from Auberive-sur-Suippe and then the fun began.

Being shot at from the ground was not a particularly strange sensation to me. The Turks and the Bulgarians had both tried it. But this was something new. By that time, my Morane had gained an altitude of 2,500 meters. Angry, black bursts of anti-aircraft explosions popped here and there. I looked around at my observer. He was calmly making notes on his reconnaissance map.

Earning My Salt at Last

Our objective that day was to observe any activity in the vicinity of Pont Faverger. We were to watch out for the possibility of reinforcements being brought up for what was called the "1915 Spring Offensive in the Champagne." And there was activity—troop movements, supply convoys, etc. You see, the camouflaging of roads hadn't been developed at that time.

The French long range heavies were shelling Pont Faverger. To add to the difficulties of the Germans, we unloaded our boxes of darts, but didn't waste any time standing around to see what happened when they hit the ground.

My first actual flight over the front lasted about one hour and forty-five minutes.

The fact that I got there and got back and dropped my darts and that my observer made his notations was considered quite all right. The other pilots on the field didn't carry me around on their shoulders and the General, commanding that corps, didn't decorate me with kisses and a ribbon. However, that night, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was at last earning my salt, which was about fifteen dollars per month. I had graduated from a cow-pasture pilot to a recognized member of the French Flying Corps and had made a successful flight against the enemy.

Jimmy Bach, who was now with me in the MS-38 Escadrille, was not a ladies' man, but my partner, Eugène Bertin (a very well-known pre-war pilot) was, and I might as well tell the truth: I was too.

Eugène Bertin's sweetheart was named Mimi. She was very fair to look upon, but more important still, she owned and operated a restaurant. There was technique in the madness of our loves. As long as Bertin made soft eyes at Mimi, Bertin and all of his friends ate and they ate well!

After my usual habit in affairs of the heart, I allowed my feelings rather to overrule my practical nature (granting that I have any). My sweetheart, named Suzette, was extremely pretty; in fact, several officers of high rank tried to take her away from me. Alas! She occupied a rather humble position in the social scale: she was only a washwoman, a *blanchisseuse.* But how that girl could wash! And how Bertin's girl could cook! With the single exception of shelter, which was supplied by the army, we possessed everything life could offer.

Suzette had, however, several distressingly bad habits. First of all, she spent most of her time (when she should have been washing like a good girl) praying and mooning around over the fact that I might be bumped off. And then as she was going about collecting soiled linen or delivering clean linen, she used to stop at the Flying Field, wooden shoes and all—stop and ask the sentries and the mechanics all kinds of silly questions about the triumphs of her *petit poilu.* I cured her of these first two habits, but to the day of her death she never gave up her desire to load me down with lucky trinkets, crosses and baubles. Some of them had been sent great distances to be blessed by the reverend clergy; others were pure superstitions, like a hair from the tail of a donkey enclosed in a tiny silken bag.

The one thing Suzette never understood was how a pilot in the French Flying Corps could have so many soiled clothes. She, of course, did my washing—that was part of the bargain. And my laundry bag usually contained the washing for at least five men—myself and four of my flying mates. Poor little Suzette, she surely was an excellent *blanchisseuse,* and I was mighty fond of her too. But a German bomb caught her one night, and that was the end of Suzette.

In the meanwhile, Eugène Bertin managed to entertain three or four of his best flying friends at Mimi's restaurant at least once a day, Mimi footing the bill. That was usually for the evening meal, since we had more time then and could do justice to the excellence of Mimi's cuisine.

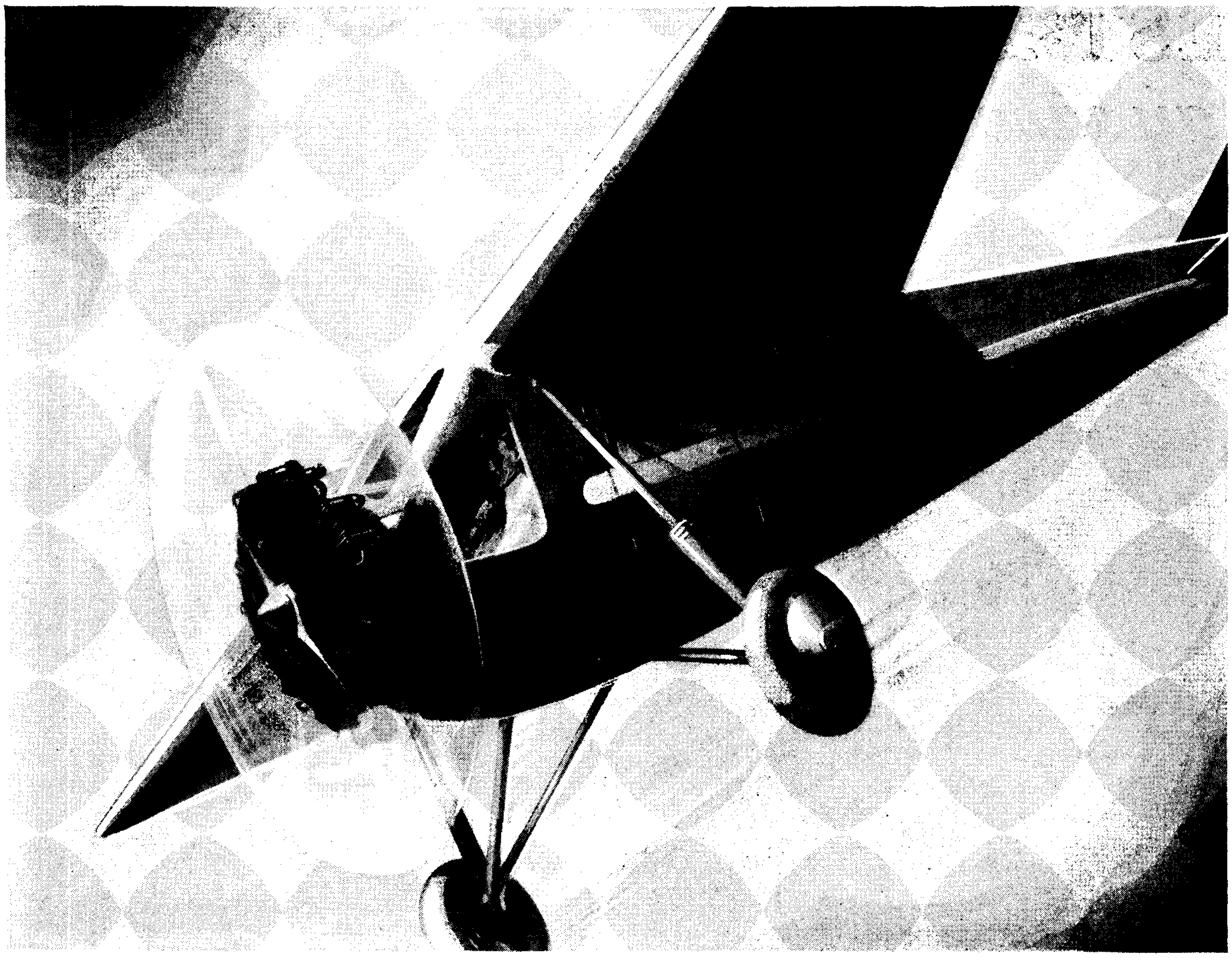
One evening when we were returning from the Flying Field, we realized that the Germans were giving us a show—a bombing raid. They staged lots of sundown raids in those days, hoping to miss the anti-aircraft barrages. We hurried back to the field. But Captain Bouche said there was no use going up since the Boche had the altitude on us and, by the time we got up to where they were, it would be dark on the ground. A night landing on the kind of fields we had those days was not just the safest thing in the world. The captain was possibly thinking of the planes, for we were very short of equipment.

It was long past dark when we finally got back into town. The Boche had done good work with their bombs. We had to make a detour once because the narrow street was full of bricks from a demolished house, and at another place we saw gendarmes and Red Cross people caring for the wounded. As we turned into the street where Mimi's restaurant was located, I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Across the street and down a little way was Suzette's laundry. The street in front of the place where it had been was full of débris. A crowd of people could be seen against the faint glow of a lantern.

My First Tragedy

Red Cross stretcher-bearers were carrying out the wounded. Our motor car stopped. I jumped out as quickly as I could. Inquiries were unnecessary. The crashed-in building and the row of bodies told the story. Suzette was among them. We had planned a gala dinner that night at Mimi's restaurant, and the bombing raid had caught Suzette attired in what she considered to be a very lovely evening costume. Now she was dead. Fortunately the explosion had not disfigured her face. There she lay, still very pretty. Suzette dead! Presently Mimi came up, running, all

(*Continued on page 48*)



American Eagle planes are powered with motors from 40 to 225 h. p., and are priced from $1,895 to $18,895. Illustration shows the American Eagle 49 Brougham, the 4-place cabin monoplane. Valuable sales franchises are still available in certain territories to dealers and distributors.

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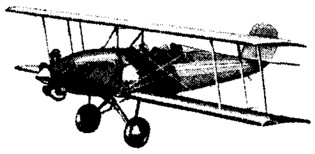
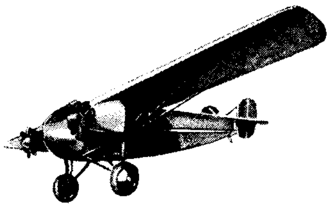
That's what you get in an American Eagle. For American Eagle is the plane that has made flying just an everyday affair. It's the most popular of all planes built for commercial or private use.

Whatever type of plane you require—whatever price you want to pay—you'll find an American Eagle model to answer your requirements. The American Eagle line is complete—ranging from a huge, two-motored cabin monoplane to a light sport biplane with folding wings. There's an airplane for every purse and purpose!

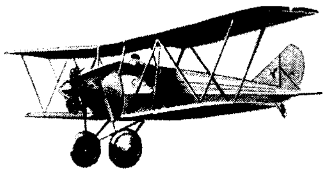
No matter when you expect to buy your first plane, it's time you acquainted yourself with aviation as it exists today. We are eager to send you our interesting literature, and to have our nearest dealer demonstrate to you what this new way of flying means. Write to us!



American Eagle 39 Phaeton, the 3-place light biplane.



American Eagle 69 Sedan, the two-motored cabin monoplane.



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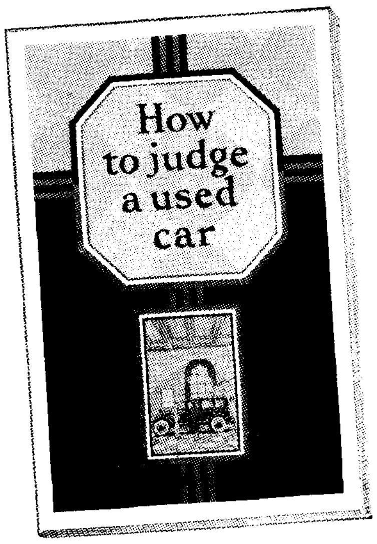
How to judge a used car

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1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

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STUDEBAKER
Builder of Champions

War takes the Air

Continued from page 46

out of breath, her eyes brimming with tears. My partners were very considerate of me. They spoke very kindly, and we planned to avenge Suzette's death next day.

Suzette was the first woman friend of mine to be finished off in the war. One could understand men getting killed, but Suzette's death brought the war very close to me, and I might say that the reconnaissance, the combat and trench strafing I did in the days that followed were done with more care, with more attention to results.

I remember well a few days after Suzette's death, a volunteer was called for. It was a particularly dangerous piece of reconnaissance and artillery adjustment at a very low altitude. I stepped forward and, with Lieut. Manigal, who volunteered as observer, hopped off.

The weather was very cloudy and the ceiling was low. We crossed the lines so low that they shot at us with everything they had. Our wings were punctured in a dozen places. Under cover of the fog and the low clouds the Germans were bringing up some reinforcements. Headquarters had been advised of this through the Intelligence Department. Finally, after almost giving up our search, we discovered that the report was well-founded. At a point about thirteen kilometers east of Sommepy, the roads were jammed with all kinds of traffic, but mostly marching columns. This was our meat.

We signaled our batteries and the long-range gunners, who knew to a meter the location of every square foot of that country, opened up. The slaughter was awful. Whole columns of Boche disappeared, and wagon trains were splintered into mere heaps of tangled, twisted junk. By flying back and forth, we gave the batteries closer ranges, and they regulated their shots with an amazing precision. The road I am telling you about runs perfectly straight after it gets out of Sommepy—perfectly straight for a long, long way. It was easy for the gunners, once they had the location right and left, to raise or lower the trajectory of their shots and sweep the road for miles each way.

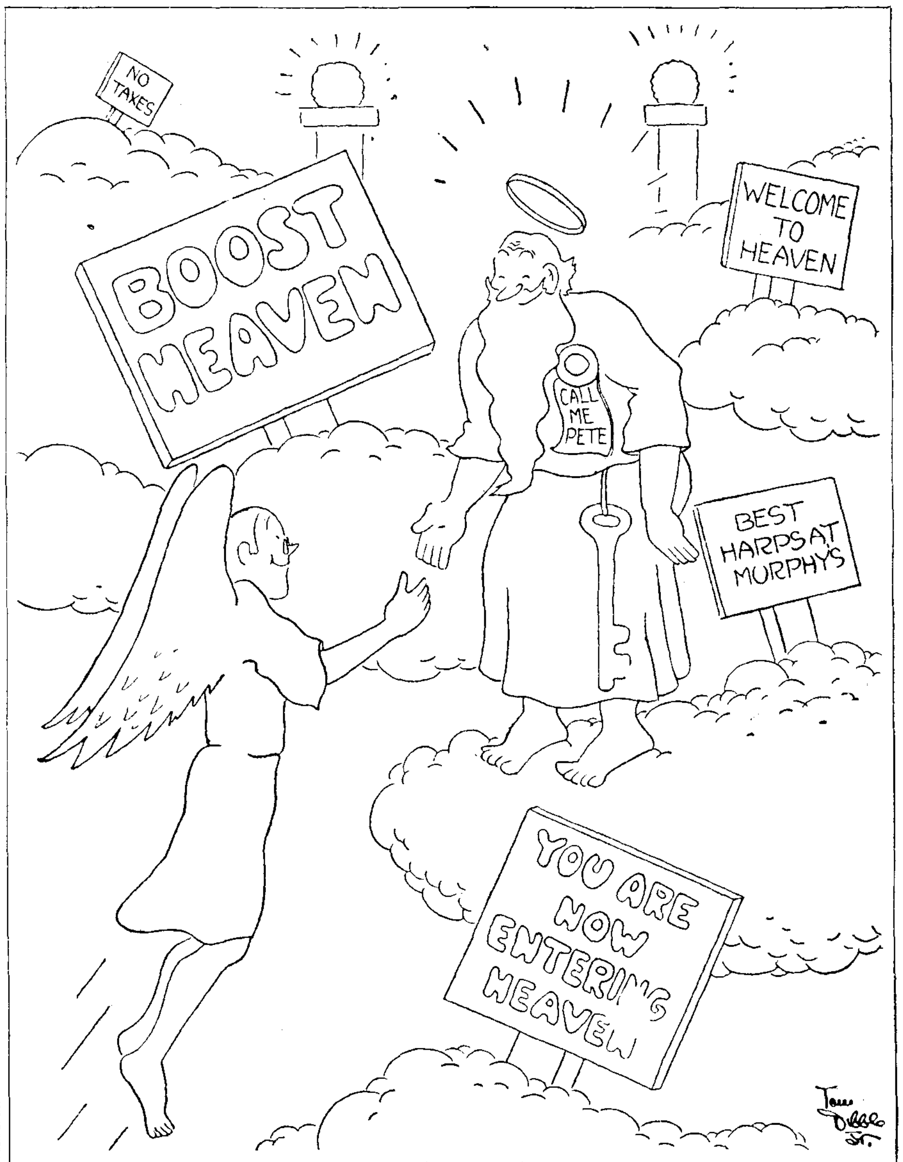
Feeding Him Blood and Iron

The ground rocked underneath us. We were feeding the old Boche a little of his own blood and iron and making him like it too. We wanted to stay and see the end, but our gasoline was running low and it was getting dark, so we skimmed along under the edge of the clouds and, dodging the fire from the ground, made our way back to camp.

We used flat-winged Nieuports only one month in the MS-38 Escadrille, but during that month I had my first successful brush with the Boche. And, although I didn't actually shoot down the German plane, I forced it to land inside our lines. We took two prisoners and came into the possession of an unscratched Albatross. Was I glad? And did I fly that Albatross machine around before the admiring eyes of my brother pilots? I'll say I did!

It happened in the early morning, very early, in fact—almost too early

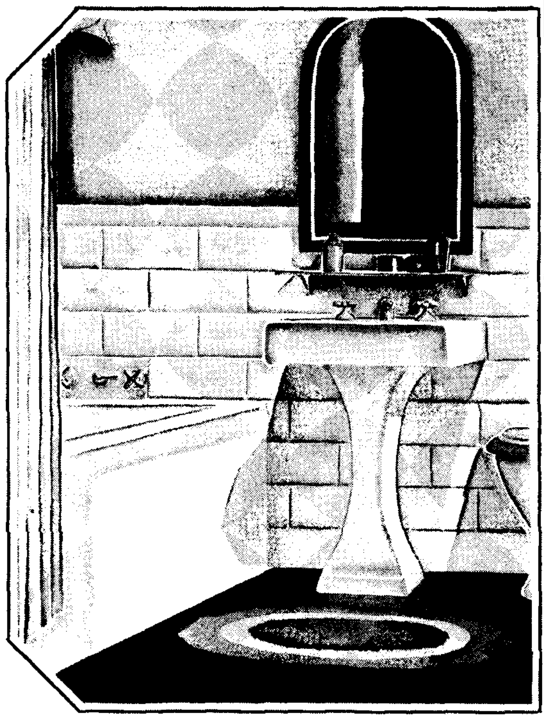
(*Continued on page 50*)



The Rotarian's idea of Heaven

Another Forward Step

IN THE AGE OF STEEL



WHEELING COP-R-LOY PIPE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

MADE OF COP-R-LOY, THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

LIVING is today an adventure which contrasts widely with that of but a short time ago. There are standards of sanitation, cleanliness and convenience practically unknown in the 19th century, and a higher average of health for the nation is the result, due to no small extent to success in the manufacture of steel pipe, begun only 40 years ago.

Now in the Age of Steel, virtually the Age of Steel Pipe, nearly 3,000,000 tons of steel pipe are required annually for plumbing, heating, refrigeration, for gas and oil and for manufacturing of necessities which, because of their low cost, are no longer luxuries of the affluent.

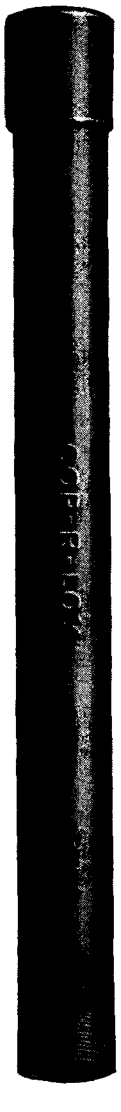
And yet, great as is the service of steel pipe, advances in metallurgy have brought steel pipe to the threshold of new possibilities.

A new steel pipe has been perfected in the very birthplace of the steel pipe industry—COP-R-LOY Pipe, made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, bringing tubular product to its maximum efficiency. Not pipe made of untried or unproven material but of a metal which, for twenty years, has contributed long life and more satisfactory service to things having no milder nor more careful use than pipe.

For scores of purposes, COP-R-LOY Pipe affords a marked increase in the qualities which have made steel pipe the most widely used pipe of our times.

It is available for homes, factories, for public utilities, through supply houses everywhere. Respect the judgment of the architect who specifies it, the contractor who installs it, and the manufacturer who uses it in his products because COP-R-LOY Pipe enables you to obtain workmanship, usefulness and durability of practical proportions.

You owe it to yourself to learn the true story of the pipe which marks another forward step in the Age of Steel. Write for the non-technical book prepared especially for you which will be sent postpaid.



Why Wheeling Has Been Able to Develop and Perfect This New and Modern Pipe

COP-R-LOY is a refined steel alloyed with copper in accordance with the Wheeling formula which has the endorsement of eminent engineers, architects and metallurgists. It traces its lineage to early Colonial days when Principio Furnace (so named because it was one of the first iron furnaces in America) was erected and first operated in 1715. This was the beginning of the Wheeling Steel Corporation.

* * *

Thus the experience acquired and passed on over a period of more than two centuries, throughout the Iron Age and the present Age of Steel, is almost without parallel in American industrial history.

* * *

Time, sincerity of purpose and success to which it may modestly point, have increased the company's facilities until it is in position to utilize every modern factor in the production of steel and steel products from mine to market. It has the mines to provide ores of desired grades, other mines to supply coal for coke, the coke ovens, lake and river transportation with dock handling equipment, batteries of blast furnaces, steel furnaces, rolling, forming and stamping mills manned by thousands of workers.

* * *

These facilities aided by practical metallurgical knowledge are necessary for the production of a product such as COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, and for COP-R-LOY Pipe and other products made of it.

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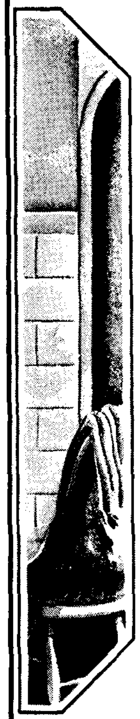
COP-R-LOY Pipe, Sheared Plates, Sheets, Tin and Terne Plate, Railroad Tie Plates and Spikes, Rods, Wire and Agricultural Fence are some of these, exclusive of many products of subsidiary companies which serve the home, farm and factory, and are used in building construction.



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Have You Tried This *Drugless* Way To Instant Sleep?

Induces Immediate Sleep . . . Makes You Feel Like a New Person All Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 50 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. C-12 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name....................................
(Print name and address clearly)

Address....................................

City...................*State*...............
(One package to a person)

War takes the Air

Continued from page 48

for a sleepy-eyed aviator. I took Leon Mourreau along as my gunner. Leon was my mechanic. It was a good idea to take your mechanic over with you occasionally; it gave him an idea of the risks you were running, and thereafter he was more than careful of the motor and the plane.

Our objective was St. Etienne-à-Arnes. As we approached the front lines, which ran about two kilometers this side of Sommepy, Leon and I caught sight of a German plane flying along at exactly our altitude. The pilot, as I afterward discovered, was an amateur, and the observer must have been nearsighted; this last I was never able to determine, as by the time we got to the poor fellow, he was rather badly shot up.

Capturing an Albatross Plane

It looked too easy. Leon made motions. I was all in favor of a little fight, particularly since the German plane looked as if it was out on a photographic mission. I swung around to the right, and half a minute later Leon drew the bead on the observer's cockpit. After the first burst of our machine gun, the observer crumpled up and sank down out of sight. Thereupon, the German pilot came to life and seemed to be terribly mad. I flew up very close beside him and indicated that he fly on down to our side of the lines. To back up my directions, Leon shot a few scattered bursts of machine-gun fire at the unfortunate Boche.

We hadn't damaged the plane the slightest bit. There were a dozen bullet holes in the fabric, but every plane at the front had a few such souvenirs. It was now only a problem of finding a suitable place to make a landing and be sure that the Heinie pilot didn't destroy the plane before I either bumped him off or took him prisoner. As we passed over the village of Suippes, I indicated a field south of the railway not far from the main road. The German apparently understood and proceeded to make a very fair landing. Through watching the enemy plane, I didn't take very careful notice of the ground and was forced to make another tour of the field before landing. When I finally jumped out and ran over to the German plane I saw the pilot was about to apply a lighted match to the under side of the fuselage, the portion just beneath the engine. The fabric at this point is always oil-soaked and will burn very easily. About twenty meters away lay the observer; he seemed to be breathing his last.

It was a time for quick action. The thought of that beautiful German Albatross airplane going up in smoke was particularly distressing. Our squadron hadn't brought home so perfect a prize, and now it was about to be burned by a fellow whom I might have bounced off in the air.

The German saw me coming. He did his best to hurry up the fire, but I swung one terrific right and landed my fist on the point of his chin. There was no bonfire that day. Some French ambulance men took care of the wounded observer, and, when the pilot regained consciousness, a detachment of French soldiers made him their prisoner. And was that pilot sore! He raved like a wild man! The idea of a German officer being struck in the face! The idea of carrying on warfare with one's fists! It was inconceivable!

When I landed the Albatross on our field at La Cheppe, there was what the French call a crisis of excitement. The news of the encounter had been telephoned, had been sent by wireless, had been sent by courier, and brought by word of mouth. Best of all, Marshal Joffre had witnessed the entire procedure and was pleased no little bit. It was the first combat he had seen up close—not that it was much of a combat, but it turned out so successfully for the French.

It was some time in the early part of August. A volunteer was called for to go on what was known as a Special Mission. That meant planting a spy behind the enemy lines.

We hopped off before daybreak, the spy in the back seat where the observer usually rode. He carried a box containing four carrier pigeons. These he would release with a message when he had completed his mission. He would indicate the day, the hour, and the place of meeting and we would send a plane back to pick him up.

That first trip to Rocroi was uneventful. I landed, the spy jumped clear of the plane, fished out his pigeon box and ran away into the near-by woods. After that, I turned around and took off.

Three days later a message came in from the Intelligence Headquarters that my spy was ready to return and I was given orders to pick him up. This time the trip was made late in the evening. When I arrived at the Rocroi field I spiraled down from a very high altitude and cut my motor so as not to make any unnecessary noise. Just before I touched the ground I cut my motor on again and at first the damned thing didn't take. It was a trying moment, but after a turn or two it fired and I knew I was safe on that score. I landed as I had been instructed, but there was no spy to be seen. I was about to take off again when I saw a wild-looking thing running through the grass.

It was apparently a German soldier. Before I could open my motor and get under way the running figure had overtaken me and, with one bound, he landed himself in the rear cockpit. I was about to turn around and let the fellow have a clip of shots from my automatic when I heard his voice. He spoke in French. It was my spy all right; he had appropriated a German uniform for safety's sake and hadn't had time to change.

A Rare Incident

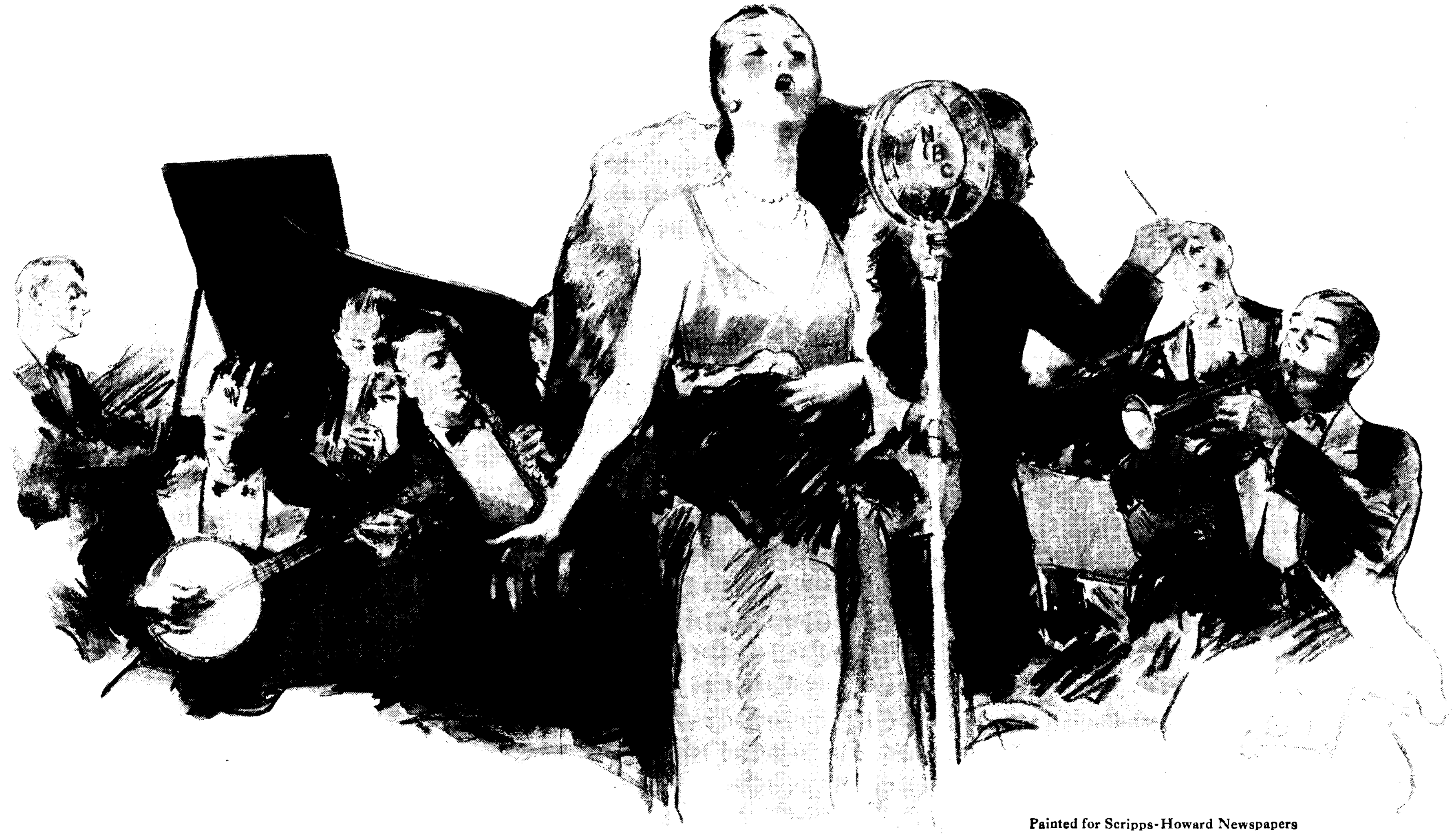
Back at La Cheppe, I told him how nearly he had come to being bounced off. He laughed. That was part of his day's work. And, by the way, he had done a beautiful piece of spying. I tried to make him tell me his name but he wouldn't. We were convinced that he was an important somebody in the counter-espionage section of the French spy system.

Two days later a rare thing happened. I had just returned from my morning patrol when a mechanic came running, out of breath, all excited. At the same moment, a message came in from headquarters: a German plane was spiraling down right over our landing field. We expected that he would either drop bombs or open up on the hangars with his machine guns. But then we observed that his propeller was not moving. We knew we had him cold once he landed. Several machine guns were trained on him and we waited.

Finally, the Boche landed. The plane was a bright new Albatross, and a beauty; even newer and prettier than the one I had captured. The French

(Continued on page 52)

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM



Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers
by William C. Hoople

Who's broadcasting tonight?

Is the Public entitled to know?

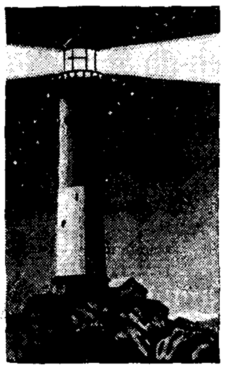
The Scripps-Howard organization recently acquired a new paper in a metropolitan center. Neither this paper nor any local paper printed complete radio programs. The names of all business sponsors were omitted. In fact, millions of radio listeners were groping in the dark for information about their daily programs.

Immediately, the new Scripps-Howard editor cut through this conservatism with a slashing policy of printing *all* these details. And a roar of protest went up from members of the old staff; "You're taking money out of the business office," . . . "You're giving free space to advertisers,"... "You're loaning our columns to fatten a rival medium."

But the wave of popularity that instantly followed this new departure convinced even the old stand-patters in the organization of the justice, and value, of the editor's viewpoint . . . For the radio program has plainly become news. And it is fully entitled to its place as part of the editorial content of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are continually assaulted by press agents and business houses eager for free publicity. Most of this is not news, and is rejected. Sometimes these items are of genuine public interest, and are printed.

But regardless of its sponsor, nothing is printed unless it is authentic news. The convenience and welfare of the reader determine what shall appear. No pressure that can be brought to bear can make a SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper pad its columns. And no amount of protest from whatever source can keep legitimate news from its rightful place in its pages.



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—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post
INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times*
DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
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Balance your Breakfast
... to Prevent
ACIDOSIS

Typical American breakfasts consist largely of good but acid-forming foods (cereals, toast, muffins, waffles, hot cakes, bacon, ham and eggs). Fresh fruit, to balance them, is usually served but not always—and often the serving is very small.

Men are very much inclined to eat a heavy breakfast consisting largely of acid-forming foods, while women eat little or no breakfast. One practice is as bad as the other. On the one hand an Acidosis develops from the *over-consumption of acid-forming foods.* In the latter case an Acidosis results because from lack of food *the body is forced to burn its own tissue.*

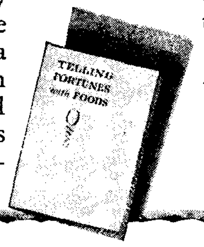
Adequate breakfasts properly balanced are necessary for every man, woman and child. School nurses and child health workers are urging a good breakfast for every child. A similar campaign would be in order for adults.

The greater part of the day's work is done in the morning—in school, professional work or business. Every person should, therefore, be in the best physical and mental condition possible to be able to accomplish the utmost.

You cannot hope to do this if you have started the day with no food or the wrong kind of food. Breakfast is the most important meal but it must be properly balanced particularly in regard to the acid-base balance principle. A glass of California Sunkist Orange Juice in addition to the breakfast fruit and the liberal use of jellies and jams are means of balancing the other constituents of the meal. Such a breakfast will prevent the eleven o'clock headache and stimulate your best efforts. You will be able to think more clearly, work faster and accomplish more. The benefits of a "flying start" will tell all day. California Sunkist Orange Juice again in the forenoon, Sunkist Lemonade with lunch and another glass of Orange Juice about 3:30 or 4 p. m. will work health wonders!

Lack of ambition, pep and endurance can be traced to a faulty diet with a condition of Acidosis present. Acidosis causes such minor ailments as headaches, lassitude, loss of appetite and often the "cross disposition." A long continued Acidosis condition may cause many more serious ailments as the body is constantly fighting to counteract the effects of a too-acid diet. If your case is abnormal, consult your physician at once.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a free booklet on Acidosis which has had the entire approval of a medical authority. It not only discusses Acidosis in its various forms but gives suggested menus for both normal and Safe Reducing diets. Send for this booklet with its many suggestions for breakfast menus balanced to prevent Acidosis.



Sunkist California Oranges are trademarked "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. Sunkist California Lemons carry the trademark on the wrapper. It is your assurance of uniform quality every day in the year.

© 1929 C.F.G.E.

Dietetic Research Dept., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1604, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

*Name*________________ *Street*________________

*City*________________ *State*________________

War takes the Air

Continued from page 50

soldiers who guarded the field rushed over in the direction of the plane with their guns ready to do business, but the Germans merely smiled and asked for the Commanding Officer.

Captain Bouche stepped forward, still wondering what was about to happen. The German pilot spoke perfect French. He explained that he was out of gasoline and thought that it would be a sporting thing if the Captain would supply enough to take their Albatross back to the German lines. He also proposed, when the Captain refused to agree to the first proposition, that a French pilot and an observer take off and do battle with the German plane after it had been refueled. If the German plane came off first best, it would be allowed to go back to Germany untouched.

An Astonishing Accident

Our Captain smiled in his wonderfully gracious manner and said that it was impossible to entertain either proposition.

Now comes the best part of it. The observer had been quiet all the while. Finally, he spoke up.

". . . . so you're an American!" he said, addressing me.

"Yes," I said, "how'd you know?"

"Why, I could tell an American in hell. I know you. I remember having seen you at Palm Beach in 1908. You were driving a racing car then. I remember you well."

"You're right, boy," I said. "What the hell are you doin' in the Boche army?"

"Oh, I don't know. You see, my father's German and my mother's American and I'm nothing. So when the war broke out, the old man ballyhooed me into enlisting in the Aviation Section. It's all over now as far as I'm concerned and I'm glad of it too. Understand, I'm not afraid to die, but I believe we're wrong."

The other officers looked on with wide-eyed amazement.

"It's nice of you Americans fighting for France, though, and I can understand why you're doin' it too."

We fed them and sent them off to the concentration centers, but not before the half-breed German-American had told us quite a lot of valuable things about the Boche flying outfits.

Three days later, I witnessed what I consider to be one of the most extraordinary aviation accidents of the war.

I had been flying inland about ten to twelve kilometers inside the German lines between Rheims and Machault. A German plane passed me. It was a new type, very fast and an excellent climber.

The motor on my little thirteen-meter Nieuport was not working too well that afternoon and for that reason I could never quite get up to my enemy's altitude. He was always above me, and apparently unwilling to stop and fight it out. I followed him all over the heavens at the height of about 4,500 meters, which is somewhere near 14,000 feet. I would pull my nose up occasionally and take a few random shots at the Boche, but he didn't mind. He just kept on leading me around, using up my gasoline and wearing out my patience.

Finally, I discovered that we were heading off in the direction of Epernay. I also realized that my enemy was preparing to do something in the way of attack, and it was a very strange attack too. He used hand grenades. It was the first and only time I ever encountered such an attack in the air. He would pull the fuse, swing the grenade down at me and, of course, miss by a wide margin.

The situation began to be funny and continued to be funny until a most unusual thing happened.

After the German had thrown four or five grenades he reduced his altitude a bit. I thought that at last we would fight, but I was mistaken. I saw that he was pulling the fuse on another grenade. He was still high enough above me to prevent me attacking him, so I could only stand ground and wait for developments.

He drew back his arm to let the grenade fly. I have never been able to tell whether his coat got caught in some part of the plane or in his effort to throw harder than before, he reached up too high and thereby struck the grenade against the top wing. At least, I do know that the grenade fell back into his own cockpit. Now remember, the fuse had been pulled on that grenade and in five or six seconds it would explode, no matter where it was.

The German pilot immediately let go of his controls. His ship lost altitude rapidly. I followed, and in that moment I could have shot him to pieces if I had wanted to. But the German pilot was not worrying about me, he was scrambling around on the floor of his cockpit looking for the infernal machine he had intended for my special benefit. It seemed to last hours—tense situations like that always do.

Suddenly I realized that the German had taken hold of his controls again. He righted his ship in one movement. We were then flying along beside each other, so close that I could see everything he was doing. He had, by this time, given up the idea of recovering the lost grenade and I had given up the idea of shooting him full of holes until something happened one way or the other.

All this took less than five seconds, because things happen in a hurry in the air.

At what seemed to be the last possible moment, he raised himself up in his cockpit and, bringing his right arm up to his helmeted head, he saluted me in the best approved German manner. At almost the same instant there was an explosion.

One Pilot More or Less!

The back portion of the fuselage of the German plane was disconnected from the fore part. For a very brief space of time everything stood still, and then the German and the fore part of the plane tipped over and dived 14,000 feet, motor full open, at the ground.

The remains landed with a bang not far from the village of Prunay, on the grassy banks of the Marne-Aisne Canal. The tail surfaces and the rear sections of the fuselage floated off and were lost in the blue depths beneath me.

I didn't put in for a confirmation. The anti-aircraft batteries no doubt claimed the poor fellow, although they didn't shoot a single shot. He was a game devil, that German, and I'm sorry he didn't give up the grenade idea and fight it out with me. I might have let him go; or—who knows?—he might have bumped me off. Wouldn't have mattered much—one pilot more or less.

It was a great lesson to me—never monkey with a buzz-saw in the air. And a hand grenade is the nearest thing to a buzz-saw I can think of.

(To be continued next week)

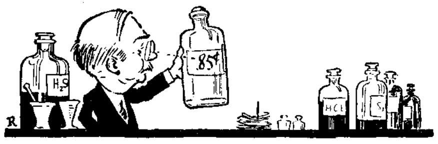
Farm Trade Tips

Volume I *Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers* Number 2

ELEVEN TRIED AND PROVEN BUSINESS BUILDING IDEAS

Yellow "Gold"

The Big Yellow Store in Iberia, La., finds that yellow paint turns into "gold" if you use it to establish "color identity." All their buildings are painted yellow. So are their trucks, wagons and outdoor advertising signs. They even use yellow stationery. The big store is the trading center for farmers for miles around. And it's easy to see how "yellow trucks" speeding along country roads constantly remind farmers of the store and its merchandise.



Uniform Charging

When he bottles and sells bulk goods, an Alabama druggist always writes the price on the *gummed* side of the label. Then when the bottle comes back for refilling the price is visible—and no clerk offends the customer by charging him more than he paid before.

Doubles Sales

Up to about a year ago, John K. Thompson, leading druggist of Pendleton, Oregon, stocked a large variety of candy—but he wasn't making any money at it. Then he cut out all bulk candy and kept on only two lines of boxed candy—one nationally advertised and the other a local brand. And, of course, he continued carrying the popular five-and-ten-cent bars. He began using window display space to tie up to the advertising of the nationally known candy. In three months his sales doubled.

$10⁰⁰ for Your IDEA

WE PAY $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade "tips." Send in YOUR idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many "tips" as you wish—we may use them all. You don't have to be a store owner. Anyone connected with a retail store can submit ideas. The only requirement is that the idea must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

"Farm Trade Tips" now appears regularly in *Collier's* and *The American Magazine* as part of FARM & FIRESIDE'S service to rural retailers.

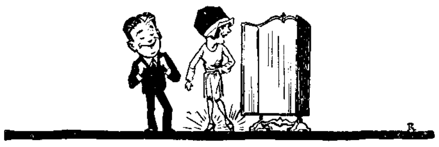
Send your idea to—

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Service Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Customers Sell For Him

H. B. Harvey of Sacramento, Cal., devised a plan to let his customers do his selling on washing machines—with the result that his sales have increased, his selling costs have dropped away down, and the number of "reverts" has decreased. He was operating with a crew of 14 outside salesmen when he woke up to the fact that although he had a good paper profit, his cash reserve was actually shrinking. He was paying $30 commissions on "sales" that were not sales at all—over 20 per cent of them were "reverts." He went to his customers and said in effect—"How do you want me to sell electrical appliances to you—through front-door salesmen, or through some other method?" The emphatic reply was "Some other method!" With that he fired his salesmen and hired his customers. He now offers $10 to any housewife giving him the name of a prospect, payable when the sale is closed. The plan is working out excellently. Sales have gone up and he requires the help of only one woman demonstrator.

—Electrical Merchandising.



Shoes Sell Style

A smart specialty dealer in a Western state saw many a dress sale lost because woman's street shoes usually struck a false style note when they tried on new dresses. He doesn't sell shoes, but he laid in a stock of sample shoes which are now fitted to his customers before they try on new garments. Increasing sales show he has hit on a real merchandising idea. Shoes now correspond with dresses in his store—sales have increased—and his customers are pleased by this attention to one of the "little things."

—Dry Goods Economist.

Outdoor Ads

Here's an advertising idea that's good because it's different. O. T. Hamner, successful hardware and furniture dealer of Water Valley, Miss., gives a small allowance to his customers on old stoves, beds, sewing machines, plows—anything they replace with new merchandise from his store. Such old merchandise he uses in his outdoor ads—setting it on platforms under this sign, "BOUGHT LAST OF HAMNER—NOW SATISFIED." These "billboard" ads are usually located near a well-to-do farm house, and the farmer receives $5 in merchandise to see that it remains in good condition.

Sell Paint to *Her*

Alex E. Brantley, hardware merchant of Troy, Ala., says that house and barn paint orders come in a lot easier if you start your selling with the farm wife. First, he says, get farm women interested in using brushing lacquer in their homes. His store put on a 3-day course in lacquering furniture—for farm women exclusively. It was a big success. And since he carries only one line of paint, from lacquers right up to house and barn paints, farm women for miles around are already familiar with his standard line and are sold on the results it gives.

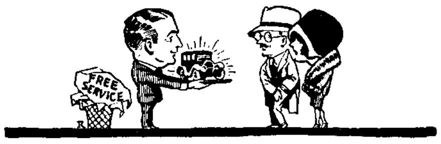
$ $ From Color

An eastern hardware merchant has discovered three new facts that help him sell more colored kitchenware. First, he says that the woman who comes in to buy brushing lacquer can almost positively be sold some colored kitchenware—and that the way to sell her is to suggest the colored ware as "a bright spot in your kitchen in harmony with its color scheme." Second, he found from tests that yellow and green kitchenware moves the fastest, and he always buys heaviest in these two colors. Third, he found that displaying colored kitchenware on a white enamel kitchen table resulted in few sales. He then tried colored backgrounds—yellow, red, green, orange, and finally *black* crepe paper. Black sells the most colored ware, he says, because it makes the colors stand out.

—Hardware Age.

Send It To "Mrs."

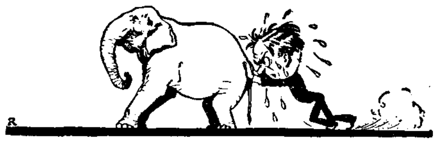
The Chandler Hardware Co., of Sylvania, O., has a farm mailing list of 5,700 names, and each name begins with "Mrs." They find that mail advertising brings in more sales when it gets the woman's attention first.



Sell A Car

"We never sell a car on the basis of giving 90 days' free service," says Henry Stiles, successful car dealer of Alma, Mich. "If you offer anything 'free' in your selling you tread on dangerous ground with the buyer—for *his* interpretation of your 'free' offer usually varies from *yours.*

"The only free service we give is the 3000-mile inspection. That's for our own protection as well as the buyer's. But every other service is charged for at standard rates. Giving 'free' offers is weak selling. If your car is worth the price asked for it—sell a car, not a 'proposition' and keep your customers' confidence."



"White Elephants"

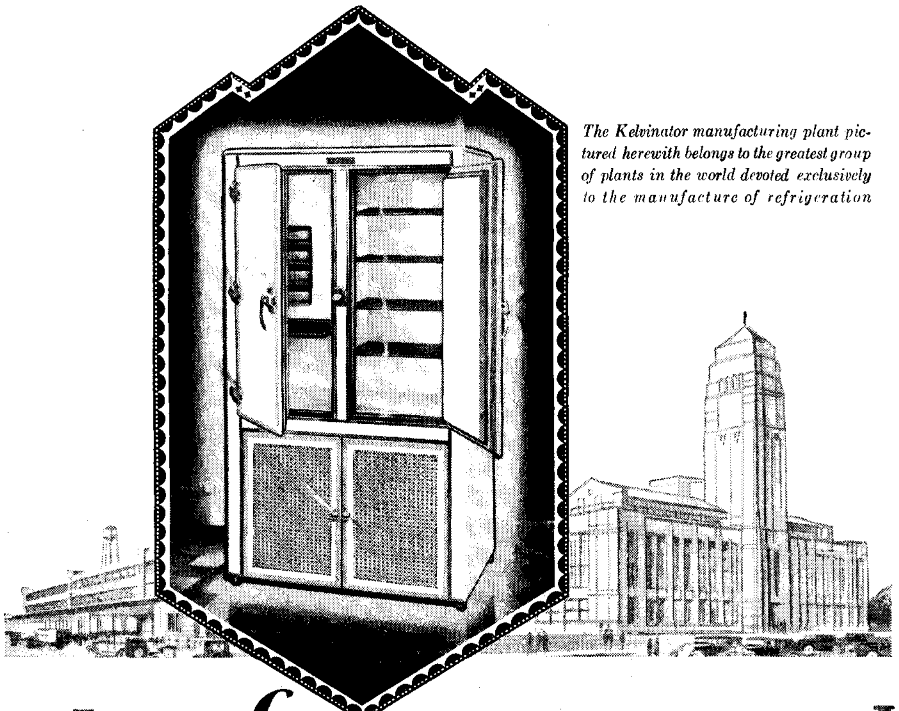
The Southern Colorado Public Service Company has three good rules for moving out "white elephant" stock without having the cut prices build up sales resistance against normal *list* prices. Here they are:

1. Advertise the *number* of items you have for sale at special prices, as well as the *nature* of these items. Tell buyers that when these items are sold your prices will again return to "list."
2. Tell your customers in your advertising *why* the specials are available—frankly, that you bought a little ahead of demand and must move the specials to make way for new merchandise. This gets over the idea that price-cutting is not a store policy.
3. Mark the items plainly as "demonstrators" "slightly used in display," or "reclaimed merchandise." This gives another sound reason for the cut prices and further forestalls conflict with standard list prices.

—Electrical Merchandising.

The National Farm Magazine
Read in more than 1,300,000 Farm Homes

Farm & Fireside



The Kelvinator manufacturing plant pictured herewith belongs to the greatest group of plants in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of refrigeration

The *first* name and the *greatest* name in Electric Refrigeration

The difference between Kelvinator and all other refrigeration is that Kelvinator embodies every worthwhile new feature of performance, *plus* a proven reliability found nowhere else.

From the outset, in 1914, Kelvinator has never lost sight of the ideal of unfailing reliability. Its inventions, improvements and experience have influenced the whole trend of the industry since its beginning. Test and inspection devoted to every part and process in building Kelvinator are applied to insure dependability before ever a single unit may leave the factory.

Broadly speaking, the pioneering and seniority of Kelvinator represent the fullest experience to be found. And because Kelvinator has dedicated its best ideas and efforts to lasting reliability, your choice becomes very simple.

You will be better served by the reliable Kelvinator.

• • •

In the New 1929 Kelvinator

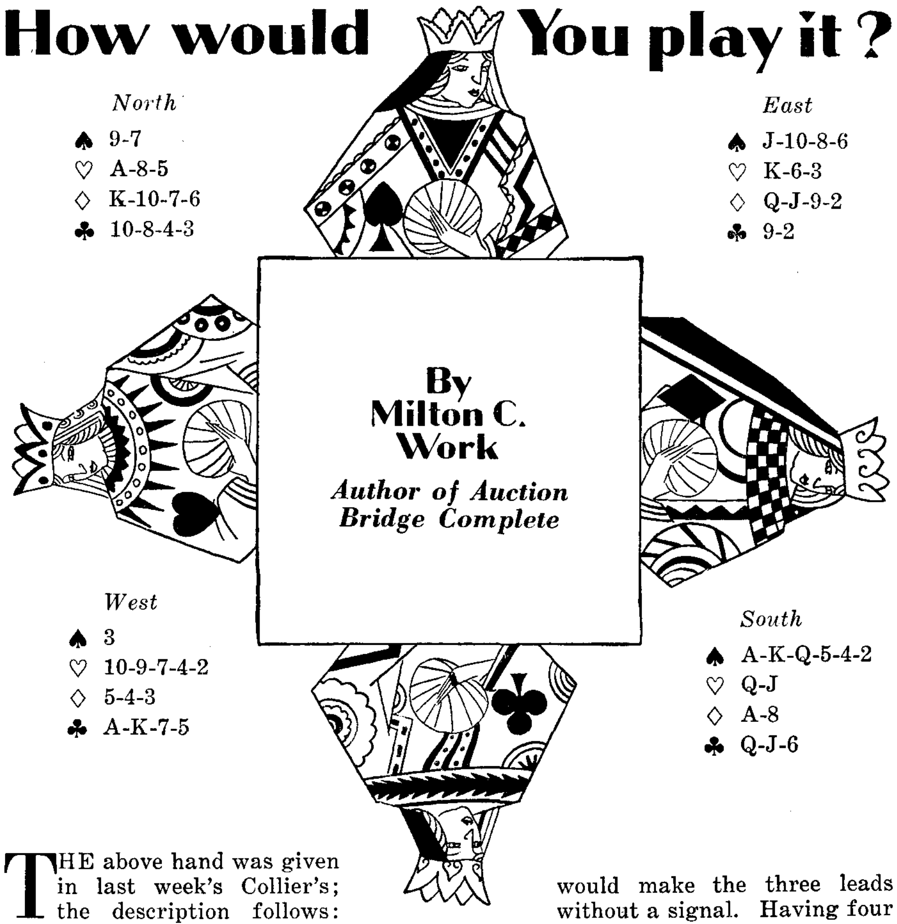
Silence—Positive and Permanent . . . Completely Automatic Operation . . . Flexible Rubber Trays for Ice Cubes

The new 1929 Kelvinator is the latest word in modern electric refrigeration offering true and lasting silence of operation, wholly automatic service and the reliability which the name Kelvinator has consistently meant for 15 years. New flexible rubber ice trays enable you to extract the ice cubes in a flash, simply by bending the tray. Beautiful new cabinets—any one of them a gem in any kitchen. Do not wait to buy your Kelvinator. Enjoy it now on Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan. Be sure to see the new 1929 Kelvinator at the nearest Kelvinator display room.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE RELIABLE
KELVINATOR

How would You play it?



North
♠ 9-7
♡ A-8-5
◇ K-10-7-6
♣ 10-8-4-3

East
♠ J-10-8-6
♡ K-6-3
◇ Q-J-9-2
♣ 9-2

West
♠ 3
♡ 10-9-7-4-2
◇ 5-4-3
♣ A-K-7-5

South
♠ A-K-Q-5-4-2
♡ Q-J
◇ A-8
♣ Q-J-6

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

The game was Auction Bridge; South started by bidding one Spade. West bid two Hearts, North and East passed and South bid two Spades which obtained the contract.

South did not bid two Spades initially as she might have done at Auction Bridge to show a six-card suit headed by Ace-King-Queen because, with her strength in the other suits, she wanted to give North an opportunity to deny Spades.

In Contract, South would bid two Spades. West passing, North would bid two No Trumps over South's two Spades, and South then would bid three No Trumps. At No Trumps, with Hearts opened (which would be East's correct lead under those circumstances), North and South would make game without difficulty.

The Auction Bridge Play

As I saw the hand played, with Spades the trump, West started by leading the King and then the Ace of Clubs. East, with only two Clubs, signaled by playing the Nine on West's King and the Deuce on her Ace. West then led a third Club which East trumped. East decided that the Jack of trumps would be less harmful than to lead from her King of Hearts up to Dummy's Ace, or from her Queen-Jack-Nine of Diamonds up to Dummy's King-Ten. Closed Hand (South), won this trick, exhausted the adverse trumps, put Dummy in with the King of Diamonds, discarded her Jack of Hearts on Dummy's established Ten of Clubs and made game; losing only the first three tricks.

I suggest to my readers that they decide whether they could have improved upon the play above given, before they read the comment that follows.

The Correct Play

East should not have played the Nine on West's lead of the Club King. It is true that East had only two Clubs and could ruff the third round; but a signal is a command to the partner to continue the suit, and East did not desire West to continue Clubs unless she had the Ace-King-Queen, in which case West would make the three leads without a signal. Having four trumps headed by Jack-Ten-Eight, East was sure of one trump trick, whether she ruffed or not. East wanted a Heart lead through Dummy's Ace; even a Diamond lead through Dummy's King would have suited East much better than to have West continue the Clubs.

It is rarely important for the partner to be informed merely concerning the exact length of a suit holding, but it generally is essential that she should know whether it is advisable that she continue the suit. Originally the signal was used merely to indicate ability and desire to ruff the third round of the suit; but it soon became evident that it is foolish to limit it to any such narrow meaning. A player who cannot trump a suit frequently desires it to be led three times. So the up-to-date signal means: "Continue the suit, I have some reason which convinces me that I should ask you to do so." When playing a No Trump, the signal asking for a continuance shows length in the suit; that being the reason which justifies a request that its lead be continued. To signal with two small cards when playing a No Trump would be the banner misplay of the season, and show total lack of knowledge concerning the meaning that the signal conveys.

East should have played the Deuce of Clubs on trick 1. West, knowing that the Deuce of Clubs could not be the beginning of a signal, then should have shifted the suit; as she had five Hearts, her natural shift would be to that suit through Dummy's Ace. With that lead made, East and West will make two Clubs, one trump and one Heart and save game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. A-8-3
H. 10-4-3-2
D. J-10-7
C. K-J-4

East
S. K-9-7
H. Q-7-6
D. 8-6-4-2
C. 8-5-3

West
S. Q-6-5-4-2
H. A-8-5
D. K-5
C. 9-7-2

South
S. J-10
H. K-J-9
D. A-Q-9-3
C. A-Q-10-6

The Sea King's Luck

Continued from page 14

found the captain who had signed him up; that officer would not release him: there would not be time to find another good man, and a bargain was a bargain. Goodmander Goodlaxssen wrote painfully a letter to Sigrid, explaining that it must be close to a year before he could see her, but that he would come back with a bag of gold, and then they would prosper on the island. She was to wait.

Ten months later Goodmander Goodlaxssen, once called the Lucky, was sailing up the bay with his island home in sight. He had met, in the rich man's yacht, almost every disaster short of death. The stress and storms he had endured would have killed a man only a little less strong. But, gaunt and worn though he was, Goodmander held his head high.

"These things have happened to me," he thought, "because I left my luck behind me with Sigrid."

THE sailing ship was bound for his own harbor. They skirted the shores of the island. A thin peal of bells rang out, and he wondered if someone had replaced the old cracked bell on the white church.

The ship was close to shore now; he stood upon the rail and sprang down upon his own dock with a sense of homecoming so poignant that his strong body shook. He ran up the dock and up the slope of beach toward his cabin. At the yard gate a neighbor met him.

"A welcome back, Goodmander Goodlaxssen," he called; "an hour ago and you would have been in time to see the wedding procession of Arni Halldor and Sigrid. Arni has made much money at the fishing this year. He has given the church a new bell, and he has built a new house of planks in West Harbor. Sigrid would not live in this harbor."

Goodmander cried out some hoarse reply. He went into his cabin and shut the door and sat down before the dusty table. But not even then did he bend his head; he sat very straight and still, and the noise in his ears was like the noise of the many waters through which he had passed in the weary months since his meeting and parting with Sigrid.

The next morning Goodmander Goodlaxssen began to build another boat. In the evenings he strung nets. Whatever happened, he could not be humble, for he was still Goodmander Goodlaxssen, stronger than other men. Arni came, innocently proud of his bridegroom state, proud of the wealth that came to his nets, a little guilty because Goodmander's luck was lost, and shamefaced because of the message Sigrid had sent.

"Tell that great man from the north," Sigrid said—"tell Goodmander the Lucky not to come to this house till I send for him. Some day I will send for him."

Goodmander listened, his eyes on Arni's shrinking face, an odd comfort in his heart.

"Say to Sigrid," he replied, "that when she sends for me I will come."

That year the ice came unexpectedly early. Arni Halldor, a prominent citizen now because of his wealth, bustled importantly into Goodmander's cabin. As always, under Goodmander's blue gaze, his importance failed. Again he felt himself the dependent, the man undeservedly in power.

"Since you will not stoop to the ice fishing, big friend," Arni said, laughing uneasily, "I have an errand for you. You have heard that Hakon Olsen and his two sons were drowned coming from St. Martin's Island. The daughter, Olga, is on the way back from Denmark. She is coming to keep house for her father and mother. She knows nothing of all this. The school board has said that she may be the teacher this winter. She will be expecting her father to meet her with his boat, but he and his boat are gone, and the ice has closed the navigation. Can you meet her with your sled? We will give you thirty-five dollars if you will go to Green Bay to meet her."

Goodmander agreed. He made the hundred miles in three days with no sense of fatigue. Waiting for him in the railway station was a dark, small Danish girl, who would not have reached to Sigrid's chin, who could have stood easily under his arm. He spoke little to her, but he often looked at her kindly. Every time he glanced back at her, sitting silent in the sled, her little peaked face looking up at him with a shy trust, he felt more sorry for her.

He thought of her loneliness in the log house her father and brothers had built half a mile inland from his dock. He thought of a hulking lad, still of school age, who had physically fought with the woman teacher the year before. Against him, what could this slight thing do? He, Goodmander, could thrash the boy, but there was more than one way of persecuting a young grief-stricken girl. On the fourth day of the journey they stopped at Shanty Bay. There Goodmander told her of all that had befallen her and asked her to marry him.

Two weeks later they were married by the minister on the mainland and came back to the island on a day when the wind was fair and the ice was smooth.

Olga, looking around the main room of Goodmander's cabin, said, "Let us live in my father's house, Goodmander. I do not like the sound of the wind and the waves."

And Goodmander, looking around the room in which for more than a year he had seen only Sigrid, assented.

"You are of farming blood," he said. "You would live inland. This place shall be my fish shanty. But do not hope, Olga, to make a farmer of me. The sea is in my blood as the land is in yours."

SO GOODMANDER and his Danish wife began their life together. And now, since he was a married man, Goodmander bent his pride to the ice fishing.

Goodmander hired himself on a fishing boat at fifty dollars a month, because a baby was coming in the autumn. And Olga, the thrifty, took his money and told him that fifty certain dollars a month was better than uncertain catches, and that always they had behind them the land.

In the autumn a little dark-haired boy lay in Olga's arms, and Goodmander gazed down on him with a sense of protection, of possession, perhaps of tenderness. Then he went and sat on the dock and looked at his boat that had never been launched.

"The boat must wait," he thought. "When a man has a wife and a child he has four hands to hold him back."

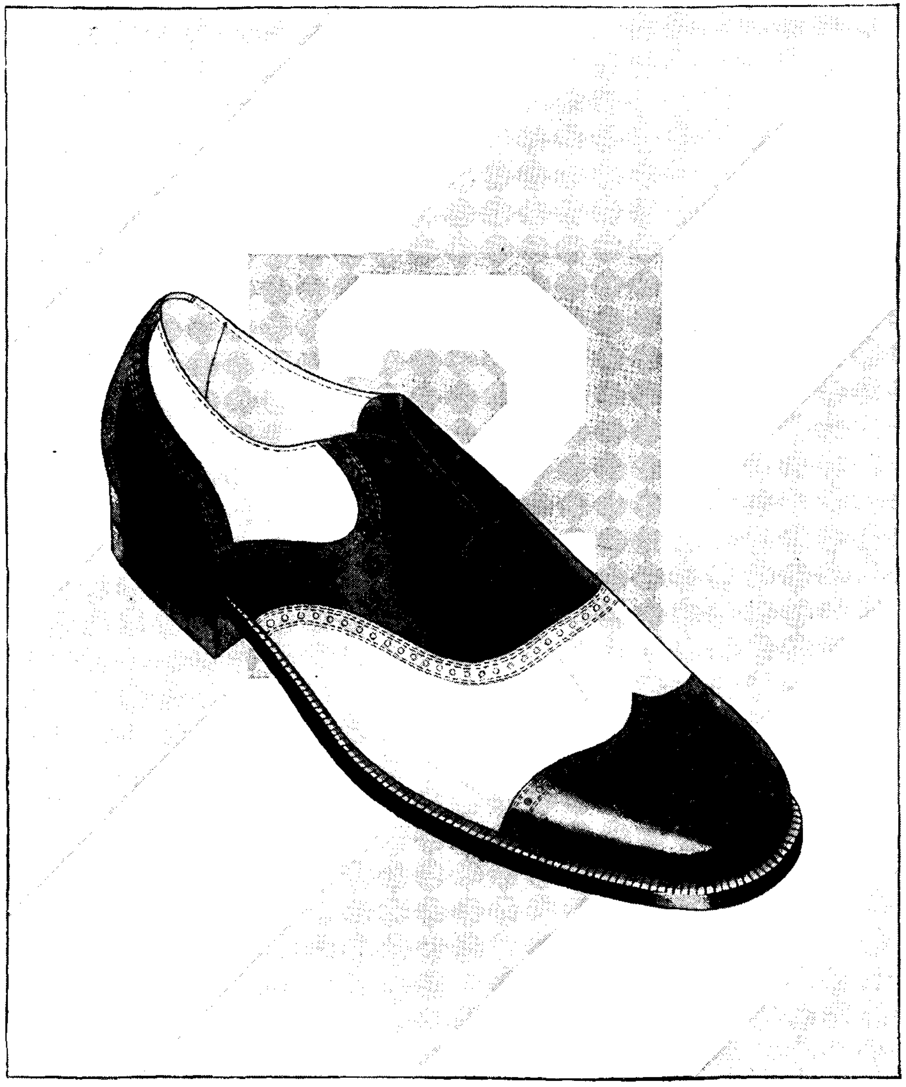
Then Goodmander, no more the lucky, clenched his fists and brought them down on the hard dock.

"My luck may come back or stay away always," he cried, "but not yet am I humble."

For twenty years Goodmander Goodlaxssen lived his life with the sense of

(*Continued on page 56*)

WALK·OVER SHOES



Thousands watched the speeding two-year-olds as they came thundering down the home stretch. And among the spectators, thousands felt like two-year-olds because they wore Walk-Over Shoes.

Trim as the turf, sleek as good horseflesh, the "Belmont" is the kind of shoe that makes its trim way unerringly to the paddock before the start of the race. Many a wise step will be taken in these shoes during the coming racing season. The "Belmont" may be had either in black-and-white or tan-and-white, at $8.50 the pair.

Geo. E. Keith Company,
Campello, Brockton, Mass.

Hand Finished BLADES

for Tough Beards and Tender Skins

LECOULTRE
Twinplex

Have you ever shaved with a hand finished blade? If not, you'll enjoy a delightful shaving surprise the first time you use a Twinplex Blade.

Twinplex Blades are made in Switzerland by a family of skilled craftsmen. The finishing touches they patiently give the edges of these blades produce a velvety smoothness that cannot be duplicated by machines.

Skilled razor making experience, handed down from father to son for generations—and their carefully guarded secret of tempering—go into keeping Twinplex Blades super-keen for many shaves.

Without stropping they shave better than ordinary blades. They glide over tender skins and leave them smooth and clean. *With* stropping they are superb—and last for days and days of perfect shaves.

They cost more—$1.00 for 10—50¢ for 5. They're worth far more than the slight extra cost because they shave better and last longer.

Ask your dealer for them. If he can't supply you, write us. We'd like to have you test a Twinplex Blade. Send 10¢ and we'll strop one with a Twinplex Stropper and mail it to you.

The Supply *IS* Limited

On the shores of a beautiful Alpine lake is the home of a famous family of fine razor makers. For generations, their products have won medal after medal at expositions from Lucerne to Melbourne. The fine razors of these master craftsmen have triumphed over the best from all the world.

Here at last we found the master craftsmen who could make the super blade we wanted.

These painstaking, conscientious Swiss are now members of the Twinplex family. Their skill and "razor sense" are being employed in making Twinplex blades for Americans who appreciate a truly fine razor.

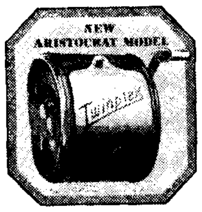
The supply never will be large, for their methods are slow and unhurried. Quality, not quantity, is their ambition. They would rather make one perfect blade than a thousand that do not measure up to their standard.

Twinplex Stropper

All blades—even the fine hand finished Twinplex Blades—shave better and last longer when stropped regularly on a Twinplex Stropper.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate how easy it is to keep your blades stropped—how you can get the coolest of cool, clean shaves every morning.

Twinplex Blades



TWINPLEX SALES COMPANY
1730 Locust St., St. Louis 1231 St. Catherine St., Montreal
Send me a Twinplex Blade that has been stropped with a Twinplex Stropper. I enclose 10¢.
Name
Address
City State

(*Continued from page 55*)

one who was waiting. Ten dark-haired sons, with the look and thrifty spirit of their mother, grew up about him, and had for him their mother's reverence—and their mother's sense that, somehow, he was alien. Goodmander worked to support them, building boats and hiring himself as a sailor in the summer, and in the winter fishing in the ice or carrying the mail. Whenever he would barter his freedom for hire his life went evenly enough. But if he attempted fishing on his own account his luck reminded him that he was no longer that Goodmander who had been invincible.

ARNI HALLDOR came every two years to the house to the christening party of each new baby. And always, when he offered Goodmander his fine gift, he said drearily:

"The fish come into my nets as they used to come to yours when you sang to them, Goodmander. I cannot keep from making money, but I would give all away till I had no more than you if only I had sons or even daughters! Of what good to me is money and no one to leave it to after me?"

But when Goodmander's last black-haired son was three years old, Arni Halldor came to him and for once failed to remember Goodmander's old luck.

"God has heard my prayer at last," he said triumphantly, "and now I am to have sons and daughters. Oh, Goodmander, your luck indeed must have come to me when I led you to America."

"You led me?" said Goodmander slowly. "No man has ever led me anywhere. Arni Halldor, my luck is my own; it does not pass to you or any other man."

He strode away from Arni, nor did he see him again until a stormy day when Arni, weeping tears that froze on his eyelashes, came to him as he sat fishing in the ice. His son had been born, but Sigrid said she was dying and that she wanted to see Goodmander Goodlaxssen, the fisherman.

Goodmander drew in his line, got his skis and set off across the island for Arni's house, which he had never seen. Arni followed him, muttering words lost in the wind, to which Goodmander made no attempt to listen. He was thinking of the night more than twenty years back when Sigrid had called him and he had found her and lost her. He strode into Arni's house and past a woman who sat by the fire with a baby on her lap, into the dimly lit room where Sigrid was waiting for him.

It seemed to him that time had scarcely touched that face with its crown of yellow hair, the yellow hair he had never fully seen. Her blue eyes looked deeply at him, starlike and still. Goodmander sat beside her.

"I said I would come when you sent for me, Sigrid," he said.

"Yes," she said, "I knew I had only to send."

"Why?" he asked.

She knew what he meant.

"I did not wait for you, Goodmander, the strong-hearted," she said, "because Arni was weak and needed me and because I had a long debt to pay to his people for kindness given and never returned. So I paid, and because I knew I was your woman, you also paid."

He turned this in his slow mind.

"We could have given Arni his payment," he said.

"No, a debt should be returned in kind," she said. "Besides, I thought your luck would come back the sooner."

He understood; some old pagan instinct had led her to believe that if his dearest were sacrificed to the powers of chance and fortune, they would return him much that was less dear.

"And you have many sons," she sighed.

He did not undeceive her. Let her think, if she would, that he was happy in his lot.

"Before I die," Sigrid said, "I want you to promise to make of my son a man like yourself. Arni is a fisherman and a sailor, but he is not his own man. You who have taken wages for twenty years are, nevertheless, your own man. It is you who can teach my son to hold his head like a king, as you do, to sail the waters, and to fear nothing."

Goodmander promised. Then he sat beside her silently, and Arni noticing the stillness, came in also. The two men who had loved her watched beside her till she died.

Then Goodmander took out his fish knife and cut off a lock of the beautiful hair he had never caressed. He went back to his cabin. All evening he sat close beside his wife, for he loved her too, and he needed her comfort in a grief that he never thought of as disloyal to her.

When Arni's boy, Thorwald, was a year old, Goodmander's last child and only daughter was born. She had his fine wide-set blue eyes and fair hair. In the clustering group of her brothers she was like a white edelweiss among strong hollyhocks.

"She is not like my people," Olga said.

In a few months it was plain that the little Ingeborg was all Goodmander's child. Shortly some of the fishermen began to call Goodmander "Goodmander the Nurse," for wherever he went two blue-eyed children followed him. Thorwald, Sigrid's son, looked more like him than any of his own sons and was his own child in spirit. Both the children had his own passion for the wind and the water, and to both he taught his craft with line, net and boat.

THE years went on and he still served other men in the summer and fished in the ice in the winter. He saw, with scorn, the rising favor in which the island fishermen held the power boats. A race of weaklings was come, he told Thorwald. Men were too feeble to sail or to row for the fish, and too slight in the arms to haul in the nets; they must have machinery for that. Thorwald listened indulgently, while Goodmander scolded and calked his boat which had never been launched, but soon would be. Goodmander, for all he commanded the wages of a young man, was getting old.

"Do not think," said Ingeborg to Thorwald fiercely, "that because your father is going to give you a power boat and a fishing rig when you are twenty-one—don't think that you will ever be the man my father is!"

Twenty-year-old Thorwald looked at her indulgently. He loved her, but, after all, she was only a girl. Still—he loved her, and he said:

"Goodmander Goodlaxssen was a great man."

"Is," stormed Ingeborg, "is, is—and I would never leave him for any man who doubted it."

The autumn day that Thorwald was twenty-one, Goodmander sat on his dock alone. That day Arni had given his son the promised power boat and fishing rig. Ingeborg had finally told him that she would marry him if only she need not leave her father, and Thorwald had promised that they would live with the old man in his cabin by the water. The young man's heart soared high with love, with a sense of importance, with a sense of generosity. He said that he must go to the fishing grounds with his new boat and that Ingeborg and her mother and her youngest brother must come; Arni too must come.

Goodmander protested; a storm was coming; he might have lost his luck, but no one could deny that he was the most weather-wise man on the island.

"Go if you must," Goodmander said

finally, "but I never have gone in a power boat, nor will I while my arms have strength."

The other fishing boats had gone well out before Thorwald started. Goodmander sat on his dock and watched his daughter and Sigrid's son depart. His ears were offended by the sound of the engine; his nostrils curled with scorn at the reek. Not so did a man fish in the old days. Presently Arni joined him.

"I did not want to go with them," Arni said. "I would rather stay here with you, Goodmander. I felt, when I gave Thorwald his boat today and when he looked at your girl—I felt that he was leaving me. I felt as if I was old."

They sat there the morning long, talking of the old days in Iceland.

By afternoon Arni was looking uneasily at the sky.

"You were right about that storm, Goodmander," he said, "but it is coming sooner than you thought."

Goodmander made no reply. He sat beside Arni, his gaze abstracted. He did not seem to notice that the other fishing boats were coming in. Arni went to meet one of the boats. When he returned his face was anxious.

"There is no fishing," he said, "and the boats are all coming back. The men are afraid of the storm. And, Goodmander, they say that Thorwald has taken his boat over to Gil's Rock. Your son, young Goodmander, wanted to see the girl he is to marry. But surely they will stay the night at Gil's Rock if the storm comes on. Thorwald won't recross Death's Door—"

Goodmander got up and went into his house, Arni following him. There for a time he sat still, while the sky grew dark and a chill wind rose. His eyes were remote; his head was bent as if he were listening. Suddenly he went to the door. When he opened it the wind swept into the cabin with a howl like a wolf's. Goodmander turned to Arni.

"I do not hear anything with my ears," he said, "but there is someone calling. You will come, Arni?"

"But where?" asked the little man.

Goodmander's face was transfigured. A sense of power swept through his body, set the blood in his veins dancing, gave him back the surging joy of his youth. Once more he was Goodmander the Great, Goodmander the Strong, who could lift Arni with his right hand and Sigrid with his left. Nor did he doubt that he was once more Goodmander the Lucky.

"To my boat," he said to Arni, and he spoke in the imperious way he had long ago spoken to his men.

THE two put on warm outer clothing. Arni seized a lantern, and then followed Goodmander to the slip where the boat lay. She had been launched for Thorwald's benefit, when Goodmander heard about the power boat. The little man saw Goodmander's preparations with much concern. "Where are you going, Goodmander?" he asked.

"We are going to Death's Door, and we shall be safe," Goodmander shouted. "Well you know, Arni, that I am master of wind and water. For I am not now Goodmander who fishes through a hole in the ice and takes the hire of other men. I am Goodmander that they called the wizard. Come, in with you, Arni."

They put out from the slip, and Arni sat huddled amidship.

Goodmander's boat, snugged down to close reef, had to eat its way into a head wind. Arni shivered as the waves tore at them. But Goodmander, singing the wordless pagan song of his young days, had no fears. He felt as he had in that hour when he had claimed Sigrid as his woman. Sigrid was dead, and yet he felt her nearness as never before. They were together and danger ran from them. Many times the boat almost overturned, but always righted itself. Arni took heart and began to bail out the water.

"Why are you going to Death's Door?" he shouted.

Goodmander did not hear the words, but he understood the question.

"I am following the voice I hear calling," he shouted back, and he thought of the day, almost forty years before, when he crossed Death's Door three times on the ice, all for the sake of Sigrid Halldor, all for the sake of a woman whom he saw but twice, and lost, and yet had won too.

SLOWLY, heavily, they fought their way through the waves and wind. Goodmander still sang the song with which he used to call the fish and the winds and the waters to obey him.

"Death's Door must yield to me," he shouted. "Watch this, Arni; nothing can harm us. Watch the storm give way to Goodmander the Lucky. For at last, at last my luck has come back to me, and I never was humble, Arni: patient, but never humble. It had to come back, for I waited. Now it is calling me."

The light; Gil's Rock; here and there a tiny gleam on the shore—and the treacherous waters of Death's Door. Arni, weary and frightened, saw only Goodmander's huge figure breasting the storm. Into his tired mind crept a sense of peace and confidence. He was safe with Goodmander the Lucky. Some time this hurricane of wind, these deep troughs, and hills of water would end. Goodmander would master them. And, as if with the birth of Arni's faith, the wind began to die down a little. The waves fell away somewhat. Arni could hear Goodmander's strong singing.

Then he saw a light close to the water, a light that, as they approached it, rose and fell with the waves.

"It must be a boat," Arni thought.

Slowly they labored toward the light; nearer they came. Arni waved his lantern. He thought he heard a faint shouting.

"If it's a power boat, it's not moving," he called to Goodmander.

"It's your son's boat," Goodmander said. "The engine has failed them and they are trying to row into the wind. Young Thorwald has to take to the oars at last."

Over the water came a faint voice—Ingeborg's voice:

"It's you coming for us, Father. We're safe."

Goodmander did not speak. His strong joy was still alive but wordless. He could hear the creaking of oars, the sound of bailing, the frightened tones of his wife's voice. He said no word, even when the boats came together, when the women were helped into his boat, and when young Thorwald said:

"I'm sorry I didn't take your advice, Father Goodmander. My boat's just about swamped. It wouldn't last another five minutes."

But on the return, sailing before the wind, Goodmander sang again, aware that Thorwald was once more his disciple, even as was Arni; that his wife admired him as never before; that Ingeborg, his daughter, owed her man and her life to him, and that all this was nothing beside the fact that he was once more Goodmander the Lucky. When at last he drew the boat up to his little dock and the others got out, drenched and weary, he felt that he could have sailed back to Death's Door and defied the waters once more. And he said to Arni:

"Never again shall a boat of mine smash; never again shall a net of mine break. My youth has come back. I will go out with the boats tomorrow and no catch shall be like my catch, for I have brought back my luck. Once more I am Goodmander the Lucky."

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Number One. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.

Number Two. It will keep your skin in better shape.

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IF you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a life time's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty to look at, but it's the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had!

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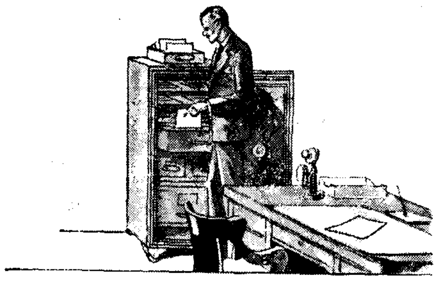

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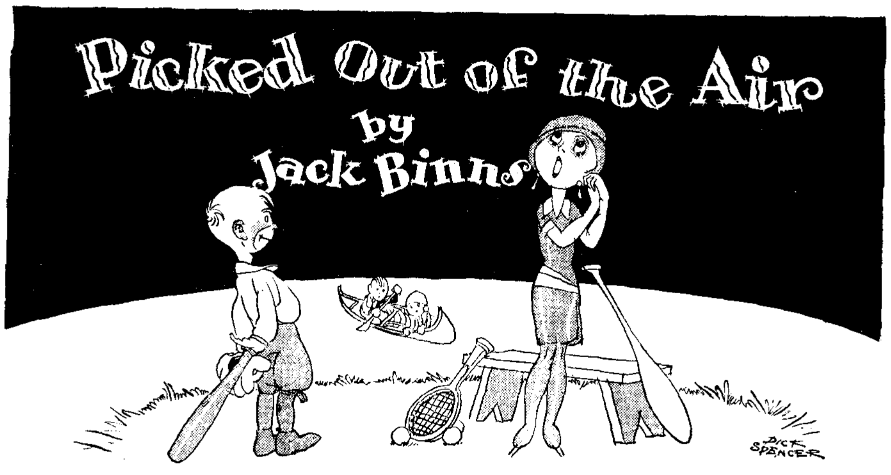


Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns

It's the Vocal "It"

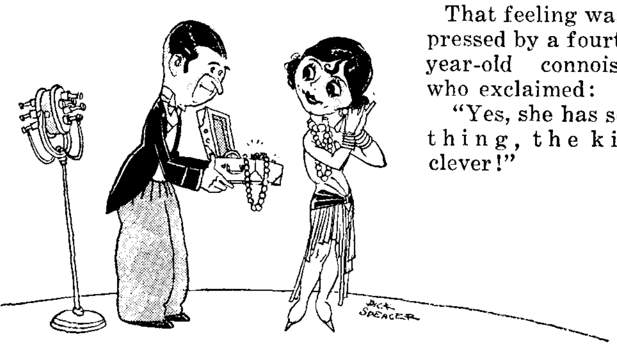
WE ARE apparently in the midst of one of those cycles that govern the activities of studio managers just as relentlessly as they do any other type of mortal. In the present case the studio managers have swung away from the straight program of song recitals or light opera selections into plot-governed continuity as a means of filling up the spaces between the various songs that comprise the program. In this particular phase of the cycle we have the singing artists carrying the dialogue, and it has even developed into the serial type of presentation—"to be continued next week." One of those "hours" is that which stars the sweet-voiced Jessica Dragonette.

The most distressing surprise I ever had was the misfortune to hear a certain grand opera prima donna speak. The contrast between her singing and speaking voice was so pronounced that it caused a distinct shock. As a result of that experience I listened in with some misgiving to the first of the new type programs and got a pleasant surprise.

The youthful Miss Jessica can talk into my loud speaker any time she wishes. In fact I feel somewhat like the lads who spent last summer up at Camp Marquette on Lake Spotford, N. H., after Jessica had graciously broken her vacation to sing for the boys without accompaniment.

That feeling was expressed by a fourteen-year-old connoisseur who exclaimed:

"Yes, she has something, the kid's clever!"



Jingling Static

WE HAVE all kinds of man-made static to interfere with radio pleasures. Most of it is avoidable and a great deal has been completely eliminated during the past few years. Man is not the only sinner. At the risk of getting "in Dutch" with the fair sex I am going to relate the sad fact that there is also the woman-made variety of static.

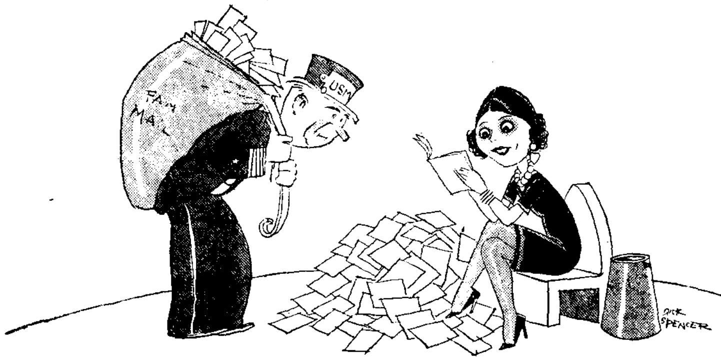
Take the case of ear-rings—especially those fantastic metallic ones that some women are convinced add a semi-wild but alluring aspect to their native charm. These adornments may be grand when Television is finally developed to a practical use—but at present in a broadcast studio they are just so much static to the microphone. Any songstress who puts feeling into her vocal rendition is bound to move her head continuously, and there's your static. The same goes for beads or other jingling ornaments that may adorn a dress or loose bracelets that may set off a pretty arm.

It is something for the studio managers to think about.

What Do You Call Them?

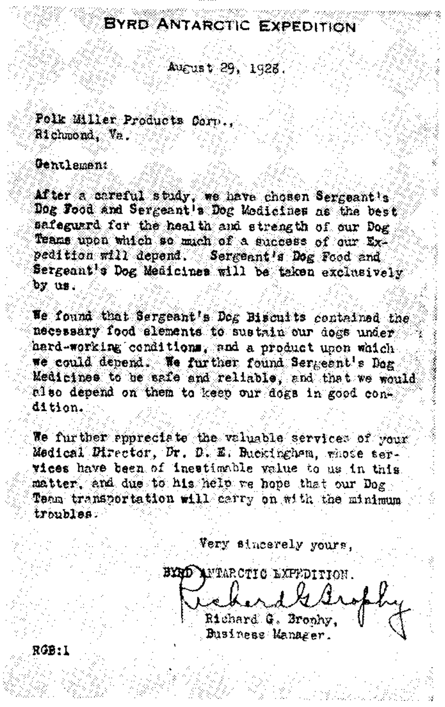
EDNA MAY HAMILTON, whose voice regularly charms listeners on the Pacific Coast, recently essayed a speaking rôle in Memory Lane, one of the regular program sketches of the NBC chain. Her success is attested by the volume of "fan" mail she received immediately after her initial effort as a vocal actress.

Aside from the success achieved by Miss Hamilton the event raises a rather novel question. Can anyone who plays a rôle before the microphone be called an "actor" or "actress," as the case may be? Acting has always been associated with a reproduction of physical characterizations and appearances as well as vocal reproduction. Radio gives us only the latter, but the "radio player" is more than an actor (or actress) since vocal radio technique must of necessity be much more highly developed in order to create a picture in the listeners' minds. If radio plays are to continue we need a new definition for those who vocally enact the parts we hear. "Radio player" is too awkward, and actor does not truly define the art.



Own a dog?

Read this Letter!



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BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.
Richard G. Brophy
Richard G. Brophy,
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The Vigilantes take Charge

Continued from page 9

out of the way, business men flocked out into the open to help elect the man who had whipped him. The "twentieth-century vigilantes" made themselves known. No man held back; it was now considered an honor to become a "Civic Safety" man . . . now that Crowe was defeated.

But there was another hurdle to jump. Judge William J. Lindsay, Democratic candidate for state's attorney, was a George Brennan man. The recently deceased Brennan, Democratic boss, and Crowe, Republican boss, had worked together like two sailors pulling for shore on a life-raft.

Hundreds of thousands of people in Chicago, including members of the City Club, the Municipal Voters' League, the Public Education Association and other civic groups, who had voted against Crowe were rejoicing in Crowe's defeat. Too many of them were inclined to think their job was finished with this achievement.

It was necessary to turn their now useless anti-Crowe anger toward the organization that had supported Crowe and was now, with Crowe out of the running, planning to put Judge Lindsay into office.

"Let's demand that Crowe call a grand jury to investigate the violence of primary election day," was a suggestion that carried the day.

Crowe always hated grand juries that meddled with his affairs. Three of his juries investigated the killing of his assistant, McSwiggin, without result. Crowe's crowd in the state legislature, friends of Gov. Len Small, who had been forced to return over $650,000 of state money to the state treasury, passed a bill that no grand jury could be kept alive more than thirty days, a very short space of time in which to probe intricate civic scandals. It also passed a bill providing that no court could name a special state's attorney to function in the place of a regular state's attorney, unless the action of court was approved by the attorney-general of the state, who, at that time, was friendly to Crowe.

The county commissioners, friends of Crowe, refused to vote the necessary $100,000 for a grand jury.

There had been a murder on primary election day. In the Twentieth ward, where Negroes abound, lived a Negro lawyer named Octavius Granady, graduate of two universities, holder of the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross, won in battle. He was running for Republican ward committeeman. His opponent was Morris Eller, a Crowe supporter.

About seven o'clock in the evening four cars swirled past Granady's. On one of them a police gong was sounding. A man on the running board of one car turned a machine gun on Granady. Sixty-four bullets found their target.

The wanton killing of Granady was merely an object lesson. It was not done to insure victory. The polls had already closed and when the votes were counted Eller was easily victorious.

Of course it was necessary to hold an inquest into Granady's death.

"That coroner's jury is loaded," said the Chicago Bar Association, as soon as its membership was announced.

New Jury Chosen

Into the jury room strode a committee of six of the best lawyers in the city. The demonstration was too much for Coroner Oscar Wolf; the whole Chicago Bar was angrily turning toward him, with a demand he could not refuse.

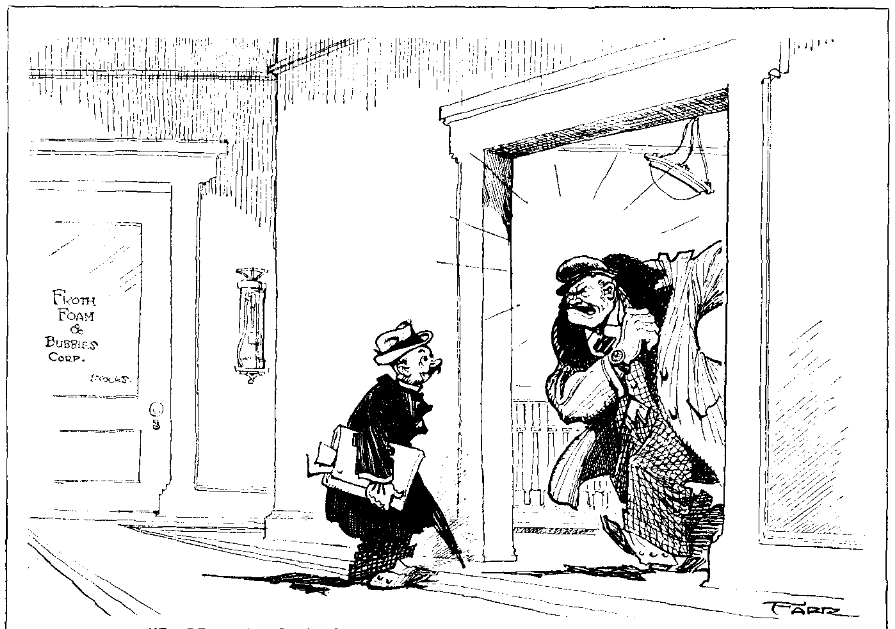
"Octavius Granady was a member of the bar association," declared the lawyer spokesman. "We are a committee appointed by the bar association to demand that this coroner's jury be thrown out and an honest jury substituted."

Wolf threw out the jury which had been selected by one of his deputies. A coroner's jury of lawyers and prominent business men was chosen and all the facts of the Granady killing were brought out.

And then the Civic Safety Commission got a surprise. Leading business men, who had been made ashamed of their city by biting jests in almost every part of the world, to say nothing of their own America, discovered that the rank and file of Chicago's citizens were just as ashamed of Chicago's reputation as they.

The Chicago Association of Commerce entered the fight and asked the public to donate money for an "election-day-violence" grand jury; probably for several grand juries, for, by Crowe's trick in the legislature, no grand jury

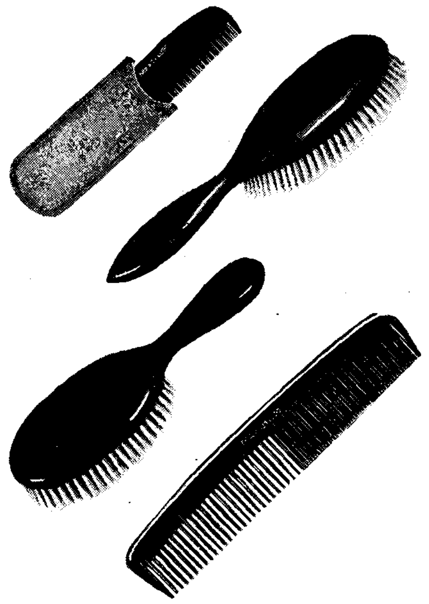
(*Continued on page 60*)



"Is Mr. Pindle in his office?"
"He's in, but he won't be seeing anyone today—I'm his ex-chauffeur—he just fired me"

Rexall

PRACTICAL COMB AND BRUSH SETS



You will find a huge difference in combs and brushes. See the handsome, durable sets at your Rexall Store. Practical combs that have good strong teeth. Brushes so well shaped and bristled that you feel a real pleasure in drawing them through your hair. To keep your hair glossy, neat and beautiful, go to your Rexall Store for combs and brushes of every kind, shape and size. Save with safety at your

Rexall DRUG STORE
Stockholder The Rexall Store United Drug Company

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

Great... for a hurry-up shave!

PORTER gives you only a few minutes—everyone hurrying—no time to lather well—many a traveller has learned the secret of using Hinds Cream in such a fix.

Just rub in Hinds *first.* Then lather right over it. No need to rub in the lather—Hinds has already softened your beard. *After* you shave, rub in a little more to keep your skin soft and relaxed all day.

Try it when travelling. Just as fine at home each morning. Your wife has a bottle—or send the coupon.

HINDS CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Before and After Shaving

© L. & F., 1929

HINDS CREAM

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 959,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. I want a smooth, quick shave.

(Print name and address)

Name..

Address..

This coupon not good after April, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

(*Continued from page 59*)

could exist longer than one month. The money poured in! Thousands sent no more than one dollar; others, even shop girls, contributed quarters and half dollars. Five-dollar donations were frequent. One-hundred-dollar donations stood out like lighthouses.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT'S WHAT AROUSED CHICAGO TURNED INTO THE GRAND-JURY FUND, FOR THE PURPOSE OF LEARNING WHO, BY MURDER AND VIOLENCE, HAD TRIED TO TURN THEIR PRIMARY ELECTION DAY INTO A SHAMBLES.

Frank J. Loesch, eminent Chicago lawyer, getting along into the seventies, took over the task of conducting the primary-election-day-violence grand juries. There were six Loesch juries between April and November, with twenty-three leading citizens, inspired by the vigilante idea, on each; 138 men in all. They promptly indicted 100 men.

"Follow Through to Election Day," cried the Civic Safety Commission. It was easy to keep the public interested and angry so long as the grand juries kept busy with their investigations and their indictments and their reports.

A Birthday Party in Chambers

Now, all this time, Mr. Brennan's candidate for Crowe's office (although Brennan himself had died during midsummer), Judge Lindsay, was making a lively campaign. He spoke before women's clubs and before church organizations. He issued a statement to the clergymen of Chicago, asking their support, declaring, in gist, "You and I both are about Our Father's business." Judge Lindsay ran to the Biblical. He was threatening to be hard to beat.

Now it befell that Judge Lindsay's birthday came on December 9.

In the records of the Chicago Bar Association, placed there in an action to have the judge removed from membership, there is a sworn-to story of a birthday party held in Judge Lindsay's chambers.

The story practically ended the judge's chances of beating John A. Swanson. On the forenoon of December 9, 1927, a South Side bootlegger carried many bottles of whisky, in gunny sacks, through the corridors of the courthouse.

And that afternoon there was no session in Judge Lindsay's court.

The lawyers on both sides, court attachés, newspaper reporters, and many friends of the judge, gathered in his large, imposing rooms between two in the afternoon and nine that evening at the task of consuming what the bootlegger had dragged in. The findings of the Chicago Bar Association committee, reported in a Chicago newspaper after election day, were as follows:

1. Judge Lindsay did not adjourn court for the purpose of participating in a "liquor party," but court was adjourned on the day in question at the request of counsel in the case then on trial.
2. Members of the jury in Judge Lindsay's court on the day in question were not served with intoxicating liquor by Judge Lindsay, but the jurors were served with intoxicating liquor by Judge Lindsay's bailiff in the bailiff's room.
3. The conduct of Judge Lindsay on the occasion in question did not interfere with the administration of justice in the case then on trial.
4. The evidence shows, and Judge Lindsay admits, that on Dec. 9, 1927, after the adjournment of the case then on trial before him a number of Judge Lindsay's friends gathered in his chambers in commemoration of his birthday, at which time intoxicating liquor was served in the presence of Judge Lindsay and with his approval to all who called.

The board of managers are of the opinion that the conduct of Judge William J. Lindsay as set out above in the committee's finding No. 4 tends to discredit the law and the courts.

And on January 1, 1929, Mr. Swanson walked into Robert E. Crowe's office after Crowe had walked out.

On that same day, over in the rooms of the county commissioners, a strange action was taken. The Brennan-Crowe county commission had changed its mind!

"Return to the people of Chicago the $153,000 which they donated for the six grand juries," it decreed—and it voted the $100,000, which, under Crowe, it withheld for the grand-jury investigations.

As I write this a small force of clerks, maintained for the special purpose by the merchants' association, is engaged in sending back to Chicago citizens every donation they had made to purify their polls. Their money had been well spent.

There was Len Small, ex-governor of Illinois. He's out; beaten on primary election day after the scandal of losing a civil case brought against him in the courts for almost one million dollars' interest on state funds diverted from their proper use.

There was Frank Smith, elected and then appointed by Small as United States Senator from Illinois. The United States Senate closed its doors against him. He was of the crowd.

Number three to go down was Robert E. Crowe.

Next comes William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago. He yet has two and a half years to serve. The defeat of Crowe, of Small and of Smith left Thompson alone of that once-powerful Crowe quartette, his power destroyed.

One of the Chicago aldermen, Titus Haffa, of the Forty-third ward, in the neighborhood where five gangsters lined up seven beer dealers against a wall and executed them as Mexicans shoot bandits, is out of the aldermanic running.

He complained of the police in his ward not because they did not arrest bootleggers but because they demanded too much graft from them. He equipped the motor cars of two of his beer runners with police insignia so that no policeman dare arrest them for passing traffic lights.

They Carry Arms

One of the city's important business men, a member of the Civic Safety Commission, said to me:

"You needn't think we don't know that we're in a dangerous fight here."

He drew open the center drawer of his desk. There was a long-barreled black .45-caliber revolver.

He rose from his chair and went over to the rack on which his overcoat was hanging. From a pocket he drew forth a neat black .22-caliber automatic. He snuggled it down into the palm of his hand; only practice could have made his fingers fit over that weapon as cozily as they did.

"I have 'em handy all the time," he said. "And what's more, I sleep with a sawed-off shotgun at the head of my bed."

"How many business men in this civic safety fight carry weapons?" I asked.

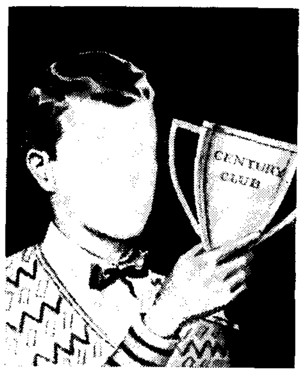
"Well, I know that the editor of one of Chicago's largest newspapers carries a gun on the street and has weapons in his office. Twice the gangsters have almost reached his inner office."

"Do you personally know twenty business men in Chicago who go armed?" I insisted.

"Yes, more than that."

"Forty?" I asked.

"I can give you the names of fifty," he said, "all members of the Civic Safety Commission."



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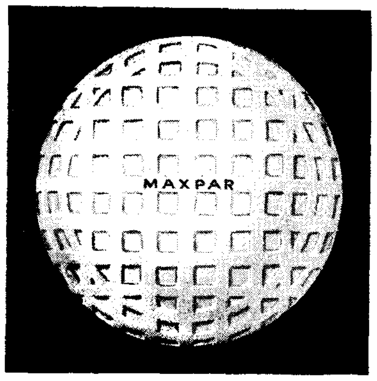
"WHO am I? I'm the man who pays the green-keepers, supports the pro—buys the prizes—makes the game what it is. I'm just the Average Player.

"And I maintain that I'm one of the best judges of a golf-ball in the world. When I say the Dunlop-made Maxpar drives farther, *I know.* I do get 10 to 15 yards more than with other 75c balls. And when I say the Maxpar stands punishment without becoming egg-shaped, *I know.* I can punish a ball more in 18 holes than the best pro can in a week. And I know Maxpar putts true, because putting is one thing I *can* do.

"I say that for the man who wants a golf-ball with the famous Dunlop resiliency, endurance and distance, the Maxpar at 75c is a BUY. Ask your pro."



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MAXPAR
MADE BY DUNLOP

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The Enders Razor itself holds this sharp Enders blade at precisely the correct angle for a perfect shave. In the hand the Enders feels like the light, delicately poised and balanced instrument *which it is*.

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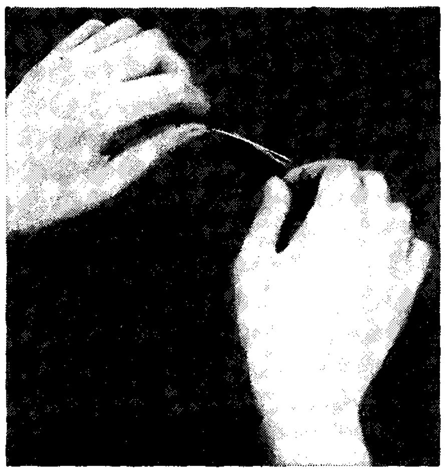

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Blades, package of five, .35

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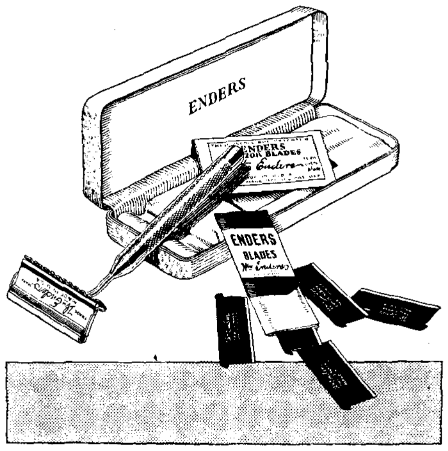


Summer Lightning

Continued from page 20

puzzled. Then an explanation of the peculiar question presented itself.

"Oh, you mean Mr. . . . ?

"Yes, yes, yes. Of course I wasn't referring to Lord Emsworth. My brother Galahad."

"I have never met him. Oddly enough, though he visited the castle twice during the period when I was Lord Emsworth's secretary, I was away both times on my holiday. Is he here now?"

"Yes. Finishing his Reminiscences."

"I saw in some paper that he was writing the history of his life."

"And if you know what a life his has been you will understand why I am distracted."

"Certainly I have heard stories," said Baxter guardedly.

"The book is full from beginning to end of libelous anecdotes, Mr. Baxter. About all our best friends. If it is published, we shall not have a friend left."

"SO YOU want me to get hold of the manuscript and destroy it?"

Lady Constance stared, stunned by this penetration.

"Yes," she gasped. She hurried on. "It does seem, I know, an extraordinary thing to . . . But, Mr. Baxter, you are my only hope."

Baxter removed his spectacles, polished them, and put them back again.

"I shall be delighted, Lady Constance, to do anything to help you that lies in my power. And to obtain possession of this manuscript should be an easy task. But is there only one copy of it in existence?"

"Yes, yes, yes. I am sure of that. Galahad told me that he was waiting till it was finished before sending it to the typist."

"Then you need have no further anxiety."

It was a moment when Lady Constance Keeble would have given much for eloquence. She sought for words that should adequately express her feelings, but could find none.

"Oh, Mr. Baxter!" she said.

Ronnie Fish's aimlessly wandering feet had taken him westward. It was not long, accordingly, before there came to his nostrils a familiar and penetrating odor, and he found that he was within a short distance of the detached residence employed by Empress of Blandings as a combined bedroom and restaurant. A few steps, and he was enabled to observe that celebrated animal in person. With her head tucked well down and her tail wiggling with pure *joie de vivre*, the Empress was hoisting in a spot of lunch.

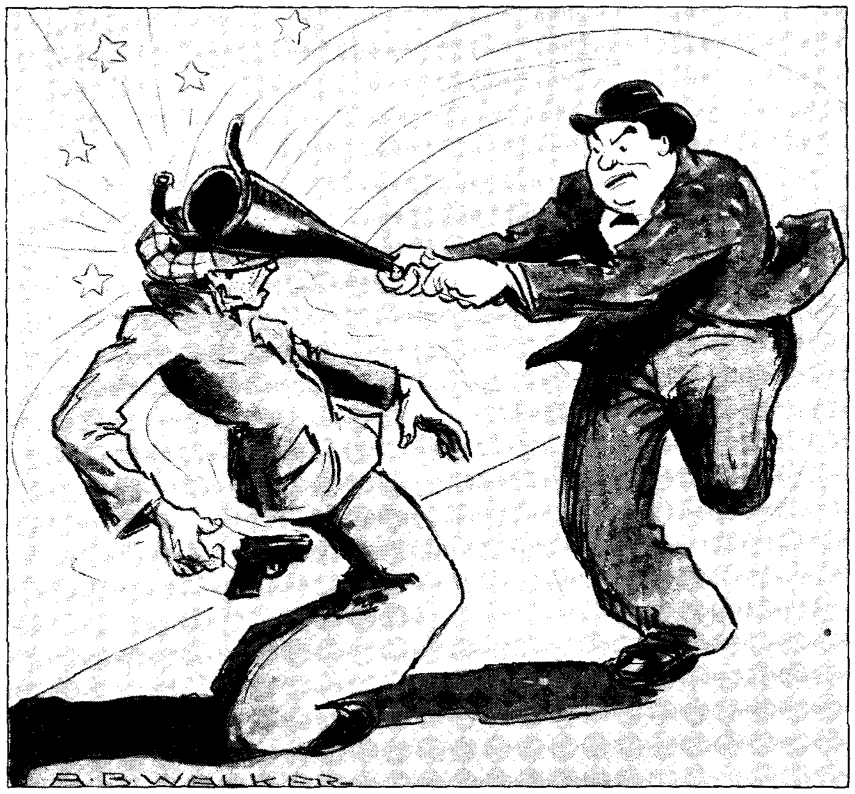
Everybody likes to see somebody eating. Ronnie leaned over the rail, absorbed. He poised the tennis-ball and with an absent-minded flick of the wrist bounced it on the silver medallist's back. Finding the pleasant, ponging sound which resulted soothing to harassed nerves, he did it again. The Empress made excellent bouncing. She was not one of your razor-backs. She presented a wide and resistant surface. For some minutes, therefore, the pair carried on according to plan—she eating, he bouncing, until presently Ronnie was thrilled to discover that this outdoor sport of his was assisting thought. Gradually—mistily at first, then assuming shape, a plan of action was beginning to emerge from the murk of his mind.

How would this be, for instance?

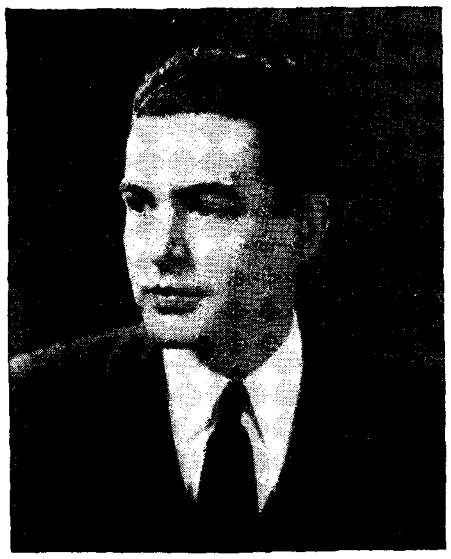
If there was one thing calculated to appeal to his Uncle Clarence, to induce in his Uncle Clarence a really melting mood, it was the announcement that somebody desired to return to the Land. He loved to hear of people returning to the Land. How, then, would this be? Go to the old boy, state that one had seen the light and was in complete agreement with him that England's future depended on checking the Drift to the Towns, and then ask for a good fat slice of capital with which to start a farm.

The project of starting a farm was one which was bound to. . . . Half a minute. Another idea on the way. Yes, here it came, and it was a pippin. Not merely just an ordinary farm, but a pig-farm! Wouldn't Uncle Clarence leap in

(*Continued on page 63*)



One-legged man: "You coward! Take that for holding up a poor cripple"



FOR MEN IN THE SPOTLIGHT

AT LEAST once a day, every man is the focus of attention—in the center of the spotlight. And his audience is always critical.

That is why men in the limelight take careful pride in their appearance. That is why they are always cleanly and smoothly shaven. And these are the men who have turned to Squibb's Shaving Cream by instinct.

With no fuss or muss, Squibb's Shaving Cream pilots the way for the razor. Does its work so well that there's never a bit of sting or bite. A shave with Squibb's is always cool—always thorough—always pleasant.

All drug stores sell Squibb's Shaving Cream, priced reasonably at 40c a tube.

A SHAVING CREAM

By SQUIBB

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SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM
cents
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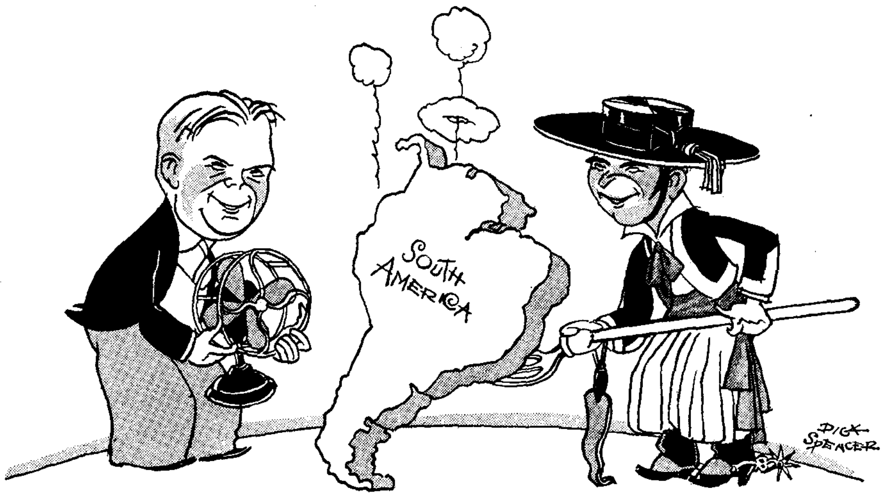
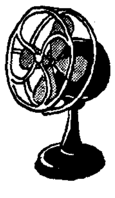


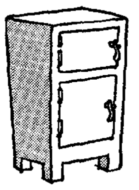
Cooling off South America

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director "Science Service"



AMONG the cheers and acclaims that greeted the then President-elect as he disembarked at successive seaports on the Pacific Coast, I suppose there was some Spanish slogan corresponding to our "What's the Matter with South America?" This is a rhetorical question in any language, for politeness permits no other answer than the reassuring shout, "It's all right!" But if Mr. Hoover had been free to be frank in his reply, he would doubtless have responded, as does every northern visitor, "It's too hot." Especially since his position compelled him to wear the un-Quakerish costume of plug hat and Prince Albert.



The South Americans themselves do not realize this defect in their native climate, but it is the business of travelers, especially commercial travelers, to point out such unrealized deficiencies and so awaken new needs for the stimulation of international trade. No doubt the bright young men, whom Mr. Hoover gathered about him in the Department of Commerce, have already focused their keen eyes upon the desirability of alleviating the torridity of tropical climates as one of our most altruistic and profitable opportunities for doing something practical for the benefit of the countries south of us.

America Likes to Keep Cool

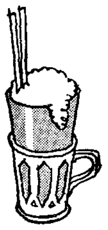
For the United States unquestionably leads the world in reducing temperature to a comfortable degree. No other people make such lavish use of ice, electric fans, and all mechanical means of causing coolness. The latest appliance in this field, the electric refrigerator, is fast becoming a household necessity and it is anticipated, by those who are manufacturing them, that we shall soon have as many of them in use as we have automobiles.

In the opposite direction the United States has made unprecedented progress. Nowhere else has the art of making a whole house warm in cold weather been so completely developed and so generally employed. It is the desire of our countrymen to be comfortable at all costs that has led to the cultivation of the complementary arts of keeping cool and keeping warm. Living as we do in the Temperate Zone, we have to endure a doubly intemperate climate, suffering in summer from excessive heat and in winter from excessive cold, so we have invented new weapons for warding off both foes of the human race.

Whether man first developed in a hot or a cold climate is still in dispute. But this featherless and furless biped learned how to protect himself against cold tens of thousands of years before he acquired the art of ameliorating an air temperature that was too high.

Electricity Solves the Problem

Possibly primitive man employed a palm-leaf fan to cool his brow after he had started a fire by rubbing two sticks together. But the fire, once started, went on of its own accord while the fan required constant effort which heated up the body by internal exercise and so subtracted from the cooling effect on the surface. The punka, a later invention for the same purpose, evades the problem instead of solving it; for it merely passes on the bodily heat from the master to the slave. But the electric fan heats up the room very little through its motor while it cools off the skin a great deal through evaporation. The first American ceiling fan to be substituted for the punka was sold to the Bombay Yacht Club thirty years ago. At present the greatest buyer of American electric fans is Argentina, followed by China, Japan, and Australasia. In 1927 nearly 75,000 electric fans were exported from the United States and brought in more than a million dollars. In 1928 the exportation was increased by some twenty-five per cent. Since Argentina is the coolest country in South America the rest of the continent needs more of these frozen breezes from the north.



In 1876 Charles Tellier, the founder of refrigeration, equipped his cold storage ship, the Frigorique, to bring beef from Buenos Aires to France. The system for the transportation of perishables thus inaugurated has in the half century since that time brought unprecedented prosperity to the Argentine and revolutionized the dietary of Europe. But the domestic and market refrigerator is yet unknown in many parts of the tropics, where it is still the custom to consume all meat the day it is slaughtered. Uncle Sam could do his southern neighbors no greater favor than to introduce to them this, the newest of his Yankee notions.

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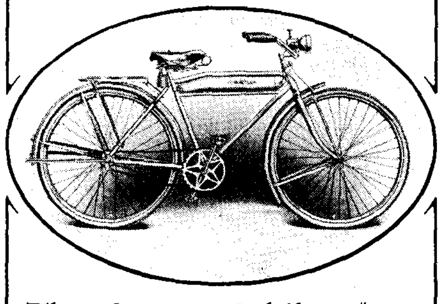

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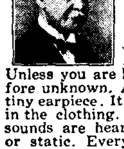

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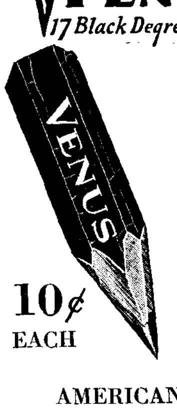

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Rust did it—invisible rust caused by moisture which wiping failed to remove from between the microscopic teeth of your razor edge. After your next shave, first dry razor blade and then apply

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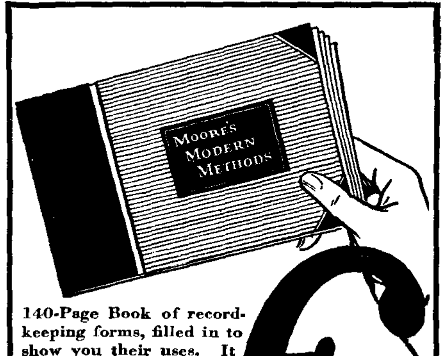

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 61

the air and shower gold on anybody who wanted to live in the country and breed pigs? You bet your Sunday cuffs he would. And, once the money was safely deposited to the account of Ronald Overbury Fish in Cox's Bank, then ho! for the registrar's hand in hand with Sue.

There was a musical *plonk* as Ronnie bounced the ball for the last time on the Empress's complacent back. Then, no longer with dragging steps but treading on air, he wandered away to sketch out the last details of the scheme before going indoors and springing it.

Too often it happens that, when you get these brain-waves, you take another look at them after a short interval and suddenly detect some fatal flaw. No such disappointment came to mar the happiness of Ronnie Fish.

"I say, Uncle Clarence," he said, prancing into the library, some half-hour later.

LORD EMSWORTH was deep in the current issue of a weekly paper of porcine interest. It seemed to Ronnie, as he looked up, that his eye was not any too chummy. This, however, did not disturb him. That eye, he was confident, would melt anon.

"I say, Uncle Clarence, you know that capital of mine."

"That what?"

"My capital. My money. The money you're trustee of. And a jolly good trustee," said Ronnie handsomely. "Well, I've been thinking things over and I want you, if you will, to disgorge a segment of it for a sort of venture I've got in mind."

He had not expected the eye to melt yet, and it did not. Seen through the glass of his uncle's pince-nez, it looked like an oyster in an aquarium.

"You wish to start another night-club?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. Night-clubs are a mug's game. I ought never to have touched them. As a matter of fact, Uncle Clarence, London as a whole seems to me a bit of a washout these days. I'm all for the country. What I feel is that the drift to the towns should be checked. What England wants is more blokes going back to the Land. That's the way it looks to me."

Ronnie Fish began to experience the first definite twinges of uneasiness. This was the point at which he had been confident that the melting process would set in. Yet, watching the eye, he was dismayed to find it as oysterlike as ever. He felt like an actor who has been counting on a round of applause and goes off after his big speech without a hand. The idea occurred to him that his uncle might possibly have grown a little hard of hearing.

"To the Land," he repeated, raising his voice. "More blokes going back to the Land. So I want a dollop of capital to start a farm."

He braced himself for the supreme revelation.

"I want to breed pigs," he said reverently.

Something was wrong. There was no blinking the fact any longer. So far from leaping in the air and showering gold, his uncle merely stared at him in an increasingly unpleasant manner. Lord Emsworth had removed his pince-nez and was wiping them; and Ronnie thought that his eye looked rather less agreeable in the nude than it had done through glass.

"Pigs!" he cried, fighting against a growing alarm.

"You wish to breed pigs?"

"That's right," bellowed Ronnie. "Pigs!" And from somewhere in his system he contrived to dig up and fasten on his face an ingratiating smile.

Lord Emsworth replaced his pince-nez.

"And I suppose," he said throatily, quivering from his bald head to his roomy shoes, "that when you've got 'em you'll spend the whole day bouncing tennis-balls on their backs?"

Ronnie gulped. The shock had been severe. The ingratiating smile lingered on his lips, as if fastened there with pins, but his eyes were round and horrified.

"Eh?" he said feebly.

Lord Emsworth rose. He drew himself up to his full height, which was considerable, and from this eminence glared balefully down on his nephew.

"I saw you! I was on my way to the piggery and I saw you there bouncing your infernal tennis-balls on my pig's back. Tennis-balls!" Fire seemed to stream from the pince-nez. "Are you aware that Empress of Blandings is an excessively nervous, highly-strung animal, only too ready on the slightest provocation to refuse her meals? You might have undone the work of months with your idiotic tennis-ball."

"I'm sorry. . . ."

"What's the good of being sorry?"

"I never thought. . . ."

"You never do. That's what's the trouble with you. Pig-farm!" said Lord Emsworth vehemently, his voice soaring into the upper register. "You couldn't manage a pig-farm. You aren't fit to manage a pig-farm. You aren't worthy to manage a pig-farm. If I had to select somebody out of the whole world to manage a pig-farm, I would choose you last."

RONNIE FISH groped his way to the table and supported himself on it. He had a sensation of dizziness. On one point he was reasonably clear, viz., that his Uncle Clarence did not consider him ideally fitted to manage a pig-farm, but apart from that his mind was in a whirl. He felt as if he had stepped on something and it had gone off with a bang.

"Here! What is all this?"

It was the Hon. Galahad who had spoken, and he had spoken peevishly. Working in the small library with the door ajar, he had found the babble of voices interfering with literary composition and, justifiably annoyed, had come to investigate.

"Can't you do your reciting some time when I'm not working, Clarence?" he said. "What's all the trouble about?"

Lord Emsworth was still full of his grievance.

"He bounced tennis-balls on my pig!"

The Hon. Galahad was not impressed. He did not register horror.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said sternly, "that all this fuss, ruining my morning's work, was simply about that blasted pig of yours?"

"I refuse to allow you to call the Empress a blasted pig! Good heavens!" cried Lord Emsworth passionately. "Can none of my family appreciate the fact that she is the most remarkable animal in Great Britain? No pig in the whole annals of the Shropshire Agricultural Show has ever won the silver medal two years in succession. And that, if only people will leave her alone and refrain from incessantly pelting her with tennis-balls, is what the Empress is quite certain to do. It is an unheard-of feat."

The Hon. Galahad frowned. He shook his head reprovingly.

(*Continued on page 65*)

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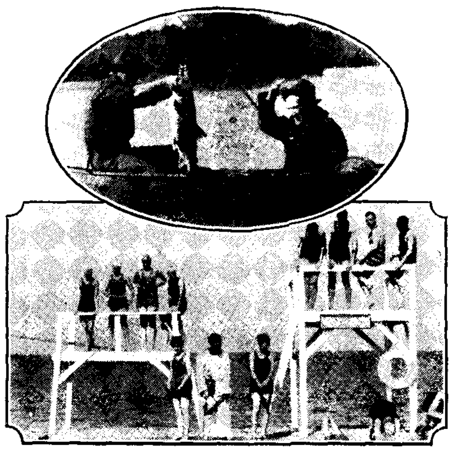

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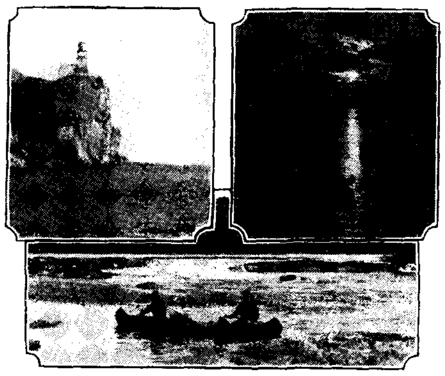

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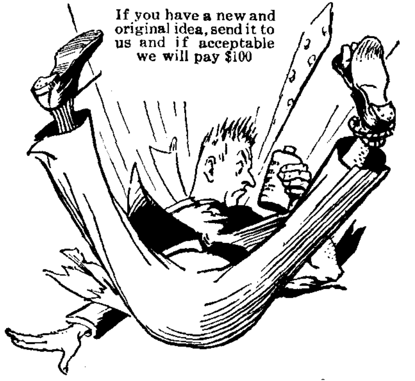
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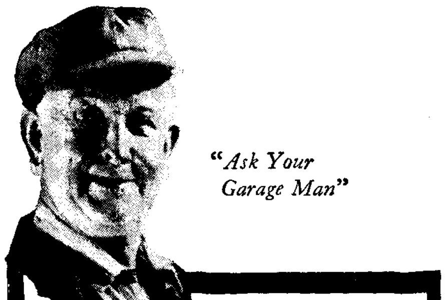

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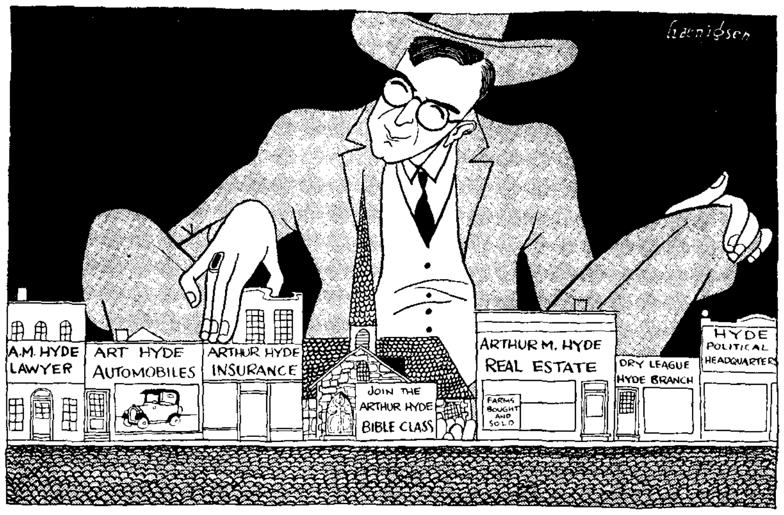

The Six Per Cent Farmer

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ARTHUR M. HYDE, Secretary of Agriculture, will be in an intimate way the most interesting figure of the Hoover Administration. Did you ever go into a rural village and find that the leading citizen was the country storekeeper, the real estate man, the insurance agent, the local banker, and that he had served a couple of terms in the legislature? If you add that he is somewhat droll, you have Secretary Hyde.

Or better, that is what Mr. Hyde would have been twenty years ago when opportunities were somewhat more limited than they are today. He is what Vice President Tom Marshall was, except that Tom Marshall sat much on a cracker barrel, while Arthur M. Hyde had an eye for farm lands and for the opportunity to sell automobiles. He is Tom Marshall with a business sense.

His father was a practical countryman who "sent the boy to college," in fact to two colleges, to the University of Michigan and then to the University of Iowa, to study law. The old man had been a Congressman for a term or two, hence the inclination to politics. The young law-school graduate instead of going out to "Kans'city," as they call it in Missouri, or over to St. Louis, settled down to practice in Princeton, Mo., a town of about one thousand inhabitants.

The whole story of Arthur M. Hyde is told in that choice. There is the kind of man who locates in the small town and the kind that goes to the big city. And Mr. Hyde was the former. If he had not been he would not now be Secretary of Agriculture.

From a Bible Class to Politics

His early training for the Secretaryship of Agriculture consisted in lending money on farm lands. The future Secretary of Agriculture had an eye for opportunities and, as the farmers took to riding in good cars, he became general agent of an excellent and salable brand of automobile. By this time, I should add, he had moved from Princeton to a larger town, Trenton. It sounds like New Jersey, but it isn't. It is all in Missouri.

Very soon he had added an insurance company to his possessions. And in the course of time he owned some fifteen or twenty farms. Owning farms is inevitable to the small-town lawyer, automobile agent and insurance company president. He can't help it any more than he can help teaching the largest Bible class in the state—which Mr. Hyde has done—or being elected to office—which Mr. Hyde has been—or knowing a lot about crossroads human nature. Mr. Hyde owns about 800 acres of farm land now.

His political career, I suppose, began in that Bible class. When the Bull Moosers in 1912 began singing Onward Christian Soldiers and the bugle call to Armageddon sounded, he grabbed the old hymn book and began singing as loudly as the best of them.

All the pent-up idealism of this lawyer, farm-land dealer and automobile agent was released. He was outraged at the way the Old Guard put the hooks into Theodore in Chicago. He even ran for Attorney General of Missouri on the Bull Moose ticket with as excellent prospects of defeat as any candidate ever had. The prospects were fully realized. Anyway he got a great thrill out of 1912. It made all future politics seem dull business to him.

A Sensation for St. Louis!

But the Bible class was still at work in him. So his next incursion into politics came when prohibition became a cause. He entered the race for the Republican nomination for Governor of Missouri as a Dry in 1920. In that race he did what his friends say was a characteristic thing. The Republican party in Missouri is dry in the country and wet as a spring freshet in St. Louis. He was running like a jack rabbit in the dry Sunday-school belt of rural Missouri, where Republicans are scarce, but he went down to St. Louis, where to the German population that ditty about Wein, Weib and Gesang is the national anthem, and declared himself as dry in St. Louis as he was in the sticks. Sensation! No Republican had ever been known to be other than wet in St. Louis and dry out among the gophers.

Just at this point the supporters of his rival McJimsey got all stuck up with the pitch and tar of the Lowden campaign fund scandal. So Hyde was nominated and, since it was the year of the Harding landslide, he was elected.

Well, that just about tells his story. He is a hard-headed rural figure who generally prefers money-making to politics but who now and then finds an outlet for his emotions in some political cause. He knows common roadside human nature and is full of good stories. He isn't a dirt farmer nor yet a scientific agriculturist. He is a politician who knows more about farmers than farming. He preferred not to be Secretary of Agriculture and had to be drafted, it having been perceived that the western farm problem is not how to raise more bushels to the acre but how to raise more Republicans to the township.

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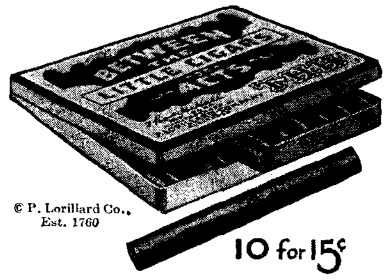

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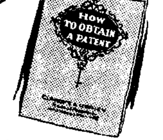
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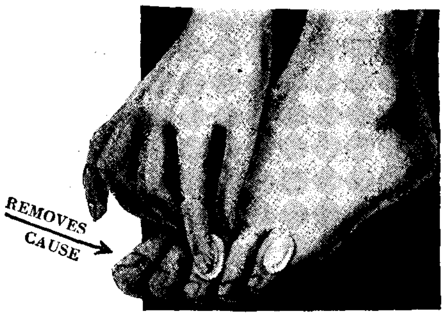

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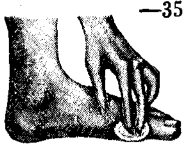

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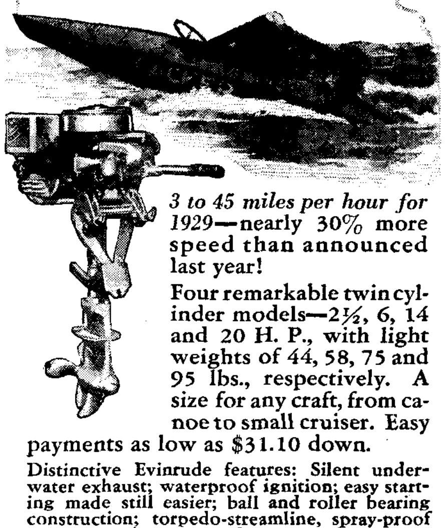

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 63

"Don't you be too cocksure, my boy," he said gravely. "I looked in at the Emsworth arms the other day for a glass of beer, and there was a fellow in there offering three to one on an animal called Pride of Matchingham. Offering it freely. Tall, redhaired fellow with a squint. Slightly bottled."

Lord Emsworth forgot Ronnie, forgot tennis-balls, forgot in the shock of this announcement everything except that deeper wrong which so long had been poisoning his peace.

"Pride of Matchingham belongs to Sir Gregory Parsloe," he said, "and I have no doubt that the man offering such ridiculous odds was his pig-man, Wellbeloved. As you know, the fellow used to be in my employment, but Parsloe lured him away from me by the promise of higher wages." Lord Emsworth's expression had now become positively ferocious. The thought of George Cyril Wellbeloved, that perjured pig-man, always made the iron enter into his soul. "It was a most abominable and unneighborly thing to do."

THE Hon. Galahad whistled.

"So that's it, is it? Parsloe's pig-man going about offering three to one against the form-book, I take it?"

"Most decidedly. Pride of Matchingham was awarded second prize last year, but it is a quite inferior animal to the Empress."

"Then you look after that pig of yours, Clarence." The Hon. Galahad spoke earnestly. "I see what this means. Parsloe's up to his old games, and intends to queer the Empress somehow."

"Queer her?"

"Nobble her. Or, if he can't do that, steal her."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it. The man's as slippery as a greased eel. Let me tell you a little story about young Parsloe. One or two of us used to meet at the Black Footman in Gossiter Street in the old days—they've pulled it down now—and match our dogs against rats in the room behind the bar. Well, I put my Towser, an admirable beast, up against young Parsloe's Banjo on one occasion for a hundred pounds a side. And when the night came and he was shown the rats, I'm dashed if he didn't just give a long yawn and roll over and go to sleep.

"I whistled him . . . called him . . . 'Towser, Towser!' . . . No good . . . Fast asleep. And my firm belief has always been that young Parsloe took him aside just before the contest was to start and gave him about six pounds of steak and onions. That's the sort of man young Parsloe is."

"Galahad!"

"Fact. You'll find the story in my book."

Lord Emsworth was tottering to the door.

"God bless my soul! I never realized . . . I must see Pirbright at once. I didn't suspect . . . It never occurred. . . ."

The door closed behind him. The Hon. Galahad, preparing to return to his labors, was arrested by the voice of his nephew Ronald.

"Uncle Gally!"

"Well?"

"You don't really think Sir Gregory will try to steal the Empress?"

"I certainly do. Known him for thirty years, I tell you."

"But how could he?"

"Go to her sty at night, of course, and take her away."

"And hide her somewhere?"

"Yes."

"But an animal that size. Rather like looking in at the Zoo and pocketing one of the elephants, what?"

"Don't talk like an idiot. She's got a ring through her nose, hasn't she?

"You mean, Sir Gregory could catch hold of the ring and she would breeze along quite calmly?"

"Certainly. Puffy Benger and I stole old Wivenhoe's pig the night of the Bachelors Ball at Hammers Easton in the year '95. We put it in Plug Basham's bedroom. There was no difficulty about the thing whatsoever. A little child could have led it."

He withdrew into the small library, and Ronnie slid limply into the chair which Lord Emsworth had risen from so majestically. He felt the need of sitting. The inspiration which had just come to him had had a stunning effect. The brilliance of it almost frightened him. That idea about starting a pig-farm had shown that this was one of his bright mornings, but he had never foreseen that he would be as bright as this.

"Golly!" said Ronnie.

Could he. . .?

No, the thing was impossible.

Was it? Why? Why was it impossible? Suppose he had a stab at it. Suppose, following his Uncle Galahad's expert hints, he were to creep out tonight, abstract the Empress from her home, hide her somewhere for a day or two and then spectacularly restore her to her bereaved owner? What would be the result? Would Uncle Clarence sob on his neck, or would he not? Would he feel that no reward was too good for his benefactor or wouldn't he? Most decidedly he would. Fish Preferred would soar immediately. That little matter of the advance of capital would solve itself. Money would stream automatically from the Emsworth coffers.

But could it be done? Ronnie forced himself to examine the scheme dispassionately, with a mind alert for snags.

He could detect none. A suitable hiding place occurred to him immediately—that disused gamekeeper's cottage in the west wood. Nobody ever went there. It would be as good as a safe deposit vault.

Risk of detection? Why should there be any risk of detection? Who would think of connecting Ronald Fish with the affair?

Feeding the animal? . . .

RONNIE'S face clouded. Yes, here at last was the snag. This did present difficulties. He was vague as to what pigs ate, but he knew that they needed a lot of whatever it was. It would be no use restoring to Lord Emsworth a skeleton Empress. The cuisine must be maintained at its existing level, or the thing might just as well be left undone.

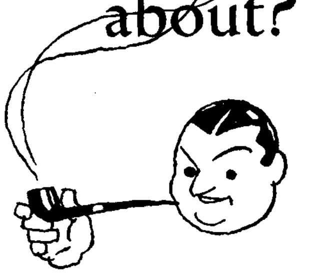
For the first time he began to doubt the quality of his recent inspiration. Scanning the desk with knitted brows, he took from the book-rest the volume entitled Pigs, and How To Make Them Pay. A glance at page 61, and his misgivings were confirmed.

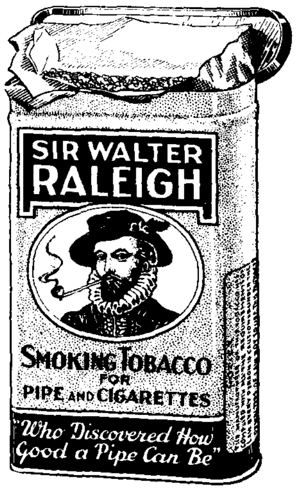
"H'm, yes," said Ronnie, having skimmed through all the stuff about barley meal and maize meal and linseed meal and potatoes and separated milk or buttermilk. This, he now saw clearly, was no one-man job. It called not only for a dashing principal but a zealous assistant.

And what assistant? . . . Who? . . . Ah! Ronnie Fish sprang from his chair, threw his head back and uttered a yodel of joy. He had had another great inspiration!

(*To be continued next week*)

What's all the shouting about?

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Fanny's First Fling

Continued from page 12

"I'm glad I saved you. I mean already."

Fanny's evening, although it began under a cloud, could not have been said to end so.

She fled to her room, up the back stairs, and in breath-taking time she put on her second-best dress. Her hair was still wet but it curled again around her face. "Thank God for that," said Fanny as she took a last look in the mirror.

In the drawing-room below it was obvious when Fanny appeared that something had happened. Proud as we are of being a republic, nevertheless the advent of a prince causes a stir in the most democratic of hearts. His Highness had arrived and was finishing a dance with his hostess. As the music stopped Fanny caught the prince's eye and she was under the impression that it winked.

"Introduce me to the charming girl in pink," Fanny heard him say in a voice of well-bred distinctness.

Mrs. Van Dusen swept His Highness toward the doorway. "Fanny, Prince Ferdinand."

The prince bowed. "May I hope for the next dance?"

Fanny smiled and the music again started.

"What am I going to do about the next dance?" said Fanny.

"I'll stand by, but I think about six young men are going to claim you."

The prince's prediction was correct and Mr. Spencer won out. But the prince cut in.

"Isn't it wonderful?" gasped Fanny. "It's like getting the first olive out of the bottle."

The prince looked puzzled.

"Why," said Fanny, "after the first the rest come easy."

Then the prince laughed and Fanny laughed and about twenty people saw them.

THE next dance Jacob claimed her. "Where have you been?" he demanded sourly.

"Oh, just out with His Highness," Fanny said. "He's nice."

Jacob glowered.

Then the prince cut in again. "This is a splendid American custom," he said.

"I never used to think so," confided Fanny later.

In just two minutes Jacob cut back. "Look here," he said after they'd waltzed halfway around the room, "that fellow's making you awfully conspicuous."

"Is he?" Fanny treated him to a look of grave innocence. "How can I help it?"

A half-hour later Clarissa whispered to Fanny's guardian, "Didn't I tell you? Fanny's the belle of my party."

"Stuff," said Jacob.

Clarissa laughed. "You'll thank me, darling, some day. I've done a lot for you."

Three days passed, highly unpleasant days for Jacob. He scarcely had a word alone with Fanny, for when the prince wasn't there a half dozen other young men were. Fanny blossomed like a rose tree that is set out in the sunshine. Jacob disliked all Fanny's suitors but most of all he grew to hate the prince. The fact that the prince was not only a prince but intelligent as well added fuel to Jacob's wrath.

"Look here," he said one day at tea to Clarissa, "what does that fellow mean? He can't be serious about Fanny. Fanny's poor."

"I fancy the prince," said Clarissa, "is independent. Besides," she glanced up at him sweetly, "if money were all that stood between her and happiness, wouldn't you—"

"No," snapped Jacob, "I wouldn't."

"Oh," sighed Clarissa, "I thought you cared about the child unselfishly."

"She isn't a child," said Jacob.

Clarissa smiled. "Three days ago you wanted to make her leave a dance and go to bed."

Jacob squirmed.

It was two days more before Jacob could make a date to talk with Fanny alone and the days had but added fuel to Jacob's temper.

"See here," he said. They were sitting alone on Clarissa's terrace. "You're going back to New York with me tomorrow."

Fanny nodded.

"You don't mind leaving, then?" he said.

"Oh, it's been heavenly," said Fanny. "I'm so glad you made me come, Uncle Jacob."

Jacob squirmed again. "What did I tell you about that uncle stuff?"

"I'm sorry. I forgot," said Fanny.

"I hope you haven't got any false ideas here," went on Jacob.

"I hope not," said Fanny.

"You'll probably never see any of these people again," continued Jacob.

"Oh, yes," said Fanny. "I'll see Mr. Spencer and Mr. Humphreys and the prince again. The prince is coming to New York tomorrow too."

"Nonsense," said Jacob.

"Mr. Spencer," said Fanny, "proposed to me."

"Of course you refused him," said Jacob.

Fanny nodded. "I love another."

Jacob sat up sharply. "That, of course, is the height of idiocy."

"Yes," said Fanny.

"In the first place, you're poor."

Fanny blushed. "He knows it."

"Has he spoken to you?"

Fanny smiled. "Oh, often."

"Hound!"

"Oh, but he isn't."

"I'm perfectly certain he has flirted with Clarissa. I mean Mrs. Van Dusen."

Fanny looked up at him. "Very possibly."

"You don't care if he has?" demanded Jacob. "Have you no pride?"

Fanny considered. "Not very much, I guess."

Jacob stared at her. "Well, I have. I'm your guardian and I forbid it. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said Fanny, "and I think Mrs. Van Dusen and the prince must too. They're only out there in the garden."

Jacob lowered his voice. "I forbid it just the same."

"Why?" Fanny asked, looking straight at him.

"Because," he said, "because I intend to marry you myself."

"Jacob," said Fanny.

"I don't care what the prince thinks, or Clarissa thinks, or what you think." His voice had risen once more.

"But I think," said Fanny softly, "they'd be pleased."

"Who?" snapped Jacob.

"Why, the prince and Mrs. Van Dusen and," she looked up at him shyly, "me, I."

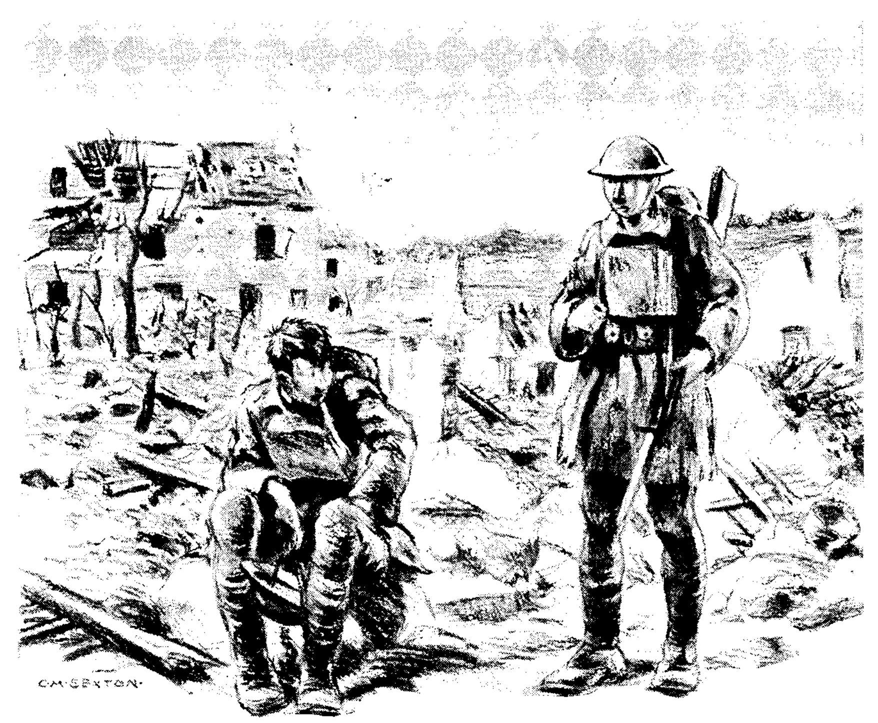
"WHAT do you mean?" All the thunder had gone out of Jacob's voice now and in its place was a sort of startled happiness.

"Well, you see," said Fanny, "the prince and Mrs. Van Dusen are engaged. They have been ever since Mrs. Van Dusen was abroad that time. In fact," went on Fanny, "that's why he's over here."

"Fanny." He swept her into his arms and at that moment Mrs. Van Dusen and the prince strolled toward the terrace.

"Darlings," said Clarissa. She held out her hands toward them. "We couldn't help hearing a good deal and it seemed like a moment for congratulations."

Jacob and Fanny were standing together, his arm still brazenly around her. Clarissa came up to Fanny and kissed her. Then she turned to Jacob and smiled. "It was a success, now, wasn't it?" she had the effrontery to ask him.



"Joe, I bet when this is over some Looie'll come along and order us to clean up all this mess we made!"

The Snaring of the Green

Continued from page 7

glares, but I gazed sternly at the silent Alex and prodded him again.

"Speak up like a man!" I demands. "Can you or can you not make Lily a actress?"

"With ease, my boy, with ease," says Alex, spearing the last chop on the platter. "I could make Lily a star within six months, *but*—I won't take the responsibility for any such dangerous experiment as that. I don't like the idea of Lily being on display in the current type of musical comedy, for instance, and that's where she'd have to start. I—"

"Blah!" I interrupts scornfully. "Don't try and fill *me* with that hop, Funny Face. I finally named a feat beyond your ability, that's all!"

"There are *no* feats beyond my ability," he says calmly, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars I can place Lily in the biggest hit on Broadway within a week. Now, pass me the mustard and either put or shut up!"

WELL, this chiseler had foxed me out of a flock of such bets in the past, yet with Lily's pleading eyes on me I dragged out my check book and covered his grand, for this had all the ear marks of a wonderful chance to balance the books. I figured the percentage was there for me, because while Lily was as pretty as McGraw's wages, she had no experience what so ever in the show business and trying to crash a Broadway riot in a week would be like trying to butter parsnips with fine words.

"Well," I grins, when Alex shoved off to make a phone call, "if I could cop a sneak like that every day, kiddies, I'd make a fool out of the baseball racket!"

"Honestly, when I think what I could do with that thousand you're going to lose to Alex, I could simply tear up a rug!" ejaculates my beautiful spouse, which seems on the ragged edge of tears.

"And not only that," storms Eve, "but Heaven only knows *where* Lily will end, now that she's on the stage!"

"Since when has Lily been on the stage?" I snorts.

"Since you dared Alex to put her there five minutes ago!" returns Alice.

"Of course," Eve whispers. "Who ever heard of Alex failing at *anything?*"

"Im-agine!" exclaims Lily.

If anybody ever believed in *me* like that, lads and lassies, I'd go right down to the White House and show Hoover where to head in!

Well, Lily's mind-disturber at the time was a youth entitled Will Ford, a lowly file clerk in Alex's office, and that same evening he made her a present of a visit tastefully garnished with a huge box of candy, which we all swiftly devoured. Will was a nice looking, well set up kid and appeared to be plenty limp about Lily, but a bit gun-shy in the presence of his boss. However, a few cracks he let fall about this and that seemed to get Alex interested and he began putting the lad at his ease, the while drawing him out as only Alex can when scenting a new patient. He always gets his man! They got to gibbering about the movies and Will suddenly bust out with a torrid rap for a hokum publicity stunt which had just been tossed on Broadway to hep the peasants up to the latest talkie.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Hanley," says William to Alex, "nowadays, the public is far too educated to fall for the old boloney any more. They know a press agent gag when they see one. Take this silly ballyhoo for Listless Wives, for example. Now *I* would have—"

All at once seeming to realize he'd become the center of attention, the boy stopped and blushed. But Alex kept right on top of him.

"Yes—go on!" he snaps. "How would *you* have advertised it?"

"Well, I—I would have tied up Listless Wives with this Van Heusen divorce case which is all over the papers now," says Will boldly, encouraged by a glance from Lily.

"Im-agine!" exclaims that fair lady. "Now there's a perfectly *sweet* idea!"

"Look here, William Ford, how is it you're just a file clerk when you have ambitious notions like that?" Alex asks sharply, with the old familiar glitter in his eyes.

Mrs. Ford's little boy promptly went into his shell and appeared ready to plead laryngitis. He looked like he was positive he'd spoke out of turn and why didn't somebody change the subject, but Alex kept bearing down, repeating his question.

"Well, sir," says Will finally, "I'd love to get into the publicity game, but what chance has a great unknown in New York? You must have influence to get anywhere here and who do *I* know? Of course, some fellows get to the top through pure luck, but—"

"Stop right there!" commands Alex, jumping up and striking his favorite pose, viz, the Statue of Liberty. "Luck is the god of the losers and work is the father of fame! The great unknown of today is the talk of New York tomorrow. You don't need influence, you need inspiration! You don't need to know anybody but yourself, but know yourself and your own peculiar talents thoroughly. The trouble with most failures is that they won't take punishment! If they don't ring the bell at once they're sunk. Success is won by no hard and fast rule and Opportunity's bruised knuckles makes it knock so light these days that a fellow must keep his door wide open! Let me cite you my own experience. . . ."

AT THIS point I strolled, knowing that one by heart and either fifteen or fifty minutes later this back-seat driver tuned out to a breathless audience, which almost broke into cheers when he quit. The girls all gazed at him proudly, while Willie, the file clerk, looked hopped up to within a inch of his life. Alex then swiftly inquired if the pop-eyed Will had any more smart exploitation ideas and that panting young gent explodes that he's simply up to his neck in 'em.

"Fine!" says Alex, rubbing his hands together. "Well, visit with Lily now, but tomorrow, young man, you come into my private office the first thing. I don't think your mind is on filing records and that's a very important job in my organization."

At fodder the next night I sarcastically asked Alex how his latest victim was coming along on the rocky road to success.

"I fired him," says Alex calmly, reaching for the sugar.

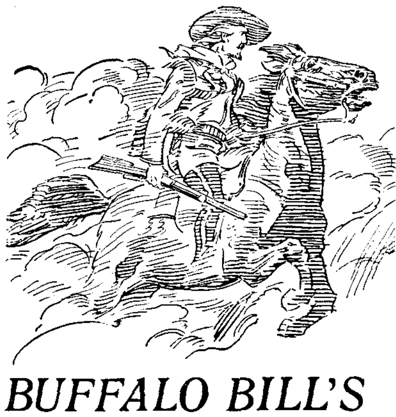
Alice and Eve gasped and I bust out laughing, while Lily glares angrily at her unique cousin.

"What did you discharge my boy friend for?" she demands.

"For his own good," Alex answers. "That boy has no business clerking in *any* man's office. He's meant for bigger and better things and I expect to see him land as a Broadway press agent any day—under my supervision, of course."

"Im-agine!" breathes Lily, like mat-

(*Continued on page 68*)



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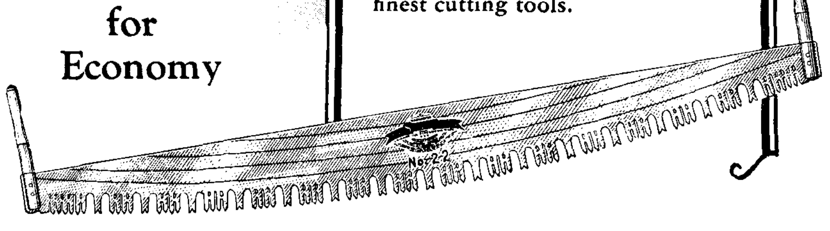

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(*Continued from page 67*)

ters was all set. "Alex, you're a dear!"

"He is, hey?" I grunts. "Well, Mr. Venison, I trust your comical experiments with Willie Ford won't make you forget our little bet—Lily in a Broadway hit or me in a thousand bucks!"

"I said I'd place her within a week and I still have a few days," returns Alex, unmoved. "I see your so-called baseball team lost another game today. Why don't you get some pitchers?"

"Why don't you mind your own business?" I snarls, steaming.

The arrival of Will Ford at that point prevented possible bloodshed and after gloomily greeting one and all, the née file clerk sat down at the table and gazed at Alex with a somewhat woe-begone look. He was low and no mistake!

"WELL, what luck?" smiles Alex cheerfully, as Alice poured the visitor a shot of Java.

"No luck at all, sir," Willie sighs. "I can't even get a hearing at the offices of the big theatrical and movie producers. When I *do* get in to see some one in authority the first thing they want to know is what's my experience as a publicity man? Who have I been with and so forth? They're all very cold and sharp with me and—well, the next thing I'm dismissed with a curt 'Nothing open just now' or something similar."

"And no wonder!" booms Alex, banging his fist on the table. "No wonder! Your approach is terrible, to put it mildly. Never go *asking* for a job of that nature, my boy, *bring the job with you!* Put over your big exploitation stunt *first* and then show 'em you're the one who did it. Look here. . . ." He suddenly grabs up the evening paper and spread it out to the amusement page. "You should be able to connect as press representative for any show advertised here! Look 'em over, tell me which one strikes your fancy and I'll get you started."

"Why—eh—I—I have no particular preference," stammers Lily's young man. "You see, I—"

"Then shut your eyes and put your finger on those advertisements at random," commands Alex in a solemn voice. "The show you thus pick out is the show you're going to exploit—and how!"

I figured Alex would soon be cutting out paper dolls and William looks shyly around at the rest of us with a kind of sheepish grin on his face. He seemed to think the whole business was all damp, which it was, but Lily swiftly nodded to him to go to it and when Alex impatiently nudged him, Bill closed his glims and stabbed a finger down on the page.

"Well, burn my clothes!" exclaims Alex. "You've selected The Land Beyond and I'm afraid you couldn't have made a better choice if you tried for a month. That's a new play with an occult theme—it's all about ghosts, communications with the dead and so forth. It only opened the other night and its success is very doubtful, according to the critics. Well, William, you're going to change all that! You're going to put it over and win yourself a permanent job as press agent for it. Take Lily and see that show this very evening, study its plot, saturate yourself with the high-lights that can be used for publicity purposes and then open fire. Tomorrow morning I'll expect a marvelous exploitation scheme!"

"*You'll* expect," I says, as Lily ran for her hat and Willie jumped up bright-eyed and eager. "What have *you* to do with it, Wise Guy? You fired the kid, didn't you?"

"Only from my office," smiles Alex. "Mr. Ford is still on my payroll at a modest wage, to be repaid when he makes good, which, of course, under my guidance, he will."

"Says you," I sneers. "In other words, with no experience at all, knowing nobody in any ways connected with The Land Beyond—in fact, with nothing but the nerve he's broke out with from that hoy of yours, Willie's going to grab off the press agent job for that show—right?"

"Absolutely!" nods Alex. "You're very quick at figures."

"It's figures I got in mind," I grins. "As I'm already set to steal a thousand from you if Lily ain't behind the footlights by the end of the week, I'd just as soon pick up some more pennies. I'll lay you another grand that Willie flops."

"You're on!" says Alex.

"You're crazy!" exclaims my bewitching wife.

"You're just jealous of Alex's ability," ejaculates Eve.

"Im-agine!" remarks Lily.

Deponent remaineth silent.

Well, the very next afternoon, audience, the theater harboring the phantom drama The Land Beyond was besieged by a shouting, milling mob of men and women which soon collected a interested crowd. Indignant coppers bundled off the peace-disturbers to the hoosegow, where they all claimed to be full-fledged mediums and spiritualists and demanded that the show be padlocked for filling the theater with honest-to-Texas ghosts every night. They swore they'd recognized departed friends and the like on the stage during the performance and them shades was plenty burnt up being dragged from their comfortable —and in many cases, expensive—graves.

The thing was a circus while it lasted, hitting the front pages that night and while some of the papers didn't mention the show, the constant readers knew full well that The Land Beyond was the only poultice in town dealing with ghosts.

Then one of them "Swamis" which had just checked in from India or Flatbush, and which had rated a raft of publicity when he stepped off the boat, got a load of this frolic. When the big specter scene come along in the second act, this baby stands up in his box and wows the already gah-gah audience by solemnly telling 'em they're actually in the presence of the spooks, many of which he knows personally, and they're all peeved at being brought forth without the proper preliminaries. With that he bounded from the theater amid wild confusion and some ear-splitting shrieks on the part of several gals—plants from Alex's office where the Swami's tickets likewise come from. This one got a real newspaper spread, as Mr. Swami had already been declared very abba dabba by the dailies and they was no out for 'em.

THE next matinée three women fainted and for the night show a ambulance stood at the curb, with two pretty trained nurses in the lobby to take care of the weak-hearted just in case. A national society of spiritualists went in a huddle and issued a long statement, while noted mediums give their opinions about the show which was now packing 'em in.

The hysterical management, which had been ready to fold up The Land Beyond as a total loss and was now selling seats six weeks in advance, made formal—and true!—affidavits that they had nothing to do with all this furor and hadn't the faintest idea who or what started it. Then Alex sent Mr. William Ford up to educate 'em!

Willie fairly shot through the door of our cave a few hours later and I thought he was going to kiss Alex. He capered about, gurgling how he'd been handed a three-year contract at a important sliding scale salary by the amazed producers of The Land Beyond and he owed it all to Alex, which was swelling up like a human sponge. The girls beamed and pattered excitedly, but I cut off the feverish ravings of Alex's gift to the show business.

"STOP them convulsions of yours a minute," I growls. "I lose a grand to Alex on account of you being a fool for luck—but at that, I break even."

"How come?" asks Alex.

"Mr. Fixit," I says, playing my ace, "in the excitement you've no doubt forgot that while you've made Willie, you was a bust when it come to putting Lily in a show and tonight the week's up. Rake *that* out of your wig!"

"Why, that's a fact!" exclaims Alex, like he only just thought of it. "Oh, well, as long as I won on Willie, I'd as soon call that other bet off."

"Tomato sauce!" I snarls. "Put Lily in a Broadway hit within the next two hours or pay me!"

"As you will," sighs Alex. "Well, as you say, I have two hours." He turns to Willie. "Mr. Ford," he says, "in the second act of The Land Beyond I noticed a figure that simply stands in the darkness of the stage holding a weird blue light."

"Yes sir," nods Willie. "That's down on the program merely as 'A Virgin.'"

"You stand pretty high with the management now, don't you?" Alex goes on smoothly.

"They'd give me the theater!" explodes Will.

"Good!" smiles Alex. "Well, tonight you'll have *two* Virgins in the second act. Lily will be the other one. And now, Joseph, my boy, I'll take that thousand dollars since you press it on me."

It's all done with mirrors!

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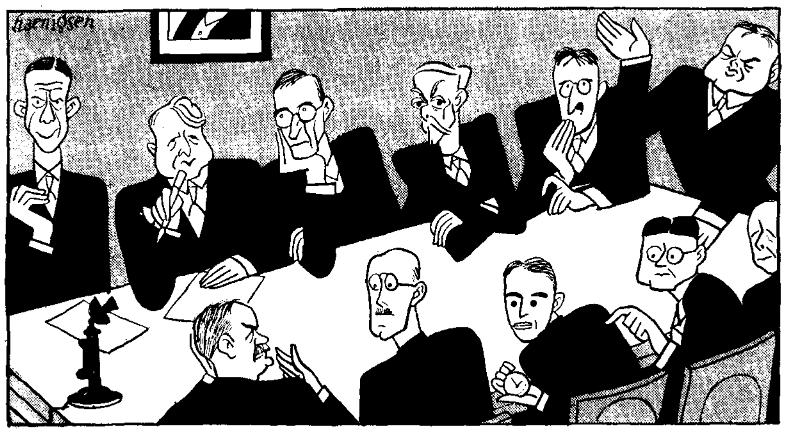


Another Cabinet

PRESIDENT HOOVER is reported to have said more than once as the time for his taking office approached that public expectations with regard to him had been raised too high. It was accordingly expected that his Cabinet would be his first miracle, that he would tap some new reservoir of rare capacity for public service.

The miracle has not come off. One fails to perceive in the Cabinet a touch of the great executive's genius for finding men. It is just another Cabinet. There is no one in it who will attract the attention that Mr. Hughes, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover himself did in Cabinets of recent years. However, it really matters little; one would say, knowing Mr. Hoover, that he would be his own Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of Commerce, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Labor and Secretary of Agriculture. Of the other places, only the Attorney-Generalship matters and that is admirably filled.

Already we have seen indications that Mr. Hoover will be his own Cabinet. His executive order decreeing that hereafter all tax refunds or credits in excess of $20,000 shall be open to public inspection was a reversal of Secretary Mellon's often expressed views on the subject.

None the less, Mr. Hoover's Cabinet is indeed preferable to Mr. Coolidge's. There is no one in it of the intellectual level of Sargent, Curtis Wilbur or Dwight Davis.

But it has not been chosen with a sure hand. No principle has been followed in its selection. It was predicted that Mr. Hoover would draw largely upon the men whom he had worked with before and whom he trusted. But of the "Hoover boys" there is only one in the Cabinet, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur. The President has rather recognized the Republican organization, appointing three men for purely political reasons, James W. Good, Secretary of War; Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General, and Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture.

But in this there does not seem to be any conviction, or any perception of expediency, for Mr. Hoover has also appointed a former Democrat, Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy. A one-time director of the Association Against the Eighteenth Amendment, picked in the last possible twenty-four hours, appears in a Cabinet predominantly dry. Mr. Hoover is regarded by those who profess to know his mind as a liberal, but the Cabinet wears a reactionary aspect.

It is, moreover, a weakness to retain Secretary of Labor Davis, who appears to have been kept temporarily merely because Mr. Hoover could not make up his mind about a successor, and Secretary Mellon, who is kept not because Mr. Hoover wanted him, but because business wanted him. There is a report that in a year or so Mr. Mellon will be succeeded in the Treasury Department by Mr. Henry M. Robinson of California, an excellent man.

Still haphazard as its selection appears to be, it is a Cabinet with which no one can find grave fault—with one selection in it deserving great applause. After Gregory, Palmer, Daugherty and Sargent, Colonel Mitchell in the Attorney-General's office is a gift of the gods. And with one selection in it to make the judicious grieve: Mr. Good, in the War Department, lawyer-lobbyist, partner of Bascom Slemp, appears to have been wished upon Mr. Hoover.

Colonel Stimson, good lawyer though he is, in the Department of State fits in with the idea that the new Administration will carry a chip on its shoulder in foreign relations.

Colonel Stimson's experience of diplomacy has been acquired in dealing with a subject people, the Filipinos, and a semi-subject people, the Nicaraguans.

No, it is not an eye-filling Cabinet. There is no one in it whose selection has the aspect of inevitability.

The Teeth Talk Back

OUR teeth, through the agency of a speaker before a convention of the Chicago Dental Society, have defended themselves against charges that they cannot hold their own against such supposed enemies as candy and tobacco smoke.

The defending dentist demonstrated that candy never yet hurt a tooth and that while nicotine may stain the teeth, it does not harm them.

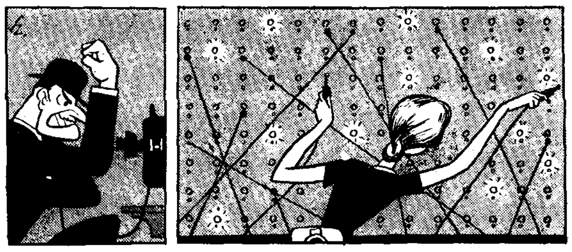
What our teeth miss is some good tearing exercise. Our primitive ancestors used their teeth to tear off bites of bread and meat. Teeth served them as about everything from food grinders to flint chippers. Rough stuff, but cleansing. We get much the same effect with toothbrushes and cleaners, and it is not improbable that recent intensive instruction in dental hygiene will yield a generation as well-toothed as any.

The fact is that teeth are as good as their caretaker, and the person who blames his teeth for his dental misfortunes might as reasonably blame a tire for not keeping itself inflated.

The Line is Busy

FORTY years ago a Kansas City undertaker got mad at a telephone operator. He told the telephone company that she was reporting his line busy to throw business to a rival undertaker. All the telephone company could do did not satisfy him.

Trouble shooters could not shoot the trouble. All they found out was that Almon B. Strowger's telephone would not work right. Finally a man who is now a high official in the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company went to see Strowger.



He found the troublesome subscriber tinkering with a collar box, a pencil and a paper of pins. "It's no use," said Strowger. "I'm through with telephone girls. Here's the way to get rid of 'em." He thereupon explained the principle of the automatic dial telephone now in use in more than two hundred cities.

But the king trouble-shooter was looking for trouble, and he found it. All the blame heaped upon the girls should have been hurled at a tin sign hanging over Strowger's telephone. When the front door opened, drafts swung the sign, short-circuiting the instrument.

Kansas City is planning to erect a monument to commemorate the achievement of Strowger. The monument should be large enough to include a tribute to the patience of telephone operators.

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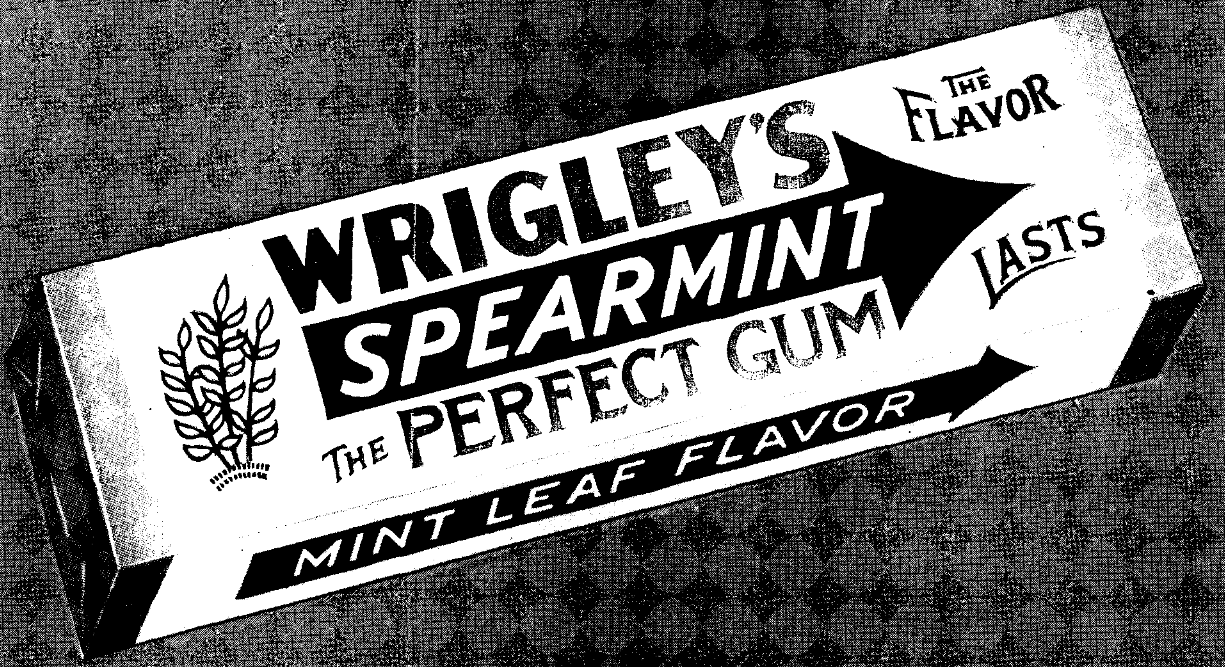
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